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PREFACE.

This, the fifth in the series of the remodeled Eclectic Readers, differs from the preceding volumes, chiefly, in its *grade*. The lessons are more difficult, the list of errors in articulation and pronunciation are more extensive, and the questions, more copious and varied.

A considerable amount of new matter, derived from the best sources of English literature, has been added.

The introductory article on Reading is commended to the notice of the teacher, as containing important instruction upon that subject, with copious illustrations and exercises. Miscellaneous exercises in articulation are also interspersed between the lessons.

The Spelling and Defining Exercises, placed at the head of the lessons, are copious, and at the same time, select. In addition to these, words are also marked in the lessons to be spelled and defined by the pupil.

The grammatical questions are particularly commended to the attention of the teacher, as a valuable feature. Few are aware, until a trial, how closely *reading* and *grammatical analysis* may be profitably united.

The Reading Lessons have been very carefully selected. It has been the great object of the compiler to present the best specimens of style, to insure interest in the subjects, to impart valuable information, and, especially, to exert a decided and healthy moral and religious influence.

As very little material is found in a form appropriate to practice as reading lessons, the matter has here been extensively remodeled and rearranged, so as to adapt it to its place in this volume. On this account, the lessons are credited in the contents as being "*from*" the authors named.

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DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

I. PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE great object to be accomplished in reading as a rhetorical exercise is, to convey to the hearer, fully and clearly, the ideas and feelings of the writer.

In order to do this, it is necessary that the feelings of the author whose language is read, should be infused into the breast of the reader, and then alone can they be properly and fully expressed.

In accordance with this view, a preliminary rule of importance is the following.

RULE I.—Before attempting to read a lesson, the learner should make himself fully acquainted with the subject as treated of in that lesson, and endeavor to make his own, the feelings and sentiments of the writer.

REMARK.—To accomplish the purpose indicated in the rule, every lesson should be well studied beforehand, and no scholar should be permitted to *attempt* to read any thing, which he can not easily understand. When he has thus identified himself with the author, he has the substance of all rules in his own breast. It is by going to nature that we find rules. The child or the savage orator, never mistakes in inflection, or emphasis, or modulation. The best speakers and readers are those who follow the impulse of nature as felt in their own hearts, or most closely imitate it as observed in others.

QUESTIONS.—What is the chief design of reading? In order to do this, what is first necessary? Repeat the rule. For the purpose of being able to observe this, what must be done? From whence are all rules derived?

II. ARTICULATION.

THE subject first in order and in importance, requiring attention, is ARTICULATION. The object to be accomplished, under this head, may be expressed by the following general

DIRECTION.—Give to each letter (except silent letters), to each syllable, and to each word its full, distinct, and appropriate utterance.

For the purpose of avoiding the more common errors under this head, observe the following Rules.

RULE II.—Avoid the *omission* of unaccented vowels.

EXAMPLES.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
Sep'rate	for	sep-*a*-rate.	Ev'dent	for	ev-*i*-dent.
met-ric'l	,,	met-ric-*al*.	mem'ry	,,	mem-*o*-ry.
'pear	,,	*a*p-pear.	'pin-ion	,,	*o*-pin-ion.
com-p'tent	,,	com-p*e*-tent.	pr'pose	,,	pro-pose.
pr'cede	,,	pr*e*-cede.	gran'lar	,,	gran-*u*-lar.
'special	,,	*e*s-pec-ial.	par-tic-lar	,,	par-tic-*u*-lar.

RULE III.—Avoid sounding *incorrectly* the unaccented vowels.

EXAMPLES.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
Sep-*er*-ate	for	sep-*a*-rate.	Mem-*er*-ry	for	mem-o-ry.
met-ric-*ul*	,,	met-ric-*al*.	*u*p-pin-ion	,,	*o*-pin-ion.
*u*p-pear	,,	*a*p-pear.	pr*u*p-ose	,,	pro-pose.
com-p*er*-tent	,,	com-p*e*-tent.	gran-n*y*-lar	,,	gran-*u*-lar.
d*u*m-mand	,,	d*e*-mand.	par-tic-*e*-lar	,,	par-tic-*u*-lar.
ob-st*ur*-nate	,,	ob-st*i*-nate.	ev-*er*-dent	,,	ev-*i*-dent.

REMARK.—In correcting errors of this kind in words of more than one syllable, it is very important to avoid a fault which is the natural consequence of an effort to articulate correctly. Thus, in endeavoring to sound correctly the *a* in *met'-ric-al*, the pupil is very apt to say *met-ric-al'*, accenting

QUESTIONS.—What subject is first in importance to the reader? Repeat the general direction. Repeat Rule II. Give some examples in which the vowel is left out. Repeat Rule III. Give some examples in which the unaccented vowel is improperly sounded.

the last syllable instead of the first. In correcting the sound of the first *o* in *pro-pose'*, he will perhaps pronounce it *pro'-pose.* This change of the accent, and all undue stress upon the unaccented syllable should be carefully avoided.

RULE IV.—Utter distinctly the terminating consonant.

EXAMPLES.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
An'	for	an*d.*	Mos'	for	mos*que.*
ban'	,,	ban*d.*	near-es'	,,	near-es*t.*
moun'	,,	moun*d.*	wep'	,,	wep*t.*
mor-nin'	,,	morn-in*g.*	ob-jec'	,,	ob-jec*t.*
dess'	,,	des*k.*	sub-jec'	,,	sub-jec*t.*

REMARK 1.—This omission is still more likely to occur when several consonants come together.

EXAMPLES.

INCORRECT.		CORRECT.	INCORRECT.		CORRECT.
Thrus'	for	thrus*ts.*	Harms'	for	harm's*t.*
beace	,,	beas*ts.*	wrongs'	,,	wrong'st.
thinks'	,,	thinks*t.*	twinkles'	,,	twinkl'*dst.*
weps'	,,	wep*tst.*	black'ns	,,	black'n'*dst.*

REMARK 2.—In all cases of this kind, these sounds are omitted, in the first instance, merely because they are difficult, and require care and attention for their utterance, although, after a while it becomes a habit. The only remedy is to devote *that care and attention* which may be necessary. There is no other difficulty, unless there should be a defect in the organs of speech, which does not often happen.

RULE V.—Avoid blending syllables which belong to different words.

EXAMPLES.

INCORRECT.	CORRECT.
He ga-*zd*upon.	He gaze*d* upon.
Here res *ts*is *s*ed.	Here re*sts h*is *h*ead.

QUESTIONS.—In correcting these errors, what fault is it necessary to guard against? What is Rule IV? Give examples. When is the omission still more likely to take place? Give examples. What is the cause of this defect? What is the remedy? Is there often any defect in the organs of speech? What is Rule V? Illustrate it by an example.

INCORRECT.	CORRECT.
What*t*is *s*is *s*name?	Wha*t* is *h*is *n*ame?
For *r*an*n*in*st*antush.	For *a*n instan*t* *h*ush
Ther *r*is *s*a calm.	There is a calm.
For tho *st*h*a* *tw*eep.	For *those that* weep.
God *s*glorou *s*image.	God*'s g*lorious image.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

This Exercise and similar ones will afford valuable aid in training the organs to a distinct articulation.

Every vice figh*ts* against nature.
Folly is never pleas*ed* with *it*self.
*P*ride, not na*t*ure, *c*raves mu*ch*.
The li*tt*le *t*attler *t*ittered at the te*m*pest.
Titus *t*akes the pe*t*ulent ou*t*-*c*asts.
The covetous *p*artner is des*t*itute of fortune
No one of you know*s* where the *sh*oe p*i*nches.
What can not be cur*ed* mus*t* be en*d*ured.
You can not ca*t*ch *o*ld bi*rd*s with *ch*aff.
Never *sp*ort wi*th* the opinio*n*s of o*th*ers.
*Th*e lightni*ngs flashed*, *th*e *th*under*s* roared.
*H*is *h*and in mine was fo*n*dly *c*lasped.
*Th*ey cul*t*ivated *sh*rubs *a*nd *pl*ants.
He selec*t*ed his te*xts* wi*th* *gr*eat care.
His li*ps* *gr*ow *r*estless, and his *sm*ile is cu*r*led *h*alf into *scorn*.
Wis*dom's* way*s* are way*s* of *pl*easa*nt*ness.
Oh! *br*eeze *th*at waf*tst* me on my way.
*Th*ou boa*st'st* of wha*t* *sh*ould be thy *sh*ame.
Li*f*e's fi*tf*ul fever over, he re*st*s well.
Can*st th*ou fill his *sk*in with bar*b*ed iro*n*s?
*F*rom *st*ar to *st*ar the living light*nings flash*.
And *gl*ittering *cr*owns of *prost*rate sera*ph*im.
*Th*at mor*n*ing, *th*ou *th*at *sl*umber*d'st* not before.
Habitual evi*ls* cha*nge* not on a sud*den*.
*Th*ou waf*t'd'*st the ri*ck*ety *sk*iff*s* over the *cl*iff*s*.
Thou reef*'d'st* the ha*ggled sh*ipwre*ck*ed sai*ls*.
The ho*nest sh*epher*d's* catar*rh*.
The hei*ress* in her di*sh*abi*ll*e is *h*umorous.
The *br*ave *ch*evalier beha*v*es like a co*nserv*ative.
The lu*sc*ious notion of *ch*ampagne and *pr*eciou*s* su*g*ar.

QUESTION.—What kind of exercises are adapted for improvement in articulation?

REMARK 1.—Very full EXERCISES and DIRECTIONS for practice in ARTICULATION, may be found in the New Eclectic Third and Fourth Readers of this series, to which it is supposed the reader has already paid some attention. In every reading lesson, this subject should receive its appropriate attention. Between the lessons in this book, also, are examples, constituting a series of exercises upon difficult combinations and upon vowel sounds, which, it is believed, will be found of great utility, and to which the learner is directed for practice.

REMARK 2.—The teacher will recollect that, in correcting a fault, there is always danger of erring in the opposite extreme. Now, properly speaking, there is no danger of learning to articulate *too distinctly*, but there *is* danger of contracting a habit of *drawling*, and of pronouncing unimportant words with too much prominence. This should be carefully guarded against. It is a childish fault, but is not always confined to children.

III. INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are slides of the voice upward or downward. Of these there are two: the *rising* inflection and *falling* inflection.

THE RISING INFLECTION is that in which the voice slides *upward*, and is marked thus (´); as,

Did you walk´? (Did you walk?)

THE FALLING INFLECTION is that in which the voice slides *downward*, and is marked thus (`); as,

I did not walk`. (I did not walk.)

Both inflections are exhibited in the following question:

Did you walk´ or ride`? walk or ride.

QUESTIONS.—What error must be guarded against? What are inflections? How does the voice slide in the rising inflection? How, in the falling?

In the following examples, the first member has the *rising*, and the second member the *falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.*

Is he sick´, or is he well`?
Is he young´, or is he old`?
Is he rich´, or is he poor`?
Did you say valor´, or value`?
Did you say statute´, or statue`?
Did he act properly´, or improperly`?

In the following examples, the inflections are used in a contrary order, the first member terminating with the *falling*, and the second with the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

He is well`, not sick´.
He is young`, not old´.
He is rich`, not poor´.
I said value`, not valor´.
I said statue`, not statute´.
He acted properly`, not improperly´.

FALLING INFLECTIONS.

RULE VI.—The falling inflection is generally proper, wherever the sense is complete.

EXAMPLES.

Truth is more wonderful than fiction`.
Men generally die as they live`.
By industry we obtain wealth`.

QUESTIONS.—Explain the different inflections in the questions, commencing with, "Is he sick´, or is he well`?" Explain them in the answers to those questions. What is the first rule for the use of the falling inflection? Give the examples.

* These questions and similar ones, with their answers, should be repeatedly pronounced with their proper inflections, until the distinction between the rising and falling inflection is well understood and easily made by the learner. He will be assisted in this, by emphasizing strongly the word which receives the inflection: thus, Did you RIDE´ or did you WALK`?

REMARK.—Parts of a sentence often make complete sense in themselves, and in this case, unless qualified or restrained by the succeeding clause, or unless the contrary is indicated by some other principle, the falling inflection takes place, according to the rule.

EXAMPLES.

Truth is wonderful˘, even more so than fiction˘.

Men generally die as they live˘, and by their actions we must judge of their character˘.

By industry we obtain wealth˘, and persevering exertion will seldom be unrewarded˘.

Exception.—When a sentence concludes with a negative clause, or with a contrast or comparison, (called also antithesis), the first member of which requires the falling inflection, it must close with the rising inflection. (See Rule XI, and §2, Note.)

EXAMPLES.

No one desires to be thought a fool´.

I come to bury˘ Cæsar, not to praise´ him.

If we care not for others˘, we ought at least to respect ourselves´.

He lives in England˘, not in France´.

REMARK.—In bearing testimony to the general character of a man we say,

He is too honorable˘ to be guilty of a vile˘ act.

But if he is accused of some act of baseness, a contrast is at once instituted between his character and the specified act, and we change the inflections, and say,

He is too *honorable´* to be guilty of such´ an act.

A man may say, in general terms,

I am too busy´ for projects˘.

But if he is urged to embark in some particular enterprise, he will change the inflections, and say,

I am too *busy˘* for projects´.

QUESTIONS.—Where, besides at the close of a sentence, may the sense be complete? What inflection must be used in this case? Give an example. What is antithesis? What is the substance of the remark? Explain the examples.

In such cases, as the falling inflection is required in the former part, by the principle of contrast and emphasis, (as will hereafter be more fully explained), the sentence necessarily closes with the *rising inflection*.

Sometimes also, emphasis alone seems to require the rising inflection on the concluding word. See exception to Rule VII.

STRONG EMPHASIS.

RULE VII.—Language which demands *strong emphasis* generally requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

§1. Command or urgent entreaty; as,

Begone^,
Run^ to your houses, fall^ upon your knees,
Pray^ to the Gods to intermit the plagues.
Answer^ me, to what I ask you.
Oh, save^ me, Hubert^, save^ me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

§2. Exclamation, especially when indicating strong emotion; as,

Oh, ye Gods^! ye Gods^! must I endure all this?
Hark^! Hark^! the horrid sound
Hath raised up his head.
A present deity^! they shout around,
A present deity^! the vaulted roofs rebound.

For interrogatory exclamation, see Rule X, Remark.

SERIES OF WORDS OR MEMBERS.

§3. A series of *words* or *members*, whether in the beginning or middle of a sentence, if it does not conclude the sentence, is called a *commencing series*, and requires the *falling* inflection at each word or member except the *last*, which must have the *rising* inflection.

QUESTIONS.—Repeat Rule VII. What is the first particular under this rule? Give an example. What is the second particular? Give an example. What is the third head under this rule? What is a commencing series?

EXAMPLES OF COMMENCING SERIES.

Wine˘, beauty˘, music˘, pomp´, are poor expedients to heave off the load of an hour from the heir of eternity˘.

Absalom's beauty˘, Jonathan's love˘, David's valor˘, Solomon's wisdom˘, the patience of Job˘, the prudence of Augustus˘, the eloquence of Cicero˘, and the intelligence of all´, though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator˘.

I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you came to know it), answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches˘; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation˘ up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down˘;
Though castles topple on their warder's heads˘;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations˘; though the treasures
Of nature's germens tumble altogether˘,
Even till destruction sicken´; answer me
To what I ask˘ you.

§4. A series of words or members which *concludes* a sentence, is called a *concluding series*, and must have the *falling* inflection at each member, except the last but one, which must have the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES OF CONCLUDING SERIES.

They passed o'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
Rocks˘, caves˘, lakes˘, fens˘, bogs˘, dens´, and shades of death˘.

They, through faith, subdued kingdoms˘, wrought righteousness˘, obtained promises˘, stopped the mouths of lions˘, quenched the violence of fire˘, escaped the edge of the sword˘, out of weakness were made strong˘, waxed valiant in fight´, turned to flight the armies of aliens˘.

Remark.—When the emphasis on these words or members is not marked, they take the rising inflection, according to Rule IX.

EXAMPLES.

They are the offspring of restlessness´, vanity´, and idleness˘.
Love´, hope´, and joy´ took possession of his breast.

Questions.—What is a concluding series? Give examples. the remark, and give examples.

§5. When words, which naturally take the rising inflection, become emphatic by repetition or any other cause, they often take the falling inflection.

Exception to the Rule.—While the tendency of emphasis is decidedly to the use of the *falling inflection*, sometimes a word to which the falling inflection naturally belongs, changes this, when it is emphatic, for the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Three thousand ducats˃: 'tis a good round *sum˂*.
It is useless to point out the beauties of nature to one who is *blind* .

Here *sum* and *blind*, according to Rule VI, would take the falling inflection, but as they are emphatic, and the object of emphasis is to draw attention to the word emphasized, this is here accomplished in part by giving an unusual inflection. Some speakers would give these words the circumflex, but it would be the *rising* circumflex, so that the sound would still terminate with the rising inflection.

RULE VIII.—Questions which *can not* be answered by *yes* or *no*, together with their answers, generally require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Where has he gone˃?	Ans. To New York˃.
What has he done˃?	Ans. Nothing˃.
Who did this˃?	Ans. I know not˃.
When did he go˃?	Ans. Yesterday˃.

REMARK.—If these questions are repeated, the inflection is changed, according to the principle stated under the Exception to Rule VII.

Where did you say he had gone˂?
What has he done˂?
When did he go˂?
Who did it˂?

RISING INFLECTION.

RULE IX.—Where a pause is rendered proper by the

QUESTIONS.—What is the fifth head under this rule? Repeat the ception. Give the examples. What is supposed to be the reason of ception? Repeat Rule VIII. If these questions are repeated, nflection is used. Repeat Rule IX.

meaning, and the sense is incomplete, the *rising* inflection is generally required.

EXAMPLES.

To endure slander and abuse with meekness´, requires no ordinary degree of self-command`.

Night coming on´, both armies retired from the field of battle`.
As a dog returneth to his vomit´, so a fool returneth to his folly`.

REMARK.—The person or object addressed, comes under this head.

EXAMPLES.

Fathers´! we once again are met in council.
My lords´! and gentlemen´! we have arrived at an awful crisis.
Age´! thou art shamed.
Rome´! thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

Exception.—Where a word, which, according to this rule, requires the rising inflection, becomes emphatic, it generally must have the falling inflection, according to Rule VII.

EXAMPLES.

When we aim at a high standard, if we do not *attain`* it, we shall secure a high degree of excellence.

Those who mingle with the vicious, if they do not become *depraved`*, will lose all delicacy of feeling.

So also, when a child addresses his father, he first says, Father´! but if he repeats it emphatically, he changes the inflection, and says, Father`! Father`!

REMARK.—The principle of this rule will be found to apply especially to the last pause before the close of a sentence, as that is generally the most interesting point of suspension. See examples under Rule VII, §3. Harmony of sound, also, seems to require the rising inflection at this place, even when other reasons would indicate the contrary.

RULE X.—Questions which *may* be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the *rising*, and their answers the *falling inflection.*

QUESTIONS.—Of what rule is this the converse or opposite? Give some of the examples under this rule. What inflection has the person addressed? Give examples. Give the exception to Rule IX, and examples. To what does the principle of this rule especially apply? Repeat the exception. Repeat Rule X.

EXAMPLES.

Has he arrived^? Yes^.
Will he return^? No^.
Does the law condemn him^? It does not^.

Exception.—If these questions are repeated emphatically, they take the falling inflection, according to rule VII.

EXAMPLES.

Has he arrived^?
Will he return^?
Does the law condemn him^?

REMARK.—When a word or sentence is repeated as a kind of interrogatory exclamation, the rising inflection is used, according to the principles of this rule.

EXAMPLES.

You ask, who would venture^ in such a cause? Who would *venture^?* Rather say, who would not^ venture all things for such an object?

He is called the friend^ of virtue. The *friend^!* ay! the enthusiastic lover^, the devoted protector^, rather.

So, also, when one receives unexpected information, he exclaims, Ah^! indeed^!

REMARK.—In the above examples, the words "venture," "friend," "ah," &c., may be considered as interrogatory exclamations, because, if the sense were carried out, it would be in the form of question; as, "Do you ask who would *venture^?*" "Do you say that he is the *friend^* of virtue?" "Is it possible^?" and thus, they would receive the rising inflection according to this rule.

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

RULE XI.—The different members of a sentence expressing comparison, or contrast, or negation and affirmation, or where the parts are united by *or* used disjunctively, require different inflections; generally the *rising inflection* in the *first* member, and the *falling in-*

QUESTIONS.—Give examples under Rule X. Repeat the remark, and explain the examples. What is the Rule XI? What is the first head under this rule? Give an example.

flection in the *second* member. This order is, however, sometimes inverted.

§1. Comparison and contrast. This is also called antithesis.

EXAMPLES.

By all things approving ourselves the ministers of God; by honor´, and dishonor`; by evil´ report, and good` report; as deceivers´, and yet true`; as unknown´, and yet well` known; as dying´, and behold we live`; as chastened´, and not killed`; as sorrowful´, yet always rejoicing`; as poor´, yet making many rich`; as having nothing´, and yet possessing all` things.

Europe was one great battle-field, where the weak struggled for freedom´, and the strong for dominion`. The king was without power´, and the nobles, without principle`. They were tyrants at home´, and robbers abroad`.

§2. Negation and affirmation.

EXAMPLES.

He desired not to injure´ his friend, but to protect` him.
We desire not your money´, but yourselves`.
I did not say a better´ soldier, but an elder`.

If the affirmative clause comes first, the order of the inflections is inverted.

EXAMPLES.

He desired to protect` his friend, not to injure´ him.
We desire yourselves`, not your money´.
I said an elder` soldier, not a better´.

The affirmative clause is sometimes understood.

EXAMPLES.

We desire not your money´.
I did not say a better´ soldier.
The region beyond the grave, is not a solitary´ land.

In most negative sentences standing alone, the corresponding affirmative is understood; hence the following

REMARK.—Negative sentences, whether alone or connected with an affirmative clause, generally end with the rising inflection.

QUESTIONS.—What is the second head? Give examples. If the affirmative clause comes first, in what order are the inflections used? Give examples. Is either clause ever omitted? Repeat the remark.

If such sentences are repeated emphatically, they take the falling inflection, according to Rule VI.

EXAMPLES.

We do *not*ˋ desire your money.
I did *not*ˋ say a better soldier.

§ 3. *Or* used disjunctively.

Did he behave properlyˊ, or improperlyˋ?
Are they livingˊ, or deadˋ?
Is he richˊ, or poorˋ?

Does God, having made his creatures, take no furtherˊ care of them, or does he preserve, and guide themˋ?

Remark.—Where *or* is used conjunctively this rule does not apply; as,

Will the law of kindnessˊ or of justiceˊ justify such conductˊ?

CIRCUMFLEX.

The circumflex is a union of the rising and falling inflections upon the same sound. Properly speaking, there are two of these, the one called the *rising* circumflex, in which the voice slides *down* and then *up;* and the other, the *falling* circumflex, in which the voice slides *upward* and then *downward* on the same vowel. They may both be denoted by the same mark; thus (^). The circumflex is used chiefly to indicate the emphasis of irony, or of contrast, or of hypothesis.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Queen.* Hamlet, you have your father much offended.
Hamlet. Madam, yôu have my father much offended.

2. They offer us their protecˋtion. Yesˋ, sûch protection, as vûltures give to lâmbs, côvering and devôuring them.

Questions.—If sentences requiring the rising inflection are repeated emphatically, what inflections are used? What is the third head under this rule? Give examples. Repeat the remark. What inflections are united to form the circumflex? Explain the two kinds of circumflex. What does the circumflex indicate? Give an example in which it is used to indicate the emphasis of contrast, and explain it. Explain the one in which the emphasis of irony is illustrated.

3. I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if;* as, if you said sô, then I said sô; Oh ho! did you say sô? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

REMARKS.—In the *first* example the emphasis is that of contrast. The queen had poisoned her husband, of which she incorrectly supposed her son ignorant, and she blames him for treating his father-in-law with disrespect. In his reply, Hamlet contrasts her deep crime with his own slight offense, and the circumflex upon *yôu*, becomes proper.

In the *second* example the emphasis is ironical. The Spaniards pretended, that they would protect the Peruvians, if they would submit to them, whereas, it was evident, that they merely desired to plunder and destroy them. Thus their protection is ironically called *sûch* protection as *vûltures* give to *lâmbs*, &c.

In the *third* example, the word "so" is used hypothetically, that is, it implies a condition or supposition. It will be observed that the rising circumflex is used in the first "so," and the falling, in the second, because the first "so" must end with the rising inflection, and the second, with the falling inflection, according to previous rules.

MONOTONE.

WHEN no word in a sentence receives an inflection, it is said to be read in a *monotone;* that is, in nearly the same tone throughout. This uniformity of tone is occasionally adopted, and is fitted to express solemnity or sublimity of idea, and sometimes intensity of feeling. It is used, also, when the whole sentence or phrase is emphatic. In books of elocution, when it is marked at all, it is generally marked thus (—), as in the fourth line following.

EXAMPLES.

Hence! lōathed Mēlancholy!—
Where brōoding dārkness sprēads her jēalous wings,

QUESTIONS.—Give the last example and explain it. When is a sentence said to be read in a monotone? When is a monotone appropriate?

And the nīght rāven sīngs;
There, under ēbon shādes and lōw-brōwed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dēep Cimmērian dārkness ēver dwēll.

IV. ACCENT.

In every word which contains more than one syllable, one of the syllables is pronounced with a somewhat greater stress of voice, than the others. This syllable is said to be *accented*. The accented syllable is distinguished by this mark (´), the same which is used in inflections.

EXAMPLES.

Love´-ly,	re-turn´,	re-mem´-ber,
Con´-stant,	re-main´,	a-sun´-der,
Mem´-ber,	a-bide´,	a-ban´-don,
Win´-dow,	a-tone´,	rec-ol-lect´,
Ban´-ner,	a-lone´,	re-em-bark´.

Remark.—In most cases, custom is the only guide for placing the accent on one syllable rather than another. Sometimes, however, the same word is differently accented, in order to mark its different meanings.

EXAMPLES.

Con´-jure, to practice enchantments.	Con-*jure´*, to entreat.
Gal´-lant, brave.	Gal-*lant´*, a gay fellow.
Au´-gust, a month.	Au-*gust´*, grand.

Remark.—A number of words, also, have their accent on one syllable when verbs or adjectives, and on another, when nouns.

EXAMPLES.

Sub´-ject, the noun;	to sub-*ject´*, the verb.
Pres´-ent, ,,	to pre-*sent´*, ,,
Con´-duct, ,,	to con-*duct´*, ,,
*Ob-´*ject, ,,	to ob-*ject´*, ,,

Questions.—Which line in the example is to be read in this way? Why? When is a syllable said to be accented? Give an example. How is the accented syllable marked? What is generally the guide for placing the accent? When is the same word differently accented? Give an example under each head.

V. EMPHASIS.

A WORD is said to be *emphasized*, when it is uttered with a greater stress of voice, than the other words with which it is connected.

REMARK 1.—The object of emphasis is, to attract particular attention to the word upon which it is placed, indicating, that the idea to be conveyed, depends very much upon that word. This object, as just stated, is generally accomplished by increasing the force of utterance, but sometimes, also, by a change in the inflection, the use of the monotone, or by uttering the words in a very *low* tone. Emphatic words are often denoted by *italics*, and a still stronger emphasis by SMALL CAPITALS or LARGE CAPITALS, according to the degree of emphasis desired.

REMARK 2.—Emphasis constitutes the most important feature in reading and speaking, and, properly applied, gives life and character to language. Accent, inflection, and, indeed, every thing yields to emphasis.

REMARK 3.—In the following examples, it will be seen that *accent* is governed by it.

EXAMPLES.

What is done, can not be *un*done.
There is a difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.
He that *de*scended is the same that *a*scended.

Some appear to make very little difference between *de*cency and *in*decency, *mo*rality and *im*morality, *re*ligion and *ir*religion.

REMARK 4.—There is no better illustration of the nature and importance of emphasis, than the following examples. It will be observed that the meaning and proper answer of the question vary with each change of the emphasis.

QUESTIONS.—When is a word emphasized? Upon what part of the word is the increased stress placed? What is the object of emphasis? In what other way, than the one just mentioned, can this be accomplished? How are emphatic words marked? What is said of the importance of emphasis? What other things yield to emphasis?

EXAMPLES.

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
Did *you* walk into the city yesterday?	No, my *brother* went.
Did you *walk* into the city yesterday?	No, I *rode*.
Did you walk into the *city* yesterday?	No, I went into the *country*.
Did you walk into the city *yesterday?*	No, I went the day *before*.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

SOMETIMES a word is emphasized simply to indicate the importance of the idea. This is called ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

EXAMPLES.

To *arms!* they *come!* the *Greek!* the *Greek!*
STRIKE—till the last armed foe expires,
STRIKE—for your altars and your fires,
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
GOD—and your native land.
Woe unto you PHARISEES! HYPOCRITES!
Days, months, years, and *ages,* shall circle away.

REMARK.—In instances like the last, it is sometimes called the *emphasis of specification.*

RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

WORDS are often emphasized, in order to exhibit the idea they express, as compared or contrasted with some other idea. This is called RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

EXAMPLES.

It is much better to be *injured,* than to *injure.*
They fight for plunder, *we,* for our country.

A *friend* can not be *known* in *prosperity:* an *enemy* can not be *hidden* in *adversity.*

They follow an *adventurer* whom they *fear; we* serve a *monarch* whom we *love.*

QUESTIONS.—Give some examples in which accent yields to it. What is *absolute emphasis?* Give examples. What is meant by *relative emphasis?* Give the examples, and show the words contrasted. Give the examples, in which the emphasis is carried through several *sets* of contrasted words, and point out which words are opposed to each other. (See last two examples on this page.)

REMARK.—In many instances, one part only of the antithesis is expressed, the corresponding idea being understood; as,

A *friendly* eye would never see such faults.

Here the *unfriendly* eye is understood.

King Henry exclaims, while vainly endeavoring to compose himself to rest,

How many *thousands* of my *subjects* are at this hour *asleep*.

Here the emphatic words *thousands*, *subjects*, and *asleep* are contrasted in idea with their opposites, and if the contrasted ideas were expressed, it might be in this way:

While *I alone*, their *sovereign*, am doomed to *wakefulness*.

EMPHATIC PHRASE.

SOMETIMES several words in succession are emphasized.

EXAMPLES.

Shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but of the Alps themselves—shall I compare my self with this HALF—YEAR—CAPTAIN?

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the LAST TEN YEARS.

And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus—THOU—HAST—LIED!

EMPHATIC PAUSE.

AN emphatic expression of sentence often requires a pause, where the grammatical construction authorizes none. This is sometimes called the rhetorical pause. Such pauses occur, chiefly, before or after an emphatic word or phrase, and sometimes both before and after it.

QUESTIONS.—Is the idea corresponding to the emphatic word ever left out? Explain the last two examples under this head, and show what is the idea opposed to *friendly*, in the one, and what are opposed to *thousands*, *subjects*, and *asleep*, in the other. What is meant by the *emphatic phrase?* Give the examples. What do you understand by the *emphatic pause?* Where does it occur?

EXAMPLES.

Rise—fellow men! our country—yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear *for her—to live—with her—to die.*

But *most*—by numbers judge the poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them is—*right* or *wrong.*

He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—*'t was white.*

VI. MODULATION.

MODULATION includes the variations of the voice. These may be classed under the heads of Pitch, Compass, Quantity, and Quality.

PITCH AND COMPASS.

IF any one will notice closely a sentence as uttered in private conversation, he will observe that very few successive words are pronounced in exactly the same tone. At the same time, however, there is a certain PITCH or *key*, which seems, on the whole, to prevail.

This *key note* or *governing* note, as it may be called, is that upon which the voice most frequently dwells, to which it usually returns when wearied, and upon which a sentence generally commences and very frequently ends, while, at the same time, there is a considerable play of the voice above and below it.

This note may be high or low. It varies in different individuals, and at different times in the same individual, being governed by the nature of the subject and the emotions of the speaker.

The range of the voice above and below this note, is called its COMPASS. When the speaker is animated, this range is great; but upon abstract subjects, or with a dull speaker, it is small. If, in reading or speaking, too high a note be chosen,

QUESTIONS.—Give examples. What is modulation? What is meant by the key note? Is this the same at all times and in all individuals? What circumstances cause it to differ? What is meant by compass of voice? Under what circumstances is this range great?

the lungs will soon become wearied; if too low a pitch be selected, there is danger of indistinctness of utterance; and in either case there is less room for *compass* or *variety* of tone, than if one be taken between the two extremes.

To secure the proper pitch and the greatest compass, observe the following rule.

RULE XII.—The reader or speaker should choose that pitch, in which he can feel himself most at ease, and above and below which he may have most room for variation.

REMARK 1.—Having chosen the proper key note, he should beware of confining himself to it. This constitutes *monotony*, one of the greatest faults in elocution. One very important instrument for giving expression and life to thought is thus lost, and the hearer soon becomes wearied and disgusted.

REMARK 2.—There is another fault of nearly equal magnitude, and of very frequent occurrence. This consists in varying the tones without reference to the *sense*. A sentence is commenced with vehemence and in a high tone, and the voice gradually sinks, until the breath being spent, it dies away in a whisper.

REMARK 3.—The habit of *sing-song*, so common in reading poetry, as it is a variation of tone without reference to the sense, is a species of the fault above mentioned.

REMARK 4.—If the reader or speaker is guided by the *sense*, and if he gives that *emphasis*, *inflection*, and *expression*, required by the *meaning*, these faults will speedily disappear.

REMARK 5.—To improve the voice in these respects, practice is necessary. Commence, for example, with the lowest pitch the voice can comfortably sound, and repeat whole paragraphs and pages upon that key. Then rise one note higher, and practice on that, then another, and so on, until the

QUESTIONS.—When is it small? If too high a key note be selected, what is the consequence? If the note be too low, what danger is there? What is the rule on this subject? What is monotony? What are the evils arising from this fault? What other faults of tone are mentioned? What manner of reading poetry is mentioned? How are these faults to be corrected?

highest pitch of the voice is reached. This is illustrated in the following example. Sound the lowest musical note and pronounce the sentence on the same, then the next, and so on.

8.—do—Man wants but little here below.
7. si Man wants but little here below.
6.—la—Man wants but little here below.
5. sol Man wants but little here below.
4. -fa—Man wants but little here below.
3. mi Man wants but little here below.
2.—re—Man wants but little here below.
1. do Man wants but little here below.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

THE tones of the voice should vary, also, in *quantity*, or degree of *loudness*, and in *quality*, or *expression*, according to the nature of the subject.

REMARK.—We notice a difference between the soft, insinuating tones of persuasion; the full, strong voice of command and decision; the harsh, irregular, and sometimes grating explosion of the sounds of passion; the plaintive notes of sorrow and pity; and the equable and unimpassioned flow of words in argumentative style.

The following direction, upon this point, is worthy of attention.

RULE XIII.—The tones of the voice should always correspond, both in *quantity* and *quality*, with the nature of the subject.

EXAMPLES.

Passion and Grief.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water,
"And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

Plaintive.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

QUESTIONS.—What is said with regard to varying the tones in quantity and quality? What difference do we notice in tones? Repeat Rule XIII.

Calm.

A very great portion of this globe is covered with water, which is called sea, and is very distinct from rivers and lakes.

Fierce Anger.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me?" he said;
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

Loud and Explosive.

"Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee thou 'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

REMARK 1.—In our attempt to imitate nature, it is important to avoid *affectation*, for to this fault even perfect monotony is preferable.

REMARK 2.—The *strength* of the voice may be increased by practicing with different degrees of *loudness*, from a whisper to full rotundity, taking care to keep the voice on the *same key*. The same note in music may be sounded *loud* or *soft*. So also a sentence may be pronounced on the same pitch with different degrees of loudness. Having practiced with different degrees of loudness on one key, make the same experiment on another, and then on another, and so on. This will also give the learner practice in *compass*.

Let the pupil sound the vowels, increasing from soft to loud, and then decreasing from loud to soft, as follows:

o o o o o o o o o O O

O O O O O o o o o o o

QUESTIONS.—What must be guarded against in attempts to imitate nature? How may the voice be improved in strength? How may the same note be sounded in music? How may this be applied to reading a sentence?

VII. POETIC PAUSES.

In poetry, we have, in addition to other pauses, POETIC PAUSES. The object of these is simply to promote the melody.

At the end of each line, a *slight* pause is *generally* proper, whatever be the grammatical construction or the sense. The purpose of this is, to make prominent the melody of the measure, and, in rhyme, to allow the ear to appreciate the harmony of the similar sounds.

There is, also, another important pause, somewhere near the middle of each line, which is called the *cesura* or *cesural pause.* In the following lines it is marked thus—.

EXAMPLES.

There are hours long departed—which memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden—to twine round the heart,
And as time rushes by—on the might of his wings,
They may darken awhile—but they never depart.

REMARK.—The cesural pause should never be so placed as to injure the sense. The following lines, if melody alone were consulted, would be read thus,

With fruitless la—bor Clara bound,
And strove to stanch—the gushing wound;
The Monk with un—availing cares,
Exhausted all—the church's prayers.

This manner of reading, however, it will be readily perceived, would very much interfere with the proper expression of the idea. This is to be corrected, by making the cesural pause yield to the sense. The melody is not injured by this, as much as might be supposed. The above lines should be read thus,

With fruitless labor—Clara bound,
And strove to stanch—the gushing wound;

QUESTIONS.—What pause is peculiar to poetry? What is the object of this pause? Where is a *slight* pause generally proper? What is its object? What other pause in poetry is used? What is it called? Point it out in the examples. What caution is given with regard to its use?

The Monk—with unavailing cares,
Exhausted—all the church's prayers.

Sometimes, where the sense requires it, *two* cesural pauses may be made instead of one.

EXAMPLES.

Soldier, rest!—thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep—that knows not breaking;
Dream—of battle fields—no more,
Days of danger—nights of waking.

"Ah, wretch!"—in wild anguish—he cried,
"From country—and liberty—torn!
Ah, Maratan!—would thou hadst died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne."

In lines like the following, *three* cesural pauses are proper. The first and last are slight, and are sometimes called demi-cesuras.

Our bugles–sang truce—for the night cloud–had lowered,
And the sentinel stars—set their watch–in the sky;
And thousands–had sunk—on the ground–overpowered;
The weary–to sleep—and the wounded–to die.

QUESTIONS.—Explain this by the example given in the lines "With fruitless labor," &c. When may there be two cesural pauses? When there are three, what are the first and last called?

EXERCISES.

I. DEATH OF FRANKLIN.

(*To be read in a solemn tone.*)

Frānklin is *dēad.* The genius who freed *America*ˊ, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout *Europe*ˊ, is returned unto the bosom of the *Divinity*ˋ. The sage to whom *two worlds*ˊ lay claim, the man for whom *science*ˊ and *politics*ˊ are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

The cabinets of princes have been long in the habit of notifying the death of those who were *great*ˊ, only in their *funeral orations*ˋ. Long hath the etiquette of *courts*ˊ, proclaimed the mourning of *hypocrisy*ˋ. *Nations*ˊ should wear mourning for none but their *benefactors*ˋ. The *representatives*ˊ of nations should recommend to public homageˊ, only *those* who have been the heroes of *humanity*ˋ.

II. BONAPARTE

He knew no *motive*´ but *interest*`; acknowledged no *criterion* but *success*`; he worshiped no *God*´, but *ambition*`, and with an eastern devotion´ he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry`. Subsidiary to this, there was no *creed*´ that he did not *profess*`, there was no *opinion*´ that he did not *promulgate*`: in the hope of a *dynasty*´ he upheld the *crescent*`; for the sake of a *divorce*´, he bowed before the *cross*`; the *orphan* of *St. Louis*´, he became the adopted *child* of the *republic*`; and with a parricidal ingratitude´, on the ruins both of the *throne* and the *tribune*´, he reared the throne of his *despotism*`.

At his touch *crowns*´ *crumbled*`; *beggars*´ *reigned*`; *systems*´ *vanished*`; the *wildest theories*´ took the color of his *whim*`; and all that was *venerable*`, and all that was *novel*´, changed places with the rapidity of a *drama*`. *Nature* had no *obstacle*´ that he did not *surmount*`; *space* no *opposition*´ he did not *spurn*`; and whether amid *Alpine rocks*`,—*Arabian sands*`,—or *Polar snows*´,—he seemed *proof*` against *peril*´, and empowered with *ubiquity*`.

III. HAMLET ON SEEING THE SKULL OF YORICK.

Alas! poor Yorick ! I knew him *well*`, Horatio´; a fellow of infinite jest´, of most excellent fancy`. He hath borne me on his back´, a thousand times`; and *now*´, how abhorred in my imagination is this skull`! My gorge rises` at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft`. Where are your gibes`, *nôw?* your *gambols*`*?* your *songs*`*?* your flashes of *merriment*`, that were wont to set the table in a roar`? Not *one*´, now, to mock your grinning´? quite *chopfallen*´*?* Now get you to my lady's chamber`, and tell her´, if she paint *an inch thick*`, yet to this favor´ will she come at last`.

IV. DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew´
With wavering flight`, while *fiercer* grew
  Around, the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky`,
A *Home*`*!* a *Gordon*`*!* was the cry`;
  Loud´ were the clanging blows`;
Advanced´,—forced back`,—now low´,—now high`
  The pennon sunk´—and rose`;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale´,
When rent are rigging`, shrouds`, and sail´,
  It wavered 'mid the foes`.

The war, that for a space did fail´,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale`;
And—*Stanley`!* was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread´,
And fired his glazing eye`:—
With dying hand´, above his head´,
He shook the fragment of his blade´,
And shouted´,—"*Victory`!*
Charge`*, Chester´, *charge`! On`*, Stanley´, *on`!"—
Were the last words of Marmion.

V. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

☞ Let the pupil be guided in this by his own judgment, in inflection and emphasis.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I 'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I 'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride:
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy, Highland wight,
"I 'll go, my chief—I 'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arm-ed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her;
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed, amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I 'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild, went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

NEW FIFTH READER

LESSON I.

WORDS TO BE SPELLED AND DEFINED.

1. QUAL-I-FI-CA′-TIONS; *n.* traits.
2. STATE′-LI-EST; *adj.* most dignified and lofty.
4. GRACE′-FUL; *adj.* elegant.
5. VER′-DURE; *n.* greenness.
7. IN-SURE′; *v.* to make sure.

THE FOREST TREES.—A FABLE.

☞ Words marked thus (+) in the body of the lessons should be spelled and defined in addition to those whose definitions are given. See +various and +conversation in the first paragraph.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words found in this lesson. Do not say *for-es* for for-es*t*; *varous*, for va-ri-ous; *sev'ral* for sev-*er*-al; *talles* for tall-es*t*; *friens* for friend*s*; *stateliess* for state-li-es*t*; *s'lected* for *se*-lected.

1. IN a fine forest of trees of +various kinds, there were several which were holding a +conversation upon their +particular beauty, use, size, strength, and other qualifications. Some +boasted of one thing, some of another.

2. One of the tallest and finest trees said proudly, "Which of you, my friends, is so tall and straight as *I* am? I am the *stateliest* tree in the forest."

3. Another one said, "Which of you is so strong as I am? I have stood in the storm for years, and no beast has been able to bend or break me down. I am the *strongest* tree in the forest."

4. A third said, "Which of you is so graceful as I am? My branches all wave in the breeze in the most +elegant manner. I am the most *graceful* tree in the forest."

5. Another said, "You may all boast of your size, strength, and †elegance, but when winter has stripped you of your verdure, how naked and †desolate you appear, while I am clothed in †everlasting green. I am the only tree worth looking at. I am the *brightest* and most †*unfading* tree in the forest."

6. While these †vain trees were thus talking, each trying to appear better than the others, the owner of the forest came with his wood-cutter, to mark some trees which he meant to have cut down`. The tall, the strong, the graceful, and the evergreen tree, were all †selected´, and in another hour were laid low by the ax, and cut up for use`.

MORAL.

7. Thus you see how foolish it is to be proud of any qualifications we possess, as like these †boastful trees, we have not power to insure their †continuance`.

QUESTIONS.—Relate this fable. What is its moral? Where are falling inflections marked in this lesson? Where, rising inflections?

LESSON II.

WORDS TO BE SPELLED AND DEFINED.

3. SAP'-LING; *n.* a small tree.
3. GRAP'-PLED; *v.* contended with.
3. RIFT'-ED; *adj.* burst open.
4. GUST'-Y; *adj.* stormy.

THE OAK TREE.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *monuch* for mon-*arch*; *fo-res* for for-*est*; *acun* for a-*corn*; *fuss* for *first*; *firm-iss* for firm-*est*; *tem-pis* for tem-*pests*.

1. SING for the oak tree,
The †monarch of the wood;
Sing for the oak tree,
That groweth green and good;
That groweth broad and branching
Within the †forest shade;
That groweth now, and yet shall grow,
When we are lowly laid.

2. The oak tree was an †acorn once,
   And fell upon the earth;
   And sun and showers nourished it,
   And gave the oak tree birth.
   The little †sprouting oak tree!
   Two leaves it had at first,
   The sun and showers had nourished it,
   Then out the branches burst.

3. The little sapling oak tree!
   Its root was like a thread,
   Till the kindly earth had nourished it;
   Then out it freely spread:
   On this side and on that side
   It grappled with the ground;
   And in the †ancient, rifted rock,
   Its firmest footing found.

4. The winds came, and the rain fell;
   The gusty tempest blew;
   All, all were friends to the oak tree,
   And stronger yet it grew.
   The boy that saw the acorn fall´,
   He feeble grew and gray`;
   But the oak was still a †thriving tree´,
   And strengthened every day`.

QUESTIONS.—From what does an oak tree grow? How is it nourished? What is said of its age in the last verse?

Where is the rising inflection marked in this lesson? What is the rule for its use there? Where is the falling inflection marked? What rule?

EXERCISE I.—ARTICULATION.

TO TEACHERS.—Each difficult word should be uttered clearly, first by its elements, and then by their combination, omitting silent letters: as, *d-e-th, death, cr-i-m, crime.* Then read *carefully* and *distinctly*

Ribs, death, cry, crime, orb'd, act, acts.

The *ribs of death.* Can you *cry, crackers, crime, cruelly, crutches?* The *orb'd* moon. It was the worst *act* of all *acts.* It is a *mixed government.* The *idle spindle.* Long *droves of cattle.* Their *deeds show* their feelings. The *length,* and *breadth,* and *depth* of the thing. It was *highly and holily* done.

LESSON III.

1. Re-source′; *n.* means of supply.
3. Dwin′-dled; *v.* became less.
4. Es-pied′; *v.* saw.
5. Fal′-ter-ing; *adj.* hesitating.
9. Bonds′-man; *n.* one bound for another.
12. Vi-bra′-tions; *n.* moving to and fro.
13. Husk′y; *adj.* dry, rough.
18. In-au′-di-ble; *adj.* that can not be heard.
19. Im′-ple-ments; *n.* tools.
19. In′-va-lid; *n.* a sick person.
22. Con-so′-ling-ly; *adv.* comfortingly.
22. Un-wont′-ed; *adj.* unusual.
23. Pre-scrip′-tion; *n.* direction for medicines.
34. Ob-li-ga′-tion; *n.* promise

THE POOR WIDOW.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *chile* for child; *wipin* for wi-ping; *feller* for fel-*low*; *fuss* for fir*st*; *kinely* for kin*d*-ly; *layin* for lay-in*g*; *han* for han*d*; *dolluz* for dol-*lars*.

1. "It must be, my child," said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly †trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you can not surely see me and your little brother starve."

2. The boy, a noble looking little fellow of about ten years, started up, and after throwing his arms around his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of †anguish that was uttered by his parent, as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to burst without it.

3. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk, he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him; but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away. The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and †miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

4. Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in †despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very †leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and had a pleasant †countenance. When Henry looked at him, he felt all his fears †vanish at once, and instantly approached him.

5. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled; but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low faltering voice, begged for a little †charity, the gentleman stopped; and his kind heart melted with †compassion, as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep †blush which spread over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones, which †accompanied his †petition.

6. "You do not look like a boy who has been †accustomed to beg his bread," said he, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder; "what has driven you to this step?"

7. "Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to this step."

8. "Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more †interested.

9. "My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondsman for a friend, who soon after †failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live long after this loss, and in one month died of †grief; and his death was more dreadful than any of our troubles. My mother, my little brother, and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty.

10. "My mother has, until now, †managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could, by shoveling snow and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, she was taken very sick, and has since become so much worse,

that I fear she will die. I can not think of any way to help her.

11. "I have had no work for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old †acquaintances, and tell them that she has come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame, and gave me courage to speak to you. Oh, sir, do pity my poor mother."

12. The tears, and the simple, moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger, which was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

13. "Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice: "is it far from here?"

14. "She lives in the last house on this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here in the third block, and on the left hand side."

15. "Have you sent for a †physician?"

16. "No, sir," said the boy, "I had no money, to pay either for a physician or for †medicine."

17. "Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of money from his pocket—"here are three dollars; take them and run immediately for a physician."

18. Henry's eyes flashed with †gratitude; he received the money with a †stammering and almost inaudible voice; but with a look of the warmest gratitude he vanished.

19. The †benevolent stranger instantly sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor, a miserable table, an old †bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak, and almost †exhausted; and on the bed, at her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

20. Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and, †feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her †disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the

widow, with a deep sigh, added, "Oh, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure.

21. "I am a mother, a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and nothing but death can rid my sorrows. But even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if——"

22. Here †emotion checked her †utterance, and the tears flowed †unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and †manifested so warm a †sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman †throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

23. "Do not despair," said the stranger, "think only of recovery, and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

24. The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hands of the child who sat with her on the bed, and, tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other," said she, "but perhaps this will do."

25. The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

26. "This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

27. He laid the paper on the table, and departed. Scarcely was he gone, when the elder son returned.

28. "Cheer up, dear mother," said he, "going up and †affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has †enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. †Compose yourself, now, dear mother, and take courage."

29. "Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the

innocent, and the good. Oh, may He watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a kindness that was †balm to my heart. He left that prescription on the table. See if you can read it."

30. Henry glanced at the paper and started back. He took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

31. "What is it`, my son´?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an †apprehension—of she knew not—what.

32. "Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us."

33. The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than she exclaimed, "It is Washington!" and fell back fainting on her pillow.

34. The writing was an obligation from Washington` —for it was indeed he´—by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars from his own private †property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

35. Meanwhile, the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful †surprise, together with a good nurse, with which the physician supplied her, and a plenty of wholesome food´, soon restored her to perfect health`.

36. The †influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends, who furnished her with constant employment; and her sons, when they arrived at the proper age, were placed in †respectable situations, where they were able to support themselves, and †render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

37. Let the children who read this story, remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its †inmates.

QUESTIONS.—What did the boy attempt to do? What success did he have? What did the man, whom he met, say and do? Whom did it prove to be? What should his example teach us?

EXERCISE II.—ARTICULATION.

☞ Let the teacher select the difficult words for the pupil to spell by their elements.

ARTICULATE distinctly the difficult sounds. *Earth that entomb'st* all my *heart holds* dear. *His attempts were faith*less. *Hold off' your hands, gentlemen.* The *sounds of horses' hoofs were heard.* What *want'st thou* here? It was *wrenched* by the *hand of violence.* Their *singed tops*, though bare, *will stand.* The *strength of his nostrils is terrible.* A gentle current *rippled* by. He *barb'd* the dart. How do you like *herbs* in *your broth?*

LESSON IV.

1. TEM'-PLE; *n.* a church.
2. SHEL'-TER-ING; *v.* protecting.
2. REST'-LESS; *adj.* not quiet.
3. E-VEN-TIDE'; *n.* evening.
4. STRIV'-EN; *v.* contended against.
5. DIS-TRESS'; *n.* misery.
6. PEN'-I-TENCE; *n.* sorrow.
6. BROOD'-ING; *v.* covering with [wings.

TIRED OF PLAY.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *creep-in* for creep-ing; *shelter-in* for shelter-ing; *brood-in* for brood-ing; *sing-in* for sing-ing; *res-less* for rest-less: *fauls* for faults; *coulds* for couldst; *cre-tur* for creat-ure (*pr. créat'-yur*).

1. TIRED of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this †live-long day`?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up temple and tree;

2. The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the †drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers and day is done,
How hast thou spent it, restless one`?

3. Playing´? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide`?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy †play-mate spoken`?

4. Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and hill?
By †green-wood path, and singing rill?

5. Well for thee if thou couldst tell
A tale like this of a day spent well,
If thy kind hand has aided distress,
And thou pity hast felt for †wretchedness';

6. If thou hast forgiven a brother's †offense,
And grieved for thine own with penitence;
If every creature has won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
Then with joy and peace on the bed of rest
Thou wilt sleep as on thy mother's breast.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by the expression, "The sun is creeping up temple and tree"? How had the day been spent? How ought our days to be spent that we may feel peace and happiness at their close? What inflection should "playing" receive in the 3d stanza? Why?

LESSON V.

2. CON'-SCIOUS-NESS; *n.* feeling knowledge.
2. VE'-HI-CLE; *n.* a carriage.
7. PLAID; *n.* a kind of cloak.
10. AP-PEALS'; *n.* call for aid.
10. HU-MAN'-I-TY; *n.* kindness.
11. IN'-CI-DENT; *n.* occurrence.
13. IN-DI-CA'-TED; *v.* showed.

THE ORPHAN.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *coach-mun* for coach-man; *un-pleas-unt* for un-pleas-ant; *silunced* for si-lenced; *benevolunt* for be-nev-o-lent; *intemp'runce* for in-tem-pe-rance; *ignorunce* for ig-no-rance; *recullect* for rec-ol-lect; *supprised* for sur-prised; *drounded* for drowned.

1. ON a dark, cold night, in the middle of November, as Mr. Lawrence was traveling in a stage coach from London to Norwich, he was roused from a sound sleep,

at the end of the stage, by the coachman's opening the door of the carriage, and begging leave to look for a parcel which was in the box under Mr. Lawrence's seat.

2. The opening of the door admitted a violent gust of wind and rain, which was very unpleasant to the feeling of the sleeping †passengers, and roused them to a consciousness of the †situation of those who were on the outside of the vehicle.

3. "I hope, coachman, you have a good thick coat on, to guard you against the cold and wet," said Mr. Lawrence. "I have a very good one, sir," replied the man, "but I have lent it to a poor little girl we have on the top; for my heart bled for her, poor thing, she had so little clothing to keep her warm."

4. "A child exposed on the outside of the coach, on such a night as this!" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence. "I am sure it would be very wrong in us to let her stay there. Do let us have her in †immediately. It is quite †shocking to think of her being in such a situation."

5. "Oh, no," cried a gentleman opposite, "we can do nothing with her. It is quite out of the question. The coach is already full, and she will be so wet, that we might as well be on the outside ourselves, as sit near her. Beside, she is a poor child, in charge of the master of a workhouse, and one does not know what she may have about her."

6. "Why, as to that, sir," replied the coachman, "I believe she is as clean as any child needs to be, though she is rather †delicate looking, poor thing! But she is a fine little creature, and deserves better fare than she is likely to get where she is going."

7. "Let her come in, at any rate," said Mr. Lawrence, "for poor or rich, she is equally †sensible to cold, and no one, I am sure, who has a child of his own, can bear the idea of her being so exposed. And as to her being wet, I will wrap her in my plaid, and take her on my knee, so that no one can feel any †inconvenience from it."

8. This silenced the gentleman's †objections; and the rest of the company agreeing to it, the coachman was

desired to bring the child in, which he gladly did, and the dry plaid being rolled about her, Mr. Lawrence took her upon his knee, and putting his arm around her, clasped her with †benevolence and self-satisfaction to his breast. "I am afraid you are very cold, my poor little girl," said he.

9. "I *was* very cold, indeed, till the coachman was so good to me as to let me have his coat," replied she, in a very sweet and cheerful voice; "but you have made me warmer still," she added, and as she spoke, she laid her head against the breast of her benevolent friend, and was asleep in a few minutes.

10. "The coachman showed a great deal of †concern for her," said one of the passengers; "I could hardly have expected so much feeling in the driver of a stage coach." "I believe there is much more humanity among the lower classes of people, than is generally supposed," said Mr. Lawrence, "for we seldom meet with one who is deaf to the appeals of childhood or †helplessness."

11. His companion was too sleepy to dispute the point, and the whole party soon sunk into the same state of torpor, from which this little incident had roused them, and from which they were only †occasionally disturbed by the changing of horses, or the coachman's †application for their †usual fee, till the full dawn of day induced them to shake off their †drowsiness.

12. When Mr. Lawrence awoke, he found that his little companion was still in a deep sleep, and he thought, with satisfaction, of the sound rest he had procured for her, with only a very little †inconvenience to himself. He was glad, too, that he had interested himself for her before he saw her; for had he seen the †prepossessing face which he then beheld, he might have suspected that his †interference had been prompted by her beauty as much as by her distress.

13. She was of a fair complexion and regular features; but Mr. Lawrence was particularly interested in her sensible and expressive countenance, which indicated extreme sweetness of disposition. "What a pity,"

thought he, as he looked at her, "that so promising a little creature should be confined to the †charity of a poor house, and there reared in vice and ignorance!"

14. As these thoughts passed across his mind, the little girl awoke, and looked around her, as if at a loss to know where she was; but, at the next moment, seeming to †recollect herself, and looking in Mr. Lawrence's face, she returned his kindness by a smile of satisfaction. "Have you had a good sleep, my dear?" asked he, kindly. "Yes, sir, I have been sleeping very soundly, and I thought I was at home."

15. "Where is your home?" asked Mr. Lawrence. "I call where my Aunt Mary used to live my home." "And where did your Aunt Mary live?" "I do not know what they called the place, but it was at the end of a long lane, and there was a pretty garden before the house. It was such a nice place; I am sure you would like it if you saw it."

16. "Do you know the name of the place?" "No, sir, I do not know what they call it; only that it was Aunt Mary's house, and it was near the large town they call Essex, where my father lived, and where there were a great many ships, and a large river."

17. Surprised at the easy and correct manner in which this little girl, who bore marks of nothing but the greatest poverty, expressed herself, Mr. Lawrence's †curiosity was greatly excited, and feeling much interested respecting her, he asked her name.

18. "My Aunt Mary used to call me Fanny Edwards," replied she, "but my new mother told me I must say my name is Peggy Short, but I do not like that name."

19. "Why did she tell you to call yourself by that name?" asked Mr. Lawrence. "I can not tell you, sir, for she used to call me Fanny herself till she took me to the large town that we came to yesterday; and then she called me Peggy, and said I must call myself so."

20. "Where is your Aunt Mary now? And your new mother, as you call her, where is she gone?"

21. "My Aunt Mary went away a long time since.

She said she was forced to go to a lady who was ill, that had been very kind to her; but she would come back to me soon, and then I should live with her again, and that I must love her till she came back, and I have loved her all this time very dearly, but she has never come again." As the child said this, her little heart swelled, and her eyes filled with tears.

22. "Where did you go when she left you?" †inquired Mr. Lawrence. "I went to live with my father; for I had a new mother, my Aunt Mary said, who would take care of me. But my father went away in a ship, and my new mother said he was drowned in the sea, and would never come back again; and then she was not very kind to me; not so very kind as my Aunt Mary used to be; for my Aunt Mary never beat me, but used to take me upon her knee, and tell me pretty stories, and teach me the way to read them myself, that I might learn to be a useful woman; and used to kiss me, and say she loved me very dearly when I was a good girl."

23. "And I hope you were always a good girl," said Mr. Lawrence, patting her cheek. "No, sir," said she, "I was not always good, for once I told a story, and my Aunt Mary did not love me for a great many days, and I was very unhappy." "That was indeed bad, but you will never tell another story, I trust."

24. "I hope not," said the child †modestly; and Mr. Lawrence, †desirous of knowing something more of her history, asked her again what had become of her mother. "I do not know what has become of her, but I am afraid she has lost herself, for when we got to the large town, she told me to sit down upon a door step, until she came back to me. I sat a very long time, till it was quite dark, and I was very cold and hungry, and she never came to me, and I could not help crying. The lady that lived in the house heard me, asked me what was the matter; and when I told her, she took me into the kitchen, and gave me something to eat, and was very kind to me."

25. At this simple †narrative, the passengers were all

much affected. Even the gentleman who had first opposed her coming into the coach, rubbed his hand across his eyes and said, "Poor thing, poor thing," while Mr. Lawrence pressed her more closely toward him, and rejoiced that Providence had thrown in his way, this sweet little girl, whom he resolved to adopt and add to his own happy family.

QUESTIONS.—What were the circumstances which led Mr. Lawrence to become interested with the orphan? Relate her story as she told it to him. What did he do for her?

EXERCISE III.

They *reefed* the topsails. No dangers *fright* him. He *quench'd* a flame. She *laughs at* him. A *frame* of adamant. She *begg'd pardon.* Thou *look'st from thy throne* in the clouds, and *laugh'st at* the storm. The *glowworm lights* her lamp. The table *groans beneath its* burden. All clothed in *rags an infant lay.*

LESSON VI.

1. HALE; *adj.* healthy, robust.
2. PLOD'-DED; *v.* went slowly.
3. MAN'-TLE-TREE; *n.* shelf over a fire place.

THE GRANDFATHER.

PRONOUNCE the following words in this lesson correctly. Do not say *smokin* for smo-king; *clearin* for clear-ing; *ketchin* for *catch*-ing; *turnin* for turn-ing; *spinnin* for spin-ning.

1. THE farmer sat in his easy chair
   Smoking his pipe of clay,
   While his hale old wife with busy care,
   Was clearing the dinner away;
   A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
   On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.

2. The old man laid his hand on her head,
   With a tear on his wrinkled face,
   He thought how often her mother dead,
   Had sat in the self same place;

As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

3. The house dog lay, stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantletree,
Had plodded along to almost three.

4. Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

QUESTIONS.—Tell the story of the farmer and his sweet grandchild as related in the above verses.

What noun in the last line? What pronoun? What verb? What adjectives? What adverb? What preposition?

TO TEACHERS.—The grammatical questions introduced at the close of the reading lessons, will be found to add *interest* and *value* to the exercise of reading. They should by no means be neglected, but may be varied or increased at the discretion of the teacher.

EXERCISE IV.

It was a species of *calx*, *which* he showed me.
The word *filch is of doubtf*ul derivation.
If thou *fall'st*, thou *fall'st* a blessed martyr.
Health is indispensable to the soldier.
Those who lie *entomb'd in* the cemetery.
The *attempt and* not the deed, *confounds* us.
But truth, *and* liberty, *and* virtue, would fall with him.
The *song began* from Jove.
Do you mean *plain* or *playing?*
I *quench* thee, thou *flaming* firebrand.
A *frame* of *adamant*, and *strength* of *Hercules*.
The *hills*, and *halls*, and *hulls*.
The *ranges*, and *changes*, and *hinges*, and *fringes*
Spasms, and *prisms*, and *chasms*, and *phasms*.

LESSON VII.

2. Dis-cov'-ered; *v.* found out.
2. Tin'-y; *adj.* very small.
3. Com-po'-ser; *n.* an author.
3. Or'-ches-tra; *n.* a body of musicians.
3. Com-po-si'-tions; *n.* musical pieces.
6. Rap'-tures; *n.* extreme delight.
8. Chat'-ting; *v.* talking familiarly.
10. De-ject'-ed; *v.* discouraged, low-spirited.
10. Strewn; *v.* scattered.

☞ It will be recollected, that those definitions only are given, which are appropriate in the connection in which the word is used.

LITTLE VICTORIES.

Remark.—In conversational pieces like the following, the manner of each speaker should be imitated, as in a dialogue.

Articulate the letter *d*. Do not say *roun* for roun*d*; *foun* for foun*d*; *mine* for min*d*; *mile* for mil*d*; *hun-reds* for hun-*d*reds; *han* for han*d*; *tole* for tol*d*; *an* for an*d*; *fon* for fon*d*; *a-shame* for a-sham'*d*.

Articulate the *t*. Do not say *loss* for los*t*; *burs* for burs*t*; *juss* for jus*t*; *great-es* for great-es*t*; *loud-es* for loud-es*t*.

1. "Oh, mother, now that I have lost my limb, I can never be a soldier or a sailor; I can never go round the world!" And Hugh burst into tears, now more really †afflicted than he had ever been yet. His mother sat on the bed beside him, and wiped away his tears as they flowed, while he told her, as well as his sobs would let him, how long and how much he had reckoned on going round the world, and how little he cared for any thing else in future; and now this was the very thing he should never be able to do!

2. He had practiced climbing ever since he could remember, and now this was of no use; he had †practiced marching, and now he should never march again. When he had finished his complaint, there was a pause, and his mother said,

"Hugh, you have heard of Huber."

"The man who found out so much about bees?" said Hugh.

"Bees and ants. When Huber had discovered more than had ever been known about these, and when he was sure that he could learn still more, and was more and more anxious to peep into their tiny homes, and curious ways, he became blind."

3. Hugh sighed, and his mother went on.

"Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest †musical composers that ever lived. His great, his sole delight, was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he suddenly became deaf, perfectly deaf; so that he never more heard *one single note* from the loudest orchestra. While crowds were moved and delighted with his compositions, it was all silence to him." Hugh said nothing.

4. "Now do you think," asked his mother—and Hugh saw that a mild and gentle smile †beamed from her countenance—"do you think that these people were without a heavenly Parent?"

"Oh no! but were they patient?" asked Hugh.

"Yes, in their different ways and †degrees. Would you suppose, that they were hardly treated? Or would you not rather suppose, that their Father gave them something better to do, than they had planned for themselves?"

5. "He must know best, of course; but it does seem very hard, that *that very thing* should happen to them. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, perhaps; or that musical man being blind."

"No doubt their hearts often swelled within them, at their †disappointments; but I fully believe that they very soon found God's will to be wiser than their wishes. They found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do, far nobler than any the head could do through the eye, or the ear. And they soon felt a new and delicious pleasure, which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel."

"What is that?"

6. "The pleasure of rousing the soul to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in the breast. There is no pleasure like that of †exercising one's soul in bearing pain, and of finding one's heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing God."

"Shall I feel that pleasure?"

"Often and often, I have no doubt: every time you can willingly give up your wish to be a soldier, or a sailor, or any thing else you have set your mind upon, you will feel that pleasure. But I do not expect it of you yet. I dare say, it was long a bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music, when he could not hear a note of it."

7. "But did he ever smile again?" asked Hugh.

"If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could have made him," replied his mother.

"I wonder, oh, I wonder if I shall ever feel so!"

"We will pray to God that you may. Shall we ask him now?"

Hugh clasped his hands. His mother kneeled beside the bed, and, in a very few words, prayed that Hugh might be able to bear his †misfortune well, and that his friends might give him such help and comfort as God should approve.

8. Hugh found himself subject to very painful feelings sometimes, such as no one quite understood, and such as he feared no one was able to pity as they deserved. On one †occasion, when he had been quite merry for a while, and his mother and sister Agnes were chatting, they thought they heard a sob from the sofa. They spoke to Hugh, and found that he was indeed crying bitterly.

"What is it, my dear," said his mother. "Agnes, have we said any thing that could hurt his feelings?"

"No, no," sobbed Hugh. "I will tell you presently."

9. And presently he told them, that he was so busy listening to what they said, that he forgot every thing else, when he felt as if something got between two of his toes; †unconsciously he put down his hand, as if his foot was there! Nothing could be plainer than the feeling in his toes; and, then, when he put out his hand,

and found nothing, it was so terrible! it startled him so It was a comfort to find that his mother knew about this. She came, and kneeled by his sofa, and told him that many persons who had lost a limb, considered this the most painful thing they had to bear, for some time; but that, though the feeling would return occasionally through life, it would cease to be painful.

10. Hugh was very much dejected, and when he thought of the months and years, to the end of his life, and that he should never run and play, and never be like other people, he almost wished that he was dead.

Agnes thought that he must be †miserable indeed, if he could venture to say this to his mother. She glanced at her mother's face, but there was no †displeasure there. On the contrary, she said this feeling was very natural. She had felt it herself, under smaller misfortunes than Hugh's; but she had found, though the prospect appears all strewn with troubles, that they come singly, and are not so hard to bear, after all.

11. She told Hugh, that when she was a little girl, she was very lazy, fond of her bed, and not at all fond of dressing or washing.

"Why, mother! you?" exclaimed Hugh.

"Yes; that was the sort of little girl I was. Well, I was in †despair, one day, at the thought that I should have to wash and clean my teeth, and brush my hair, and put on every article of dress, every morning as long as I lived."

"Did you tell any body?" asked Hugh.

12. "No; I was ashamed to do that; but I remember I cried. You see how it turns out. When we have become †accustomed to any thing, we do it without ever thinking of the trouble, and, as the old fable tells us, the clock, that has to tick so many millions of times, has exactly the same number of seconds to do it in. So will you find, that you can move about on each †separate occasion, as you wish, and practice will enable you to do it without any trouble or thought."

"But this is not all, nor half what I mean," said Hugh

13. "No, my dear, nor half what you will have to bear. You resolved to bear it all †patiently, I remember. But what is it you dread the most?"

"Oh! all manner of things. I can never do like other people."

"Some things," replied his mother. "You can never play cricket, as every Crofton boy would like to do. You can never dance at your sister's Christmas parties."

14. "Oh! mamma!" cried Agnes, with tears in her eyes, and with the thought in her mind, that it was cruel to talk so.

"Go on! Go on!" cried Hugh, brightening. "You know what I feel, mother; and you don't keep telling me, as others do, and even sister Agnes, sometimes, that it will not †signify much, and that I shall not care, and all that; making out that it is no misfortune, hardly, when I know what it is, and they don't. Now then, go on, mother! What else?"

15. "There will be little checks and †mortifications †continually, when you see little boys leaping over this, and climbing that, and playing at the other, while you must stand out, and can only look on. And some people will pity you, in a way you will not like: and some may even laugh at you."

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Well, and what else?" said Hugh.

16. "Sooner or later, you will have to follow some way of life determined by this †accident, instead of one that you would have liked better."

"Well, what else?"

"I must ask you, now. I can think of nothing more; and I hope there is not much else; for, indeed, I think here is quite enough for a boy, or any one else, to bear."

"I will bear it, though; you will see."

17. "You will find great helps. These misfortunes, of themselves strengthen one's mind. They have some †advantages, too. You will be a better scholar for your lameness, I have no doubt. You will read more books, and have a mind richer in thoughts. You will be more

beloved by us all, and you yourself will love God more for having given you something to bear for his sake. God himself will help you to bear your trials. You will conquer your troubles one by one, and by a †succession of LITTLE †VICTORIES, will, at last, completely triumph over all."

QUESTIONS.—What was the matter with Hugh? What plan for the future did this misfortune interfere with? Whom did his mother mention as having been similarly situated? How was Huber disappointed? How was Beethoven disappointed? From whom come our disappointments? Are they intended for our good? How should we feel under them? How did Hugh's mother comfort him? What did Hugh determine to do? In what way did his mother think that his misfortune would be an advantage to him?

In the last sentence, which words are in the objective case? What two verbs are in the future tense? Which are the pronouns? Which are the prepositions? In the 14th paragraph, what interjection is there? Point out three nouns in this paragraph. What does the word *noun* mean? See Pinneo's Primary Grammar, page 9, Art. 2.

EXERCISE V.

The *bricks* were *thoroughly dried. Crack'd, crinkl'd crayon.* They *drank* of the *purling brook. Grand crags* arose towering on every side.

LESSON VIII.

1. GRIEVED; *v.* given pain to.
1. GUSH'-ING; *adj.* rushing forth.
1. RE-LIEVED'; *v.* freed from pain.
2. SPRIGHT'-LY; *adj.* lively.
2. DE-CAYED'; *v.* faded.
3. BE-TIDE'; *v.* may happen to.

MY MOTHER.

PRONOUNCE the following words in this lesson correctly. Do not say *strayin* for stray-in*g*; *prayin* for pray-in*g*; *gushin* for gush-in*g*; *whisperin* for whis-per-in*g*; *leanin* for lean-in*g*; *meanin* for mean-in*g*; *sickniss* for sick-ness.

1. Often into folly †straying,
Oh, my mother! how I've grieved her!
Oft I've heard her for me praying,
Till the gushing tears relieved her.

And she gently rose and smiled,
Whispering, "God will keep my child."

2. She was youthful then, and sprightly,
Fondly on my father leaning,
Sweet she spoke, her eyes shone †brightly,
And her words were full of meaning;
Now, an Autumn leaf decayed,
I, perhaps, have made it †fade.

3. But, whatever ills betide thee´,
Mother´, in them all I share`;
In thy sickness watch beside thee,
And beside thee kneel in prayer.
Best of mothers´! on my breast
Lean thy head, and sink to rest.

QUESTIONS.—What does the writer say of his mother? What would he do to repay her?

LESSON IX.

1. IN´-TRI-CA-CY; *n.* the state of being entangled.
2. AP-PRE-HEN´-SION; *n.* the power of thinking and understanding.
3. VA´-CANT-LY; *adv.* without thinking of or noticing.
5. AS´-PEN; *n.* a species of poplar, whose leaves are always in motion.
9. STATE´-LI-NESS; *n.* majestic appearance.
9. DOMES; *n.* buildings, houses.
10. REV´-EL-RY; *n.* noisy, gayety, and festivity.

AN END OF ALL PERFECTION.

REMARK.—Be careful to articulate such little words as *the, of, a, in, from, at, by, and, to, with, as, for,* very distinctly; and yet not dwell on them so long as on other more important words.

ARTICULATE distinctly and PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *an* for and; *uf* for of; *lifs* for lifts; *dif'cult-y* for dif-fi-cul-ty; *hass* for hast; *beau-ti-f'l* for beau-ti-ful; *joy-f'ly* for joy-ful-ly; *va-r'a-ble* for va-ri-a-ble; *fiels* for fields; *com-plaince* for com-plaints; *en* for end; *duss* for dust.

1. I HAVE seen man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar

that lifts its head above the forest trees`; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth`. He feared no danger`; he felt no sickness`; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain`. His mind was vigorous, like his body`; he was †perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty`; into hidden things he searched´; and what was crooked he made straight`.

2. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he †surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him, I said, "What a piece of work is man`! how noble in reason`! how infinite in †faculties`! in form and moving how express and admirable`! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

3. I returned; his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The †vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed.

4. His house to him was like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful, while his foot tottered on the †verge of the grave. He said of his son, "He is my brother`;" of his daughter´, "I know her not`;" and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

5. I have seen a beautiful female treading the first

stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was †variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she †floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned, but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but found her not.

6. Her eye sparkled not there; the music of her voice was silent; she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth whence it was taken, †consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner †lingered to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept, he said, "There is no beauty, nor grace, nor loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

7. I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished †ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant had shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dewdrop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

8. I again saw this child, when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, nor envious, nor †stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and †vanities of the world. And when I looked

upon it, I remembered that our Savior had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

9. But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and †extolled the honor of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear nor serve him.

10. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not, that the cries of the †oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the †teachable child, that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.

QUESTIONS.—Describe the man spoken of in his glory. What change took place? What becomes of beauty as time passes? What becomes of the docility and loveliness of childhood? What does all this teach us? Where shall we find unchangeable perfection?

Explain the inflections marked, and, also, those of the 6th, 7th, and 8th paragraphs.

EXERCISE VI.

We constructed *an arc*, and began the *problem*. The *surf beat* heavily. *Arm! warriors, arm! Return* to thy dwelling, *all lonely return. Weave the warp*, and *weave the woof*. Send me *Smith's Thucydides*. Thou *tear'st* my *heart* asunder. I give my *hand* and *heart too to* this vote.

THE TEACHER is reminded that the pupil should not neglect, before reading the sentences, to spell each difficult word by its *elements*, uttering two or more consonants which come together as a single sound.

LESSON X.10

4. Sub'-tile; *adj.* thin, delicate.
5. Crest; *n.* a tuft or ornament worn on the head.
6. Wi'ly; *adj.* cunning, sly.
7. Coun'-sel-or; *n.* one who gives advice.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—A Fable.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *put-ti-est* (pro. prit-ti-est) for pret-ti-est; *creature* nor *critter*, (pro. creat-yure) for creat-ure; *ful-lish* for fool-ish; *ferss-ly* for fierce-ly.

1. "Will you walk into my †parlor´?" said a spider to a fly,
"'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"Oh no`, no`," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weary` with †soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly,
"There are pretty curtains drawn around`, the sheets are fine and thin`,
And if you like to rest awhile´, I'll snugly tuck you in`."
"Oh no`, no`," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They *never, never wake* again, who sleep upon *your* bed."

3. Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend´, what shall I do`,
To prove the warm †affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice´?"
"Oh no`, no`!" said the little fly`, "kind sir´, that can not be`;
I've *heard`* what's in your pantry, and I do not *wish* to *see`*."

4. "Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise`,
How handsome are your †gauzy wings`, how †brilliant are your eyes`!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir´," she said, "for what you 're
pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning *now´*, I'll call *another* day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:
So he wove a subtile web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and †merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly´, with the pearl and silver
wing:
Your robes are green and purple; there 's a crest upon your
head;
Your eyes are like the †diamond bright, but mine are dull as
lead."

6. Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily †flattering words, came slowly flitting by,
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer
drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—*poor foolish thing!* At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

7. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his †dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came out again!
And now, my dear young friends´, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

QUESTIONS.—Relate the conversation between the spider and the fly. What motive did the cunning spider finally appeal to, which induced the fly to visit it? What became of the fly?

Why is the rising inflection used at "sir" in the 4th stanza? Why at "fly" in the 5th? Why at "friends" in the 7th?

What are the nouns in the last line? The verb? The adjectives or articles? See Pinneo's Primary Grammar, pp. 19 and 20.

EXERCISE VII.

My *Uncle Toby* was *racked with* pain. *Rock'd with whirlwinds Victory will weaken* the enemy. *Think'st thou* so meanly of me? On the *River Elbe.* We saw the *Elk.* And he cried *hold, hold, hold!* The *wolf whose howls his* watch. *Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from* his high estate. There was *no help for it.* He *watch'd and wept,* he *felt and prayed* for all. It was a *wilfully false* account.

LESSON XI.

2. IM-POS'-TOR; *n.* one who deceives.
2. LAN'-GUISHED; *v.* suffered.
3. A-VER'-SION; *n.* dislike.
9. CON-STER-NA'-TION; *n.* terror.
12. AR-TI-FI'-CIAL; *adj.* not genuine.
22. E-LEC'-TRIC-AL; *adj.* containing electricity.
24. LEG'-A-CY; *n.* something left by [will.

DO NOT MEDDLE.

PRONOUNCE the words in this lesson correctly. Do not say *benev'lunce* for be-nev-*o*-lence; *assistunce* for as-sist-*a*nce; *impos'ter* for impos-tor; *pearunce* for *a*p-pear-*a*nce; *b'long* for be-long; *hast'ly* for has-*ti*-ly; *cuncealed* for con-cealed; *imperdunce* for im-*pu*-dence.

1. ABOUT twenty years ago, there lived a †singular gentleman in the old Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about three score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for †generosity and †benevolence he had no equal.

2. No poor †cottager stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished for want of his †assistance; and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty handed from the Hall.

> The sick he †soothed, the hungry fed,
> Bade care and sorrow fly,
> And loved to raise the downcast head
> Of friendless poverty.

3. Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend him in

different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the †society of the young, he had a great aversion to that †curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer, will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

4. No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a boy, than twenty †applications were made for the situation; but he determined not to engage any one, until he had in some way †ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying †disposition.

5. On Monday morning, seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desiring to obtain the situation. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way, that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied, were given to meddle †unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

6. And first, Charles Brown was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little. So Charles sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room, that at last, he got up to peep at them.

7. On the table was placed a dish cover, and Charles wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things; and as Charles was of a curious disposition, he could not withstand the †temptation of taking one peep. So he lifted up the cover.

8. This turned out to be a sad †affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by a †current of air, flew about the room, and Charles, in his fright, putting down the cover hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table.

9. What was to be done? Charles began to pick up the feathers one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an †adjoining room, hearing a †scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room, to the consternation of Charles Brown, who was very soon dismissed, as a boy who had not †principle enough to resist even a slight temptation.

10. When the room was once more arranged, Henry Wilkins was placed there, until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself, than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine, ripe cherries. Now Henry was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked, for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm.

11. Taking fresh courage, he went †cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it into his mouth. It was excellent; and then he persuaded himself that he ran no risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it into his mouth.

12. Now, the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others, filled with †cayenne pepper; one of these Henry had unfortunately taken, and it made his mouth smart and burn most intolerably. The old gentleman heard him coughing, and knew very well what was the matter. The boy that would take what did not belong to him, if no more than a cherry, was not the boy for him. Henry Wilkins was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot, as if he had put a burning coal into it.

13. Rufus Wilson was next introduced into the room, and left to himself; but he had not been there ten minutes, before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle, for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly.

14. Having looked around the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein. But no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob, than he set a large bell ringing, which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room.

15. Rufus was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him. He looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted any thing. Rufus was much confused, and stammered, and tried to excuse himself, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent him from being ordered off the premises.

16. George Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a cautious disposition, he touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch farther, looking down at the bottom of the door, that it might not catch against any thing, and make a noise.

17. Now had he looked at the top instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him, for to the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter, that George was frightened half out of his senses.

18. The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found George nearly as pale as a sheet. George was soon dismissed.

19. It now came the turn of Albert Jenkins to be put into the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes by different ways, and no one knew what the experience of the other had been in the room of trial.

20. On the table stood a small round box, with a screw top to it, and Albert thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top, but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. He started back, and uttered a scream, which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Albert, with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the floor.

21. "Come, come, said the old gentleman, one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time; therefore, the sooner you are gone the better." With that he dismissed him, without waiting a moment for his reply.

22. William Smith next entered the room, and being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. William was not only curious and prying, but dishonest too, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a book case, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction. The key had a wire fastened to it, which communicated with an electrical machine, and William received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to leave the house, and let other people lock and unlock their own drawers.

23. The other boy was Harry Gordon, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time, stirred from his chair. Harry had eyes in his head as well as the others, but he had more integrity in his heart; neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat; and the consequence was, that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall.

24. Harry Gordon followed his good old master to his grave, and received a large legacy for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy, meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of Harry Gordon.

QUESTIONS.—Explain the inflections in the last paragraph.

LESSON XII.

2. Po-lite′-ness; *n.* good breeding.
2. Perch; *n.* a place to roost.
6. Pack; *n.* a collection.
8. Curs; *n.* a name for dogs.

THE CHICKEN COCK AND THE FOX.

Pronounce correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *p'liteness* for po-lite-ness; *setting* for *sit*-ting; *wenever* for w*h*en-ev-er; *ear-nes-ly* for ear-nes*t*-ly; *houns* for houn*ds*.

1. A young chicken-cock, that was sitting upon the branch of a tree, crowed so loud, that a fox which chanced to be passing by, heard him. So he went up to him and said, "How do you do, my dear friend? I have not seen you for an age."

2. "Thank you for your politeness, sir," said the cock. "I am as well as usual." "I am delighted to hear it," said the fox. "Pray come down from that high perch, so that I may see you closer, and admire your beautiful feathers."

3. "No, I am much obliged to you," said the cock; "that will not do, for I have heard my old father say, that a fox is very fond of the flesh of a cock, and will eat him whenever he gets a chance. So, if you please, I will stay where I am."

4. "Pshaw, †pshaw, child," said the sly thief; "give me leave to tell you that your sire is an old fool, and does not speak a word of truth, for I know that all the beasts and birds are now at †peace; therefore you need not mind that, but fly down and see me."

5. "Is this all true?" said the cock. "I am very glad to hear it, I am sure." And saying this, he †stretched out his neck as far as he could, as if he saw something a great way off.

6. "What do you see, my dear friend, that you look out so †earnestly?" said the fox. "Oh nothing at all," said the cock, "only a pack of hounds, that seem to be

running a race. It is a fine sight. Look, look, they are coming this way."

7. "Dear me," said the fox; "coming this way? Then it is high time to be gone." "Gone!" said the cock; "why should you go? What danger can there be to a fox in meeting hounds in time of peace?"

8. "Yes," cried the fox, "all you say is true; but it is ten to one that these vile curs have not yet heard of the peace; therefore I must run as fast as I can to get out of the way?"

MORAL.

9. This story shows us, that when a known †enemy wishes to seem a friend, there is most cause for us to keep out of his reach; and also that †shame is likely to follow †falsehood.

QUESTIONS.—Relate the conversation between the chicken and the fox. To what did the cock direct the fox's attention, and what did the fox say and do? What is the moral of this fable?

LESSON XIII.

2. IN-EX-HAUST'-I-BLE; *adj.* unfailing.
2. BUDG'-ET; *n.* bag, a little sack.
3. FLEET; *n.* a number of ships.
3. IM-POSE; *v.* to deceive.
4. CHAT; *n.* small talk.

THE BARBER.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *stans* for stands; *villij* for vil-*lage*; *venter* for vent-*ure*; *yit* for *yet*; *wile* for w*hile*.

1. THERE stands a shrewd barber, with razor and pan
Both talking and shaving as fast as he can;
No man in the †village has got more to say,
Of weather and wind, and the news of the day.

2. No sooner has gentleman taken his seat,
Well covered with †napkin, spread over him neat,
Than barber begins (not a moment to lose)
With his most inexhaustible budget of news.

3. "A very fine day, sir; but yet, if I'm right,
We shall †certainly have some rain before night.
And so, sir, they say the French fleet is at sea;
For my part they can not impose upon me.

4. "If ever they venture at England to call,
Why, I do n't know nothing about it, that 's all.
Come Bob! is the gentleman's wig nearly done?
Why, I could do twenty, while you 're doing one;
You are talking too fast to know what you are at;
I hate to see people so full of their chat!

5. "'T is those who say *little* that do their work best,
No, no, sir, the fleet has not got out of Brest."
"Very well, Mr. Barber, what have I to pay?"
"Only sixpence, sir; thank you, sir; wish you good day!"

QUESTIONS.—What was the barber himself famous for, and for what did he reprove his workman?

LESSON XIV.

1. FAG'-OTS; *n.* bundles of sticks used for fuel.
1. PRAT'-TLE; *n.* trifling talk.
1. DIS'-SI-PATE; *v.* to scatter, to disperse.
2. PU'-NY; *adj.* small and weak.
4. PIL'-GRIM-AGE; *n.* the journey of human life.
7. COM-PLI-CA'-TION; *n.* the act of mingling together several things.
7. SYM'-PA-THIES; *n.* compassion.
9. GUSHED; *v.* flowed copiously.
9. MAN'-NA; *n.* food miraculously provided by God for the Israelites.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

REMARK.—As each one reads, let each scholar in the class mention every syllable that is pronounced wrong, and correct it.

UTTER the final *g* distinctly in the following words in this lesson: blazing, endeavoring, listening, wasting, surrounding, gathering, driving, neighboring, herring, swellings, tidings, ministering, defending, frowning, barking, continuing, giving, darling, springing.

1. IT was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots, with her five tattered

children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the †artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, †unfriendly world around.

2. But that †mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become †exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, †desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the †anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children: and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget his word.

4. †Providence had, many years before, taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no tidings of him; and, in her latter time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an †opportunity of †ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The †indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in †populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the †industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to †console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty †remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and †apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies †lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had she proffered to the stranger "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

8. The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: "And is this *all* your store?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I *charity* before! but madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your *children* by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

9. "Ah," said the poor widow, and the teardrops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a *boy*, a darling *son*, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you, as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide

for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a †wanderer, †destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

10. The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms: "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his †benefactress: my mother! oh my mother!" It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that †disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

11. That humble †residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue: and, at this day, the ass -by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

QUESTIONS.—Relate the history of the widow and her son. Can evil ever come from being benevolent? Are there many in this world really so poor as not to be able to do something for others?

LESSON XV.

1. MAR'-VEL-OUS; *adj.* wonderful.
2. OR-DAINED'; *v.* appointed, established.
2. DO-MIN'-ION; *n.* supreme power.
5. HA'-VEN; *n.* a harbor, a place where ships can lie in safety.

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.

REMARK.—Be careful to read the last words of every sentence in as full and loud a tone as the first part.

ARTICULATE distinctly the *h* in the following words in this lesson: his, holy, heart, hath, heaven, heartily, holiness, haven, head, house.

1. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing

unto him; sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done; his †wonders, and the †judgments of his mouth.

2. O Lord, our Lord, how †excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

3. "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust."—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I †deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my †salvation."

4. O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him. For he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

5. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the

waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and †stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their †distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

6. The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the †shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they †comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

QUESTIONS.—What does God promise to one who makes Him his refuge? What is meant by "setting him on high?" Is the promise of "satisfying him with long life," fulfilled in this world? Who are described in the 5th paragraph?

Which are the nouns in the last sentence? The verbs? The pronouns? The adjectives? What is "the"? See Pinneo's Primary Grammar, page 19.

EXERCISE VIII.

We saw a *large, dead fish floating.* And he *slew him.* Every *man's house is his castle.* This meteorous vapor is called, "*Will o' the wisp.*" I *thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of my thumb. Braid broad* braids, my *brave babes.* We never *swerved,* but lost our *swivel* gun. *Crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crinckled crabs.* Where is the *crate of crinckled crabs that crazy Craycroft caught?*

LESSON XVI. 16

1. Fa-mil'-iar; *adj.* well acquainted with.
1. Gar'-ner; *v.* to lay up in store.
2. Sum'-moned; *v.* called together.
2. Be-quest'; *n.* something left by will.
2. Suf-fo-ca'-tion; *n.* choking, stifling of the breath.
4. Va'-cant; *adj.* empty.
6. Ver'-dant; *adj.* green, fresh.
9. Freight'-ed; *v.* loaded.
9. Sa'-vor-y; *adj.* pleasing to the smell.
9. Dis'-cord; *n.* grating sounds.

THE DYING BOY.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *chilehood* for child-hood; *infan* for in-fant; *beques* for be-quest.

1. It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the †blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.

2. 'T was night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise †bestowed his last bequest.
"Mother, I 'm dying now!
There 's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed:
And on my brow,
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and †tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly on. Oh! tell me, is this death!

3. "Mother, your hand,
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,

Shall I be missed?
Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me?

4 "Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet;
You 'll miss me there.
Father, I am going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do never come.

5. "I must be happy then
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.
Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

6. "Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my †memory,
And call it mine!

7 "Sister, my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be far away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

8 "Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night. I 'm weary, and must sleep,
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You 'll all come soon?"

9. Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek †sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his †couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring;
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers-by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But wakened not his slumber. He was dead.

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this piece? What is said of childhood? What did the little boy exclaim as he addressed his mother? What did he say to his father? What, to his brother? What, to his sister? What was his last request of his mother? What reason did he give, why they should not weep? What is it that will enable us to triumph over death?

LESSON XVII.

1. AN'-NALS; *n.* a species of history.
1. EL'-O-QUENCE; *n.* the power of speaking well.
4. CAN'-O-PY; *n.* a covering over head.
5. AS-SI-DU'-I-TY; *n.* close application, diligence.
5. GRAN'-A-RIES; *n.* corn-houses.
6. PRO-PENS'-I-TIES; *n.* bent of mind, inclination.
7. LAV'-ISH; *adj.* profuse, wasteful.
10. SU-PER-FLU'-I-TIES; *n.* something beyond what is wanted.
10. SUC'-COR; *n.* help, aid.

THE GENEROUS RUSSIAN PEASANT.

REMARK.—If you meet with difficult words or foreign names, do not hasten over them, but read them distinctly.

ARTICULATE clearly. Do not say *cel'brate* for cel-*e*-brate; *flat-t'ry* for flat-ter-y; *mis'ries* for mis-*er*-ies; *pon-d'rin* for pon-der-ing; *gen'ral* for gen-*er*-al; *c'lam'ty* for *ca*-lam-*i*-ty; *gran'ries* for gran-*a*-ries.

1. LET Virgil sing the praises of Augustus, genius celebrate merit, and †flattery extol the talents of the great. The short and simple "annals of the poor" engross my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin's virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall

describe a noble man. I ask no eloquence to assist me in the task; modest worth rejects the aid of †ornament to set it off.

2. It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect, without horror, on the miseries of that year, known in Lower Wolga by the name of the "*famine year.*" I remember the summer, whose scorching heats had dried up all the fields, and the drought had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer.

3. I remember the cold, comfortless autumn, and the despairing †rustics, crowding round their empty farms with folded arms, and sorrowful countenances, †pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded, and I reflect, with †agony, on the miseries it brought with it. Whole families left their homes, to become beggars on the highway.

4. At night, the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frost. To describe these scenes, would be to harm the feelings of my readers; therefore to my tale. In those days I lived on an estate not far from Simbirsk; and though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general †calamity.

5. In a village adjoining, lived Flor Silin, a poor, laboring peasant: a man remarkable for his assiduity, and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with †abundant crops; and his means being larger than his wants, his granaries, even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on, had beggared all the village, except himself. Here was an opportunity to grow rich. Mark how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbors about him, he addressed them in the following manner.

6. "My friends, you want corn for your subsistence. God has blessed me with abundance. Assist in thrashing out a quantity, and each of you take what he wants for his family." The peasants were amazed at this unex-

ampled generosity; for sordid propensities exist in the village, as well as in the †populous city.

7. The fame of Flor Silin's benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn. This good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded all relief. At length, his wife, seeing no end to the †generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think of their own wants, and hold his lavish hand, before it was too late. "It is written in the Scripture," said he, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

8. The following year, Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin, now gathered around him.

9. "Behold," said they, "the corn you lent us. You saved our wives and children. We should have been †famished but for you; may God reward you; he only can; all we have to give, is our corn and grateful thanks." "I want no corn at present, my good neighbors," said he; "my harvest has exceeded all my expectations; for the rest, thank Heaven: I have been but an humble †instrument."

10. They urged him in vain. "No," said he, "I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities, share them among your poor neighbors, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want; let us assist them, my dear friends; the Almighty will bless us for it." "Yes," replied the grateful †peasants, "our poor neighbors shall have this corn. They shall know it is to you that they owe this timely succor, and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude, due to your †benevolent heart." Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven. An angel might have envied him his feelings.

QUESTIONS.—What was the famine spoken of in this lesson occasioned by? Who was Flor Silin, and what did he do for his poor neighbors? What did he say when a reward was offered him? What should we learn by this example?

LESSON XVIII.

1. CON-TEN'-TIONS; *n.* angry contests, quarrels.
2. DE-MO'-NI-AC; *n.* one possessed by a devil.
4. GEN-ER-A'-TION; *n.* a race, the people of the same period.
4. DE-BAUCH'ED; *adj.* corrupted in morals.
5. TEN'-E-MENTS; *n.* houses.
5. IN-HER'-IT-ANCE; *n.* an estate received from parents.
6. DES-O-LA'-TION; *n.* ruin, destruction.
8. CON-SO-LA'-TION; *n.* comfort.
8. PHI-LAN'-THRO-PIST; *n.* one who loves his fellow-men.
11. BEN-E-DIC'-TION; *n.* blessing.
12. PEN-I-TEN'-TIA-RY; *n.* a house where criminals are confined to labor.
12. DE-GEN'-ER-A-CY; *n.* the state of growing worse.

TOUCH NOT—TASTE NOT—HANDLE NOT.

REMARK.—When there are poetical quotations in prose pieces, they should be read as if they were part of the same line, unless the sense requires a pause.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *com-par-er-tive-ly*, for com par-*a*-tive-ly; *fre-kwunt*, for fre-quent; *tem-per-it-ly*, for tem-per-*ate*-ly; *scurce-ly*, for scarce-ly; *ut-ter-unce*, for ut-ter-*ance*.

1. "WINE is a mocker, and strong drink is raging. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without a cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine."

2. How often do men meet in good humor, then drink to excess, talk nonsense, fancy themselves insulted, take fire within, rave, threaten, and then come to blows? A long time ago, Seneca spoke of those who "let in a thief at the mouth to steal away the brains." In such a case, the stupidity of a brute is often united with the fury of a demoniac. Nay, the man among the tombs was comparatively harmless; he only injured himself. But how often does the drunken revel end in the cry of murder!

3. How often does the hand of the intoxicated man, lifted against his dearest friend, perhaps the wife of his bosom,

"———In one rash hour,
Perform a deed that haunts him to the grave!"

4. Could I call around me, in one vast assembly, the young men of this nation, I would say: Hopes of my country, blessed be ye of the Lord, now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for †vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way. Look at the generation who have just †preceded you. The morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own. But behold, now, the smitten, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and †vicious, with halting step, dragging onward to meet an early grave.

5. Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set, never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, as †improvidence dries up their resources. And, now, who are those that wait on their footsteps, with muffled faces and †sable garments? *That* is a father, and *that* is a mother, whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. *That* is a sister, weeping over evils which she can not arrest; and *there* is the broken-hearted wife; and *these* are the children—helpless innocents!—for whom their father has provided no inheritance, save one of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe!

6. And is *this*, beloved youth, the history of *your* course? In *this* scene of desolation, do you see the image of *your* future selves? Is *this* the poverty, and the disease, which, as an armed man, shall take hold on *you*? and are *your* relatives and friends to succeed those who now move on, in this mournful †procession, weeping as they go?

7. Yes, bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, *this* is *your* noon and *your* night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for †social drinking; if you set out with drinking,

daily, a little, prudently, †temperately; it is *yourselves*, which, as in a glass, you behold.

8. "One of the greatest consolations afforded to my mind by the success of the temperance cause, is the reflection that my child will not be a drunkard." Such was the language of a distinguished philanthropist, as he held a listening assembly chained by the voice of his †eloquence.

9. To this remark the heart of every parent †assents; for that the progress of the temperance cause will be so great, at the period when the child, which is now an infant, shall come upon the theater of life, as to render all use of ardent spirit, as a drink, †disreputable, can scarcely be questioned.

10. If any father or mother could lift the vail of futurity, and read on the page of coming years, that the son now so loved, so idolized, perhaps, would become a bloated, polluted, and polluting creature, reeling under the †influence of ardent spirit, the remainder of life would be wretched. To such a parent, this world would, indeed, be a vale of tears; and the silence and †solitude of the tomb, would be welcomed as the place where the weary might be at rest.

11. The temperance †reform does in fact lift the vail of years, and disclose to the parents of the present generation, their children and children's children freed from all the woes and curses of drunkenness, the smile of gratitude upon their countenance, and the language of benediction upon their lips.

12. "My child will not be a drunkard!" Cheering thought! How it swells the heart with emotions too big for utterance! What an †animating prospect does it open to the mind! Alms-houses, and jails, and penitentiaries and State-prisons will then stand only as so many monuments of the vices of an age gone by; and the evils consequent upon the use of ardent spirits shall exist only upon the historian's page, as so many †records of former degeneracy and the errors of mankind.

QUESTIONS.—What is a certain security against intemperance?

LESSON XIX.

1. Fes′-tal; *adj.* mirthful, joyous.
1. Gar′-land-ed; *v.* adorned with wreaths of flowers.
3. De-vo′-ted; *adj.* solemnly set apart.
4. En-hance′; *v.* increase.
6. Sun′-dered; *v.* separated.
7. Ma′-ni-ac; *a.* raving with madness.
8. Glim′-mer-ings; *n.* faint view.
8. Ro′-se-ate; *adj.* blooming, rosy.
11. Fel′-on; *n.* a public criminal.
12. En-ti′-cing; *adj.* attracting to evil.
12. Spurned; *v.* rejected with disdain.
13. Lure; *v.* to attract, to entice.
14. En-chant′-ed; *a.* affected with enchantment, bewitched.

THE FESTAL BOARD.

Articulate distinctly the *r* in the following words found in this lesson: bright, there, coral, garlanded, hair, for, ring, silvery, pure, art, friendship, are, round, rises, merriest.

1. Come to the festal board to-night,
For bright-eyed beauty will be there,
Her †coral lips in nectar steeped,
And garlanded her hair.

2. Come to the festal board to-night,
For there the joyous laugh of youth
Will ring those †silvery peals, which speak
Of bosoms pure and stainless truth.

3. Come to the festal board to-night,
For friendship, there, with stronger chain,
Devoted hearts already bound
For good or ill, will bind again.
I went.

4. Nature and art their stores †outpoured;
Joy beamed in every kindling glance;
Love, friendship, youth, and beauty, smiled:
What could that evening's bliss enhance?
We parted.

5 And years have flown; but where are now
The guests, who round that table met?

Rises their sun as gloriously
As on the †banquet's eve it set?

6. How holds the chain which friendship wove?
It broke; and, soon, the hearts it bound
Were widely sundered; and for peace,
Envy, and †strife, and blood, were found

7. The merriest laugh which then was heard
Has changed its tones to maniac screams,
As half-quenched memory kindles up
Glimmerings of guilt in †feverish dreams.

8. And where is she, whose diamond eyes
Golconda's purest gems outshone?
Whose roseate lips of Eden breathed?
Say, where is she, the †beauteous one?

9. Beneath yon willow's drooping shade,
With eyes now dim, and lips all pale,
She sleeps in peace. Read on her urn,
"*A broken heart.*" This tells her tale.

10. And where is he, that tower of strength,
Whose fate with hers, for life was joined?
How beats his heart, once honor's throne?
How high has †soared his daring mind?

11. Go to the dungeon's gloom to-night:
His wasted form, his aching head,
And all that now remains of him,
Lies, †shuddering, on a felon's bed.

12. Ask you of all these woes the cause?
The festal board, the enticing bowl,
More often came, and reason fled,
And maddened passions spurned †control.

13 Learn wisdom, then. The frequent feast
Avoid; for there, with stealthy tread
Temptation walks, to lure you on,
Till death, at last, the banquet spread.

14. And shun, oh, shun, the enchanted cup!
Though, now, its †draught like joy appears.
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,
And sadly mixed with blood and tears.

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this piece? What is meant by the "Festal Board?" What dangers lurk around it?

EXERCISE IX.

The *range of* the valleys is his. He was the *first embassador sent*. *Swords and pens* are both employed. I do not *flinch from* argument. He never *winced*, for it hurt him not. Do not *singe your* gown. *Pluck'd from* its native tree. *Nipt* in the bud. Thou *found'st* me poor, and *keep'st me* so.

LESSON XX.

2. DIS-TINC'-TION; *n.* a point of difference.
2. WIG'-WAM; *n.* an Indian hut.
3. BUR'-ROWS; *n.* holes in the earth where animals lodge.
4. DIS-CUS'-SION; *n.* arguing a point.
4. COM-MU'-NI-TY; *n.* a society, or collection of individuals.
4. ARCH'-I-TECTS; *n.* those who understand building.
5. ME-DIC'-IN-AL; *adj.* healing.
8. REC'-TI-FI-ED; *v.* corrected.

MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

REMARK.—Recollect, always, that you have it in your power to become a good reader, by attention, study, and practice.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *dif-f'rence*, for dif-fer-ence; *in-struc*, for in-struct; *pro-vi-d'n*, for pro-vid-*ing*; *ir-reg'lar*, for ir-reg-*u*-lar; *fac'l-ty*, for fac-*ul*-ty.

1. THE chief †difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be †necessary to mention three things, in which the difference very †distinctly appears.

2. Let us, *first*, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly

†occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here, the first distinction that appears between them is, *the use of implements.* When the savage †provides himself with a hut, or a wigwam, for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

3. But the man can not make any †progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an ax, even before he can cut down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In †cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plow; nor can he reap what he has sown, till he has shaped an †implement with which to cut down his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

4. Now for the *second* distinction. Man, in all his †operations, *makes mistakes;* animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting on a twig, lamenting over her half-finished nest, and puzzling her little head to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community, as if there was a difference of opinion among the architects?

5. The lower animals are even better †physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a †century about the virtues of a single drug.

6. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; and must try numberless †experiments, before he can bring his undertakings to any thing like perfection; even the simplest operations of †domestic life are not well performed without some †experience;

and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his *mistakes* and begins to profit by his lessons.

7. The *third* distinction is, that animals make no †*improvements;* while the knowledge, and skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature, or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of man.

8. But man, having been endowed with the †faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled, by patience and industry, to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect †structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century, is not at all more †commodious or elegant, than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and †palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

9. When the vast sun shall vail his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;
'Mid falling spheres, immortal man shall live.

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this lesson? What three things form the distinction between man and animals? What is instinct? What is the difference between instinct and reason? Is man an animal? Is man superior to all other animals? In what does the superiority consist? What does this enable man to do?

What is the first verb in the last sentence? In what mode, tense, number, and person is it? What is the first pronoun? What is the first noun? In what number and case is it? How is it parsed? (See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 187, Rule VIII).

LESSON XXI.

4 UN-OC′-CU-PIED; *adj.* not employed or taken up. [failing.
4. IN-EX-HAUST′-I-BLE; *adj.* un-
5. CON-SID-ER-A′-TION; *n.* serious thought, reflection.
6. PRE-SERV′-A-TIVE; *n.* that which keeps from injury.
6. RE-SPONS-I-BIL′-I-TY; *n.* the state of being liable to answer or account for.
7. CUL-TI-VA′-TION; *n.* improvement by study.
8. CON′-GRESS; *n.* the legislature of the United States.
8. MATH-E-MA-TI′-CIANS; *n.* those versed in mathematics.
9. SCEP′-TER; *n.* the emblem of kingly power.
12. E-LEC′-TION; *n.* a choosing.
15. PRO-GRES′-SION; *n.* a moving forward.
15. AP-PROX-I-MA′-TION; *n.* a near approach.
15. IN-DUCE′-MENT; *n.* motive.

VALUE OF TIME AND KNOWLEDGE.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *val-ew* for val-*ue*; *prod-i-gul* for prod-i-*gal*; *oc-ky-py-ing* for oc-*cu*-py-ing; *geth-er* for *g*ath-er; *as-tron-i-muz* for as-tron-*o*-mers.

SOUND the unaccented *a* properly in words like *attention, pleasant, importance, mental, capable,* &c.

1. LET me call your attention to the †importance of improving your time. The infinite value of time is not †realized. It is the most precious thing in all the world; "the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which all men are †prodigal."

2. In the first place, then, reading is a most interesting and pleasant method of †occupying your leisure hours. All young people have, or may have, time enough to read. The difficulty is, they are not careful to improve it.

3. Their hours of †leisure are either idled away, or talked away, or spent in some other way equally vain and useless; and then they complain, that they have no time for the cultivation of their minds and hearts.

4. Time is so †precious, that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away, before another is given. Only take care to gather up the †fragments of time, and you will never want

leisure for the reading of useful books. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more pleasantly, than in holding †converse with the wise and the good, through the †medium of their writings? To a mind not altogether devoid of †curiosity, books form an inexhaustible source of enjoyment.

5. It is a consideration of no small weight, that reading furnishes material for interesting and useful conversation. Those who are ignorant of books, must of course have their thoughts confined to very narrow limits. What occurs in their immediate neighborhood, the state of the market, the idle report, the tale of scandal, the foolish story, these make up the circle of their knowledge, and furnish the topics of their conversation. They have nothing to *say* of importance, because they *know* nothing of importance.

6. A taste for useful reading is an †effectual preservative from vice. Next to the fear of God, implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to character, than the love of good books. They are the handmaids of virtue and religion. They quicken our sense of duty, unfold our responsibilities, strengthen our †principles, confirm our habits, inspire in us the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon what is low, and groveling, and †vicious.

7. The high value of †mental cultivation, is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute? Knowledge. What makes the vast difference there is, between savage and civilized nations? Knowledge. What forms the †principal difference between men, as they appear in the same society? Knowledge.

8. What raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy, to the first honors of his country? Knowledge. What took Sherman from his shoemaker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the wisest and best of his compeers? Knowledge. What raised Simpson from the weaver's †loom, to a place among the first of mathemati-

cians; and Herschel, from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first of astronomers? Knowledge.

9. Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone, the true secret, that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the scepter, that gives us our †dominion over nature; the key, that unlocks the storehouse of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the †universe.

10. The circumstances in which you are placed, as the members of a free and †intelligent †community, demand of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake, and society in general is fast rising in the scale of improvement. At the same time, the means of knowledge are most †abundant.

11. The road to wealth, to honor, to †usefulness, and happiness is open to all, and all who will, may enter upon it with the almost certain †prospect of success. In this free community, there are no †privileged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents, he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and †confidence of society.

12. Added to this, every man is here a freeman. He has a voice in the election of rulers, in making and executing the laws, and may be called to fill important places of honor and trust, in the community of which he is a member. What then is the duty of persons in these †circumstances? Are they not called to cultivate their minds, to improve their talents, and to acquire the knowledge which is necessary to †enable them to act with honor and usefulness, the part †assigned them on the stage of life?

13. A diligent use of the means of knowledge, accords well with your nature as rational and immortal beings. God has given you minds which are capable of †indefinite improvement; he has placed you in circumstances †peculiarly favorable for making such improvement; and, to inspire you with diligence in mounting up the shining course before you, he points you to the prospect of an endless †existence beyond the grave.

14. If you, who possess these powers, were destined, after spending a few days on earth, to fall into non-existence; if there were nothing in you which death can not destroy, nor the grave cover, there would indeed be but little inducement to cultivate your minds. "For who would take pains to trim a taper which shines but for a moment, and can never be lighted again?"

15. But if you have minds which are capable of endless progression in knowledge, of endless approximation to the supreme intelligence; if, in the midst of †unremitting success, objects of new interest will be forever opening before you; oh, what prospects are presented to the view of man! what strong inducements to †cultivate his mind and heart, and to enter upon that course of improvement here, which is to run on, brightening in glory and in bliss, ages without end!

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this lesson? What is a pleasant method of occupying our leisure hours? For what does reading furnish materials? From what does it preserve us? If a man has knowledge, what may he hope for? What peculiar reasons are there why American children should cultivate their minds?

In the last sentence, what interjection is there? What is an interjection? What does the word mean? Will you name four interjections? Why are they so called? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 20, Art. 55.

IN GRAMMATICAL QUESTIONS reference will hereafter be made to Pinneo's Analytical Grammar. Such questions will be found very profitable and interesting to the pupil. They will be to some degree of an *analytical* character, as this not only increases the interest of the study, but gives a more comprehensive and philosophical view of the structure of sentences.

EXERCISE X.

Many *arks* were seen. They *bark'd* and *howl'd*. The *culprit* was *hurl'd* from the rock. *Words, words, words,* my lord. Are the goods *wharf'd?* It was strongly *urg'd* upon him. *Remark'd'st* thou that? He *snarls*, but *dares* not bite. *Arm'd*, say ye? Yes, *arm'd*, my *lord*

LESSON XXII.

1 SKEP'-TICS; *n.* persons who doubt or disbelieve religious truth.
2 DE-BASE'-MENT; *n.* the being sunk or degraded.
2. UN-PER-VERT'-ED; *adj.* not turned to a wrong use.
2. WRITHE; *v.* to be in torture.
3. UN-SUL'-LI-ED; *adj.* not stained.
3. WELLS; *v.* issues forth as water does from the ground.
3. LAVE; *v.* wash, bathe.
3. DIS-SOLV'-ING; *adj.* melting.

CONSOLATION OF RELIGION TO THE POOR.

REMARK.—This lesson requires great care, and must be read in a natural, but solemn manner.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *wid-der* for wid-*ow*; *vol-lum* for vol-*ume*; *pal-it* for pal-*ate*; *pil-ler* for pil-*low*.

1. THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in the sacred token
Of †peaceful happiness when life is o'er;
She asks not wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's †delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics! would you pour
Your blasting †vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

2. She lives in her †affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save
Her †treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, can not pall
Upon her unperverted †palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

3. Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave

The pebbles with light †rippling, and the shore
Of †matted grass and flowers; so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then, no more
She muses on the griefs of former days:
Her full heart melts and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

4. And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her. Death will come:
A few short moments over, and the †prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow: all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved while here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee.
There is the health which lasts through all †eternity.

QUESTIONS.—Should there be a pause at the end of every line in poetry? Should the voice rise or fall at the word "night," at the end of the first stanza?

LESSON XXIII.

1. RA-VINE′; *n.* (pro. *ra-veen′*) a long deep hollow in the earth, worn by a stream of water.
2. QUAR′-TER-DECK; *n.* that part of a ship's deck which lies toward the stern.
4. GLEN; *n.* a valley.
7. A′-RE-A; *n.* any open surface, or space.
8. AP-PEND′-A-GES; *n.* things added to a greater or principal thing.

SCENE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

REMARK.—Let all the pupils notice, as each member of the class reads, where a proper pause is not made at the commas and other points.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *gath-er-in* for gath-er-in*g*; *ir-reg′lar* for ir-reg-*u*-lar; *dif′culty* for dif-*fi*-cul-ty; *na-v′l* for na-*val*; *in-fer′or* for in-fe-*ri*-or; *prim′tive* for prim-*i*-tive; *in-vis′ble* for in-vi-*si*-ble; *u-ni-vers′ly* for u-ni-vers-*al*-ly.

1. AT an early hour of the morning, even before we had taken our breakfast on board the ship, a single

†islander here or there, or a group of three or four, wrapped in their large mantles of various hues might be seen winding their way among the groves fringing the bay on the east, or descending from the hills and ravine on the north, toward the chapel; and by degrees their numbers increased, till, in a short time, every path along the beach, and over the uplands, presented an almost †uninterrupted procession of both sexes and of every age, all pressing to the house of God.

2. So few †canoes were round the ship yesterday, and the landing place had been so little †thronged, as our boats passed to and fro, that one might have thought the †district but thinly inhabited; but now, such multitudes were seen gathering from various †directions, that the exclamation, "*What crowds of people! What crowds of people!*" was heard from the quarter-deck to the forecastle.

3. Even to myself it was a sight of surprise; surprise not at the magnitude of the population, but that the object for which they were evidently †assembling, should bring together so great a multitude. And as my thoughts †re-echoed the words, "What crowds of people!" †remembrances and †affections of deep power came over me; and the silent †musings of my own heart were, "What a change! What a happy change!"

4. When at this very place, only four years ago, the known wishes and example of chiefs of high authority, the daily †persuasion of †eachers, added to motives of †curiosity and novelty, could scarcely induce a hundred of the †inhabitants, to give an †irregular, careless, and †impatient †attendance on the services of the sanctuary. But now,

"Like mountain †torrents pouring to the main,
From every glen a living stream came forth;
From every hill, in crowds, they hastened down,
To worship Him, who deigns, in humblest fane,
On wildest shore, to meet th' upright in heart."

5. The scene, as looked on from our ship in the stillness of a brightly-beaming Sabbath morning, was well

†calculated, with its †associations, to prepare the mind for strong †impressions on a nearer view, when the †conclusion of our own public worship should allow us to go on shore. Mr. Goodrich had †apprised us, that he had found it expedient to hold both the services of the Sabbath in the forepart of the day, that all might have the benefit of two sermons, and still reach their abodes before †nightfall. For,

"Numbers dwelt †remote,
And first must †traverse many a weary mile,
To reach the altar of the God they love."

6. And it was arranged, that, on this occasion, the second service should be †postponed till the officers should be at liberty to leave the ship. It was near twelve o'clock when we went on shore; the captain and first lieutenant, the purser, surgeon, several of the †midshipmen, and myself. Though the services had commenced when we landed, large numbers were seen circling the doors without; but, as we afterward found, only from the †impracticability of obtaining places within.

7. The house is an immense †structure, capable of containing many thousands, every part of which was filled, except a small area in front of the pulpit, where seats were reserved for us, and to which we made our way, in slow and tedious †procession, from the difficulty of finding a spot to place even our footsteps, without treading on limbs of the people, seated on their feet, as closely, almost, as they could be stowed.

8. As we entered, Mr. Goodrich paused in his sermon, till we should be seated. I †ascended the pulpit beside him, from which I had a full view of the †congregation. The suspense of attention in the people was only †momentary, notwithstanding the entire novelty to them of the laced coats, and other appendages of naval uniform. I can scarce describe the emotions experienced in glancing an eye over the immense number, seated so thickly on the matted floor as to seem, †literally, one mass of heads, covering an area of more than nine thousand square feet. The sight was most striking, and soon be-

came, not only to myself, but to some of my fellow-officers, deeply affecting.

9. I have listened, with delightful attention, to some of the highest †eloquence, the pulpits of America and England, of the present day, can boast. I have seen tears of †conviction and †penitence flow freely, under the sterner truths of the word of God; but it was left for one at Hilo, the most †obscure corner of these distant islands, to excite the liveliest emotions ever experienced, and leave the deepest impressions of the extent and †unsearchable riches of the gospel, which I have ever known.

10. It seemed, even while I gazed, that the majesty of that Power might be seen rising and †erecting to itself a throne, permanent as glorious, in the hearts of these but late utterly benighted and deeply polluted people. And when I compared them, as they had once been known to me, and as they now appeared, the change seemed the effect of a †mandate scarcely less mighty in its power, or speedy in its result, than that exhibited, when it was said, "*Let there be light, and there was light!*"

11. The depth of the impression arose from the †irresistible †conviction that the SPIRIT OF GOD was there. It could have been nothing else. With the exception of the inferior chiefs, having charge of the district, and their dependents, of two or three native members of the church, and of the mission family, scarcely one of the whole multitude was in other than the native dress, the simple garments of their †primitive state.

12. In this respect and in the †attitude of sitting, the assembly was purely pagan. But the breathless silence, the eager attention, the half-suppressed sigh, the tear, the various feeling, sad, peaceful, joyous, †discoverable in the faces of many; all spoke the presence of an invisible but †omnipotent Power, the Power which alone can melt and renew the heart of man, even as it alone first brought it into existence.

13. It was, in a word, a heathen congregation laying hold on the hopes of eternity; a heathen congregation,

fully sensible of the †degradation of their original state: †exulting in the first beams of truth, and in the no uncertain †dawning of the Sun of Righteousness; thirsting after knowledge, even while they sweetly drank the waters of life; and, under the inspiring influence, by every look, expressing the heartfelt truth—"Beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that bringeth good tidings of good, that †publisheth SALVATION!"

14. The simple appearance and yet Christian †deportment of that obscure †congregation, whom I had once known, and at no remote period, only as a set of rude, licentious, and wild pagans, did more to rivet the conviction of the divine origin of the Bible, and of the holy influences by which it is accompanied to the hearts of men, than all the †arguments, and †apologies, and defenses of Christianity I ever read.

15. An entire moral †reformation had taken place. Instruction of every kind is eagerly and †universally sought, and from many a humble dwelling, now

"Is daily heard
The voice of prayer and praise to Jacob's God:
And many a heart in secret heaves a sigh,
To Him who hears, well pleased, the sigh contrite."

QUESTIONS.—Where are the Sandwich Islands? For what object were the persons assembled as described in this lesson? What change has taken place in the character of the population? To what is this change to be attributed? Describe their appearance as seated in the church. What is said of their deportment? What conviction is all this calculated to produce?

Which are the adjectives in the 14th paragraph? Compare each of them that will admit it? What does the word *adjective* mean? Why so called? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

EXERCISE XI.

D-*ay*, *a*-*ge*, l-*aw*, *awe*-d, f-*a*-ther, *a*-rm, th-*ee*, *ee*-l, *oo*-ze, th-*y*, *i*-sle, th-*ou*.

We have *e*-rr'd and str-*ay*'-d from thy w-*ay*-s like l-*o*-st sh-*ee*-p Sp-*a*-re thou those, Oh G-*o*-d, who confess their f-*au*-lts.

LESSON XXIV.

1. Ex-te′-ri-or *n.* outward appearance.
1. De-pict′-ed; *v.* painted, represented.
4. Rev′-e-nues; *n.* annual income from taxes, public rents, &c., belonging to the public.
4. As-sid′-u-ous; *adj.* very careful and attentive.
4. Fi-nance′; *n.* income of the king or state.
5. Def′-i-cit; *n.* deficiency, want.
6. De-fault′-er; *n.* one who fails to account for public money entrusted to his care.
9. Ex-per-i-ment′-al; *adj.* derived from experience.
9. In-junc′-tion; *n.* a command

THE MANIAC.

Pronounce correctly the following words found in this lesson. Do not say *fig-ger* for fig-*ure*; *sor-rer* for sor-*row*; *mel-an-chol-y* for mel-*an*-chol-y; *fi′-nance* for fi-nance′; *de-fi′-cit* for def′-i-cit; *mis-cal-ky-la-tion* for mis-cal-*cu*-lation.

1. A gentleman who had traveled in Europe, relates that he one day visited the hospital of Berlin, where he saw a man whose exterior was very striking. His figure, tall and †commanding, was bending with age, but more with sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples were white, almost as the driven snow, and the deepest †melancholy was depicted in his countenance.

2. On inquiring who he was, and what brought him there, he started, as if from sleep, and after looking around him, began with slow and measured steps to stride the hall, repeating in a low but †audible voice, "Once one is two; once one is two."

3. Now and then he would stop and remain with his arms folded on his breast as if in †contemplation, for some minutes; then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "Once one is two; once one is two." His story, as our traveler understood it, was as follows.

4. Conrad Lange, collector of the revenues of the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty. †Scrupulously exact in all his dealings, and assiduous in the discharge

of all his duties, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the minister of finance, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue.

5. On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year´, he found a *deficit´* of ten thousand †ducats`. Alarmed at this discovery´, he went to the minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen, and that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin`.

6. The minister received his accounts, but thinking it a duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter, he caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries for †inspection, who returned them the day after with the information that the †deficiency arose from a †miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said, *once one is two*, instead of, once one is *one*.

7. The poor man was immediately released from †confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted two days, he had neither eaten, drank, nor taken any repose; and when he appeared, his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his accounts, he was a long time silent; then suddenly awaking as if from a †trance, he repeated, "once one is two."

8. He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink, unless †solicited; and took notice of nothing that passed around him. While repeating his accustomed phrase, if any one corrected him by saying, "once one is *one;*" his attention was †arrested for a moment, and he said, "ah, right, once one *is* one;" and then resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "once one is two." He died shortly after the traveler left Berlin.

9. This affecting story, whether true´ or untrue`, †obviously abounds with lessons of instruction`. Alas`! how easily is the human mind thrown off its balance`; especially when it is stayed on *this world* only—and has

no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the injunction of Scripture, to cast all our cares upon *Him* who careth for us, and who heareth even the young *ravens* when they cry.

QUESTIONS.—Relate the story of Conrad Lange. What does it teach us?

Give the rules for the inflections marked in the 3d and 9th paragraphs. What part of speech is the last word in the lesson?

EXERCISE XII.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

W-*a*-r, *o*-r-b, fl-*ow*-s, p-*u*-re, d-*ow*-n, *ai*-d, b-*ow*, s-*a*-ve.

Th-*e*-se are thy gl-*o*-ri-ous works, p-*a*-rent of g-*oo*-d. F-*ai*-rest of st-*a*-rs! L-*a*-st in the tr-*ai*-n of n-*i*-ght. H-*o*-ly, h-*o*-ly, h-*o*-ly, *a*-rt th-*ou*, Oh L-*o*-rd! H-*ai*-l, h-*o*-ly l-*i*-ght. We pr-*ai*-se th-*ee*, *O*h L-*o*-rd G-*o*-d.

LESSON XXV.

HOM'-AGE; *n.* reverence and service paid by a subject to his king.

BAR'-ON; *n.* a lord, a nobleman.

DUCH'-Y; *n.* the territory of a duke.

1. BARK; *n.* a vessel, a small ship.
2. RECK'-LESS; *adj.* thoughtless.
3. FES'-TAL; *adj.* pertaining to a feast, gay.
3. TOURN'-EY; *n.* (pro. *turn'-y*) a kind of sport in which persons tried their courage and skill in fighting with the lance and sword.
3. MIN'-STREL; *n.* one who sings, and plays on an instrument.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *Eng-lund* for Eng-land, (pro. Ing-land); *re-cog'-niz'd* for rec'-og-nized; *hull* for whole; *heerd* for heard; *glo-rus* for glo-ri-ous; *min-strul* for min-strel; *toorn-y* for tourn-ey, (pro. turn-y.)

HENRY I, king of England, who commenced his reign A. D. 1100, had a son called William, a brave and noble-minded youth, who had arrived at his eighteenth year. The king loved him most tenderly, and took care to have him †recognized as his successor by the states of

England, and carried him over to Normandy, in the north of France, to receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. On the prince's return, the vessel in which he †embarked was †wrecked. He was placed in a boat and might have escaped, had he not been called back by the cries of his sister. He †prevailed on the sailors to row back and take her in; but no sooner had the boat approached the wreck, than numbers who had been left, jumped into it, and the whole were drowned. King Henry, when he heard of the death of his son, fainted away, and from that moment, *he never smiled again*

1. The bark that held the prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on˘;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived˘—for life may long be borne´,
Ere sorrow breaks its chain˘;
Still comes not death to those who mourn;
He never smiled again!

2. There stood proud forms before his throne,
The †stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one?
Thāt ōne benēath thē wāve.
Before´ him, passed the young and fair
In pleasure's reckless †train˘;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;
He never smiled again!

3. He sat where festal bowls went round˘,
He heard the minstrel˘ sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amid the mighty ring˘;
A †murmur of the †restless deep
Mingled with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep:
He never smiled again!

4. Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the †trace
Of †vows once fondly poured˘:

And †*strangers* took the †*kinsman's*ˊ place,
At many a †joyous boardˋ,
Gravesˊ, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rainˋ;
Fresh hopes were born for other years;
He never smiled again!

Questions.—Relate the event upon which this poem is founded. How long since did it happen? Where is Normandy? Explain the meaning of the third stanza. How should the fourth line of the second stanza be read? For whom does "he" stand, in the last line of each stanza?

Give the rule for each inflection marked.

EXERCISE XIII.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

E-rr, *a*-ll, *a*-ge, *a*-rm, *o*-ld, *ou*-r, *ee*-l, b-*oy*, *i*-sle.

Our *Fa*-ther, who *ar*t in Heaven. W*oe* unto th*ee*, Chor*a*zin! W*oe* unto th*ee*, Beths*a*ida!

LESSON XXVI.

3. Re-du'ced; *v.* brought to poverty.
4. Vi'-o-late; *v.* to break, to transgress.
5. In-vest'-i-gate; *v.* to inquire into.
5. Di'-a-lect; *n.* a form of speech.
6. Con-front'; *v.* to stand face to face.
7. Im-pos'-tor; *n.* a deceiver.
7. At-tor'-ney; *n.* a lawyer.
7. I-den'-ti-ty; *n.* sameness.
7. Ex-trem'-i-ty; *n.* the utmost distress.
7. Op-por-tu'-ni-ty; *n.* suitable time.

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH REWARDED.

Pronounce correctly the following words found in this lesson: Do not say *oc-ky-pa-tion* for oc-*cu*-pation; *lis'n'd* for list-en-ed (pro. lis'n'd); *sul-ler* for *cel*-lar; *op-per-site* for op-po-site; half-penny, pro. *hap-pen-ny* or *ha-pen-ny*.

1. In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber, who made a †practice of following his ordinary

†occupation on the Lord's day. As he was pursuing his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship, just as the minister was giving out his text, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be †convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

2. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath dressing, and worship God. He replied, that †beggary would be the †consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent`.

3. He discontinued Sabbath dressing, went constantly and early to the public †services of religion, and soon enjoyed that †satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw, actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was nicknamed a Puritan`, or Methodist`. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced´, as to take a cellar under the old market-house, and shave the common people`.

4. One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the †hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, *as he did not like to violate the Sabbath.* This was touching the barber on a tender cord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did` so, revolving in his mind the †extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

5. When shaved, he said, "There must be something

†extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name˃?" "William Reed˃," said the astonished barber. "William Reed?" echoed the stranger: "William Reed˂? by your dialect you are from the West˃." "Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed˂, from Kingston˂, near Taunton˂? What was your father's˃ name?" "Thomas˃." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

6. "Come along˃, follow me˃," said the stranger, "I am going to see a person who says *his*˃ name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come˃ and †confront˃ him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are˂, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an †immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of, when all †legal doubts are removed."

7. They went by the coach˃; saw the †pretended William Reed˂, and proved him to be an †impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney˂, was soon †legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had †advertised him in vain. †Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most †extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in †transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man's extremity˂, God's opportunity˃. Had the poor barber possessed one *halfpenny*˃, or even had credit for a *candle*˃, he might have remained unknown for years˃; but he trusted God, who never said, "Seek ye my face" in vain.

Questions.—What excited the barber's attention on the subject of keeping the Sabbath? What did he do? What was the effect upon his business? What circumstance led to his becoming acquainted with the fact that he was heir to a large property? Who evidently brought about all these things?

Explain the inflections marked in the 5th, 6th, and 7th paragraphs.

LESSON XXVII. 27

2. FOUND'-ED; *v.* built, established.
3. HAB-IT-A'-TION; *n.* place of abode.
5. REF'-UGE; *n.* shelter, protection.
5. CO'-NIES; *n.* a kind of rabbit.
6. AP-POINT'-ETH; *v.* ordains.
7. MAN'-I-FOLD; *adj.* numerous various.
7. IN-NU'-MER-A-BLE; *adj.* not to be counted.
7. LE-VI'-A-THAN; *n.* a large animal living in the water.
8. RE-NEW'-EST; *v.* makest new.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *Lawd* for Lord; *Gawd* for God; *cov-erst* for cov-*er*-est; *cur-tane* for cur-tain (pro. cur-tin); *cham-bers* for cham-bers.

1. BLESS the Lord, Oh my soul! Oh Lord, my God! thou art very great; thou art clothed with †honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a †curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his †chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire; who laid the †foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

2. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy †rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the †valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

3. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their †habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is †satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

4. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of men, that he may bring forth fruit out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

5. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the †cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted, where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.

6. He appointeth the moon for †seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their †dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.

7. Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

8. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

9. The glory of the Lord shall †endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his †works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

10. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the †sacrifices of †thanksgiving, and declare his works with †rejoicing.

11. Oh give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his †wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength; seek his face †evermore.

12. Remember his †marvelous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgment of his mouth. He is the Lord our God; his †judgments are in all the earth. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

QUESTIONS.—How does God show his goodness in the sea? In the springs? By the trees? By the sun and moon? What should all this teach us?

EXERCISE XIV.

Prolong the sounds of the italicized vowels.

Kn-*ow*, fr-*ee*, th-*ey*, d-*awn*, n-*ow*, b-*ay*, th-*e*-re, sn-*o*-re.

Soothed with the so*u*nd, the king gre*w* va*i*n. Roll on, thou d*ee*p and d*a*rk bl*ue* ocean, roll.

LESSON XXVIII.

3. TAB'-ER-NA-CLE; *n.* a temporary habitation.
5. TEST'-I-MO-NY; *n.* solemn declaration.
5. STAT'-UTES; *n.* written laws.
8. PRE-SUMP'-TU-OUS; *adj.* bold, rash.
8. DO-MIN'-ION; *n.* power, controlling influence.
9. TRANS-GRES'-SION; *n.* violation [of law.

NATURE AND REVELATION.

UTTER distinctly the *r*, giving it its *soft* sound, in the following words in this lesson: declare, there, nor, where, their, circuit, perfect, converting, sure, pure, enduring, ever, sweeter, moreover.

1. THE heavens declare the glory of God,
And the †firmament showeth his †handiwork.
Day unto day †uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.

2. There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

3. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a †bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And †rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

4. His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his †circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

5. The law of the Lord is perfect, †converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

6. The †commandment of the Lord is pure, †enlightening the eyes:
The fear of the Lord is clean, †enduring for ever:
The †judgments of the Lord are true and †righteous altogether.

7. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.

8. Who can †understand his †errors?
Cleanse thou me from secret faults;
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me.

9 Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be †innocent from the great transgression
Let the words of my mouth, and the †meditation of my heart,
Be †acceptable in thy sight,
Oh Lord, my strength, and my †Redeemer!

QUESTIONS.—What is the character of God, as exhibited by the

works of nature? What is the character and influence of the law of God? How can a man be kept from sin?

In the 8th paragraph, which are the pronouns? What does the word *pronoun* mean? Which is the interrogative pronoun in that paragraph? Which are the nouns in the plural number? Which, in the singular? Which, of the neuter gender?

What is the *subject* of the sentence forming the first line in this lesson? (See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 129, Art. 251, 253). What is the *attribute* of the same sentence? (See page 135, Art. 261, 264).

LESSON XXIX.

CON-TRAST′-ED; *adj.* set in opposition.

SO-LIL′-O-QUIES; *n.* talking to one's self.

2. PE-RI-OD′-IC-AL; *adj.* performed regularly in a certain time.

2. REV-O-LU′-TION; *n.* circular motion of a body on its axis.

3. AN′-A-LYZED; *v.* separated into the parts which compose it.

4. GRAV-I-TA′-TION; *n.* the force by which bodies are drawn to the center.

5. NAT′-U-RAL-IST; *n.* one that studies natural history; as, the history of plants, animals, &c.

5. VI-TAL′-I-TY; *n.* principle of life.

5. EN-AM′-EL; *v.* to form a glossy surface.

6. AP-PROX-I-MA′-TION; *n.* approach.

6. COG-I-TA′-TIONS; *n.* thoughts.

6. EV-O-LU′-TIONS; *n.* flying backward and forward.

6. RUS′-TIC; *n.* one who lives in the country.

7. MET-A-PHYS′-IC-AL; *adj.* relating to the science of mind.

7. VO-LI′-TION; *n.* the act of willing or determining.

8. IM′-PO-TENCE; *n.* want of power.

13. AC-COM′-PLISHED; *a.* having a finished education.

CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *nar-rer* for nar-*row*; *pen-it-rate* for pen-*e*-trate; *se-crits* for se-crets; *na-ter* nor *na-tshure* for nature; *be-yend* for be-yond; *cal-ky-late* for cal-*cu*-late; *an-er-lyz'd* for an-*a*-lyz'd; *nat-shu-ral-ist* for nat-*u*-ral-ist; *spec-ky-late* for spec-*u*-late; *flune-cy* for flu-*en*-cy; *pi-an-ner* for pi-an-*o*; *par-tic-er-lul-ly* for par-tic-*u*-lar-ly.

1. "ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human †science! how †circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how

little do I know! The further I attempt to ⁺penetrate the secrets of nature⁻, the more I am ⁺bewildered and ⁺benighted⁻. Beyond a certain limit⁻, all is but confusion or ⁺conjecture⁻; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant⁻, consists chiefly in having ⁺ascertained how *little* is to be known.

2. "It is true that I can measure the sun⁻, and compute the distances of the planets⁻; I can calculate their periodical movements⁻, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions⁻; but with regard to their ⁺construction⁻, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown⁻?

3. "Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own⁻ world, I have analyzed the elements, and have given names to their component parts⁻. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination⁻?

4. "I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a *term⁻?* Does it convey to my mind any idea of the *nature⁻* of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common center? I observe the *effect⁻*, I give a name to the *cause⁻;* but can I *explain* or *comprehend⁻* it?

5. "Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the *animal*, ⁺*vegetable*, and ⁺*mineral* kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality⁻? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the ⁺exquisite pencil, that paints and fringes the flower of the field⁻? Have I ever detected the secret, that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell⁻?

6. "I observe the ⁺sagacity of animals⁻; I call it ⁺*instinct⁻*, and speculate upon its various degrees of

approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds´ overhead, performing their evolutions´, or steering their course to some distant settlement´, their signals and cries are as †unintelligible to me, as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic. I understand as little of their laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

7. "But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in *metaphysical* speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and †mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant †conception of the manner in which the volition is either †communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

8. "Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the †acquisition of those *languages*, by the means of which I might explore the †records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and †literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these, but the †mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries!

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my †laborious †researches, but a humbling †conviction of my weakness and ignorance! How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted power, or to value himself upon his imperfect †acquisitions!"

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10. "Well˃," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished˃!" Indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years' hard

ʳapplication´, any thing were left incompleteˋ. Happily, *that* is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to ⁺exercise my various ⁺accomplishmentsˋ.

11. "Let me seeˋ! As to *French´*, I am complete mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more ⁺fluency than Englishˋ. *Italian´* I can read with ease, and pronounce very wellˋ; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish in Italian. *Music´* I have learned till I am perfectly *sick*ˋ of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practice a little; the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songsˋ! which every body allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

12. "My *drawings* are universally admired; especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: beside this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my *dancing´* and ⁺*waltzing´*; in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further; just the figureˋ for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not ⁺excel.

13. "As to *cômmon* things, *geôgraphy* and *hîstory*, and *pôetry* and *philôsophy;* thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. Wellˋ, to be sureˋ, how much I have ⁺fagged through! The only *wonder´* is, that *one* head can ⁺*containˋ* it all!"

Questions.—What is the substance of the old man's soliloquy? What is the substance of the young lady's? Which reasons most correctly? What feeling is manifested by the old man in view of his attainments? What by the young lady? Will those who are really learned and wise, generally be vain?

What inflection is that marked at the words "common," "geography," &c., in the 13th paragraph? What does it indicate here? (See page 23.) With what are these words contrasted?

How are the words "dancing" and "waltzing," in the 12th paragraph, parsed? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, Rule V.

EXERCISE XV.

Give a full and distinct sound to the italicized *consonants*.

B-ow, *d*-are, *f*-ame, *g*-ave, *h*-orse, *j*-ew, *k*-ite, *l*-ord, *m*-an, *n*-o, *p*-it, *q*-ueer, *r*-ow, *s*-ir, *t*-ake, *v*-ow, *w*-oe, *y*-e, *th*-ose, *th*-umb, *wh*-at, *sh*-ow, *ch*-urch.

LESSON XXXII

1. TIN′-Y; *adj.* very small, little, puny.
2. SA-LUTE′; *n.* greeting.
3. MUN′-DANE; *adj.* belonging to the world.
4. RE-TORT′; *n.* the return of an incivility.
4. PER′-SON-AGE; *n.* a person of importance.
5. PEER′-ING; *adj.* just coming up.
6. CUM′BER-ER; *n.* one who hinders or is troublesome.
6. VAUNT′-ING; *adj.* vainly boasting.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN—A FABLE.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *per-son-ij* for per-son-*age*; *sub-ju'd* for sub-du'd; *to-ward'* for to′-ward; *for-git* for for-*get*; *yit* for *yet*.

1. "I AM a Pebble`! and yield to none`!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am †abiding, while ages flee.
The †pelting hail and the †driveling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt`.

2. "There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world´, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod´,
That's gone from sight, and under the †sod`!
I am a Pebble`! but who art *thou*`,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment, abashed and mute^;
She never before had been so near´
This gravelly ball, the mundane †sphere^;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look´, or keen retort´;
At length, she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a †personage so †august´,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust^,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time^, nor season^, nor storm^, nor sun^,
Nor the gentle dew^, nor the grinding heel´,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel^!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

5 But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak^:
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said:
A *modest Acorn*^! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell^!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup^!
And meekly to sink in the †darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

6 "And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is †towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I^!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,

Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been.'
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

QUESTIONS.—What was the Pebble's boast? How did the Acorn feel? What did the Acorn say? What did it do? What did it become? What did the Pebble then say? What is the moral of this fable?

What words in the fourth paragraph form a commencing series? ("time—heel.") Give the reasons for the other inflections marked.

LESSON XXXI.

1. AT-TEST'; *v.* to bear witness to.
3. AC'-TION; *n.* a claim made before a court.
3. AS-SI'-ZES; *n.* a court of justice.
6. PLAINT'-IFF; *n.* the person who commences a suit at court.
7. PRE-CA'-RI-OUS; *adj.* uncertain.
7. JU'-RY-MAN; *n.* one who serves on a jury, and whose business it is to hear the evidence and decide which party is right in any given case.
7. EX-CEPT'; *v.* to object.
10. DEX'-TROUS; *a.* skillful, artful.
10. AD-DU'CED; *v.* brought forward in argument.
11. PLEAD'-ER; *n.* one that argues in a court of justice.
11. DE-PO'SED; *v.* gave evidence [on oath.
11. VER'-DICT; *n.* the decision of a jury concerning the matter referred to them.
12. FORE'-MAN; *n.* the chief man [of a jury.
14. DEM-ON-STRA'-TION; *n.* certain proof.
15. SOPH'-IST-RY; *n.* false reasoning.

THE JUST JUDGE.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *fel-ler* for fel-*low;* *ven-tur* nor *ven-tshur* for vent-*ure* (pro vent-yur); *stim-my-la-ted* for stim-*u*-la-ted; *thou-sun* for thou-sand; *back-wud* for back-*ward*; *for-ud* for for-*ward*; *ig-ner-unt* for ig-no-*rant*; *el-er-quence* for el-*o*-quence; *lev-un* for *e*-lev-*en* (pro. e-lev'n).

1. A GENTLEMAN who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a †rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder

brother was dead, and †bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in †destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an †impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose´ it, it will bring me into †disgrace, as all the wealth and †evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "However, I will undertake it on this condition; you shall enter into an †obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose´ it, I know the consequences`; and I venture with my eyes open`." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being †stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge´, who was a great lover of justice´, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power`.

5. The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change *clothes*` with him. As the judge

had a very good´ suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly, the Judge shifted from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and †procured good lodgings, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around` him; and when the court began to fill´, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff`.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend´," said he, "how is your cause like to go` to-day?" "Why, my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend´," replied the miller, "will you take my advice´? I will let you into a *secret`*, which perhaps you do not *know`;* every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman out of the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your †privilege, without giving a reason, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended at this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against *that* gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a †confidence in the †superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir´, as you claim your privilege in one´ instance, I will grant` it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in †consideration, "My lord, says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"my

lord´, there is that *miller*ˆ in the court; we will have *him*ˆ, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a dextrous little fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have *you*ˆ got?" "Ten pieces*ˆ*," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counselors pleaded upon this †accumulated †evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; "and now, gentlemen of the jury´," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but for a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen´, are you agreed? and who shall speakˆ for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord´," replied one, "and our foremanˆ shall speak for us." "Holdˆ, my lord´," replied the miller; we are *not*ˆ all agreed." "Whyˆ?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with *you*ˆ*?*" What reasons have *you*ˆ for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury *ten´* broad pieces of gold, and to me but *five*ˆ*;* which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the

pleaders, and the †contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such a vast penetration of judgment, such †extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the †iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are not worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; †unraveled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

QUESTIONS.—What were the circumstances, under which the younger brother took possession of his father's estate? How did he treat his elder brother upon his return? What did the elder brother do? What plan did Chief Justice Hale pursue? What influenced him to take all this trouble?

EXERCISE XVI.

In the following words, sound the last consonant distinctly.

(After such exercises as this, it will be necessary to guard against a drawling style of reading.)

Or-*b*, ai-*d*, fa-*g*, Geor-*ge*, a-*ll*, ai-*m*, ow-*n*, li-*p*, wa-*r*, hi-*ss*, ha-*t* gi-*ve*, a-*dd*, so-*ng*, brea-*th*, tru-*th*, pu-*sh*, bir-*ch*.

Mo-*b*, la-*d*, ru-*f*, ha-*g*, ca-*ge*, ta-*ck*, fi-*ll*, ri-*m*, si-*n*, ho-*p*, fa-*r*, pa-*ce* hi-*t*, ha-*ve*, ha-*s*, pa-*ng*, ba-*nk*, soo-*the*, pi-*th*, wi-*sh*, ri-*ch*.

LESSON XXXII.

Con-trol′; *v.* subdue, restrain, govern.
1 Cult′-ure; *n.* cultivation, improvement by effort.
3 Def′-er-ence; *n.* regard, respect.
6. Su-per-an′-nu-a-ted; *adj.* impaired by old age and infirmity.
7. Rep′-ri-mand; *v.* to reprove for a fault.
8. A-chiev′-ed; *p.* (pro. *a-cheev′d′*) [gained.

CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

Pronounce correctly and articulate distinctly. Do not say *nat-ter-rul-ly* nor *nat′r′l-ly* for nat-*u*-ral-ly; *cul-ter* nor *cult-tshur* for cul-ture (pro. cult-yur); *spe-cial-ly* for *es*-pecial-ly; *de-rānġ′d* for de-ranged; *def-runce* for def-er-ence; *gov-uns* for gov-erns; *winder-bline* for win-*dow*-blind; *u-shul* for *u*-*su*-al.

1. No one has a temper naturally so good, that it does not need attention and cultivation, and no one has a temper so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best disciplined tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was naturally quick, irritable, rash, and violent; but, by having the care of the sick, and especially of †deranged people, he so completely mastered himself, that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

2. The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who governs his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so †intolerable to others, as that of having a disposition, which is your master, and which is continually fretting itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in †impatience, if we choose.

3. Look at Roger Sherman, who rose, from a humble occupation, to a seat in the first Congress of the United States, and whose judgment was received with great deference by that body of distinguished men. He made

himself master of his temper, and †cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

4. One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor. A †roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position, as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A *third* time the chair was moved, but the looking-glass still †reflected the sun in his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the †impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window-blind!

5. I can not forbear †adducing another instance of the power he had †acquired over himself. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became †habitually calm, †sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to †maintain the forms of religion in their families. One morning, he called them all together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the "old family Bible" was brought out, and laid on the table.

6. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and placed beside him one of his children, a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Beside these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and superannuated mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the †distinguished judge sat.

7. At length, he opened the Bible, and began to read. The child who was seated beside him, made some little †disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposi-

tion would scarcely permit it to be still`. And this time, he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if blow it might be called, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from the seat, and tottered across the room. At length, she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear with all the force she could †summon. "There`," said she, "you strike *your´* child, and I will strike *mine`*."

8. For a moment, the blood was seen mounting to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was *only`* for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused`; he raised his spectacles`; he cast his eye upon his mother`; again it fell upon the book´ from which he had been reading`. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after, sought, in prayer, an †ability to set an †example before his household, which should be worthy of their †imitation. Such a victory was worth more, than the proudest one ever achieved on the field of battle.

Questions.—Has any one a temper so bad that it can not be governed and made pleasant? How can this be done? To whom does a bad temper give most pain? Is it a duty to control it? Repeat the two anecdotes related of Judge Sherman.

Give the rules for the inflections marked in this lesson.

EXERCISE XVII.

When similar sounds come at the end of one word and the beginning of the next word, they must not be blended into one sound.

Malice *s*eeks to destroy. The breeze *s*igh*s* *s*oftly. The ice *s*lowly melts. The host*s* *s*till stand. The land *d*escends. His dea*th* *th*rilled the nation. Li*fe* *f*lies *s*wiftly. With sa*d* *d*ismay he saw his dreade*d* *d*estiny. His blan*k* countenance revealed all. Grie*f* *f*ills his heart. The ji*b* *b*oom was carried away. The ha*g* *g*roaned drearily.

LESSON XXXIII.

1. SPHERE; *n.* the expanse in which the heavenly bodies appear.
2. MOAN; *n.* grief expressed in words or cries.
2. CRYS'-TAL; *adj.* clear, transparent.
3. CA-REER'-ING; *v.* moving rapidly.
3. SWERVES; *v.* deviates from, varies from.
4. NEST'-LING; *n.* a young bird in the nest.
4. UN-PLUMES'; *v.* strips of his feathers.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

ARTICULATE each letter. Do not say *chile* for child; *c'reer-in'* for ca-reer-ing; *re-ly-in'* for re-ly-ing; *de-fy-in'* for de-fy-ing; *sweet-es* for sweet-est; *waf* for waft.

1. WHAT is that, mother´?
The lark`, my child´.
The morn has just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble †grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere
To †warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child´, be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

2. What is *that*`, mother´?
The dove`, my son.
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
†Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal †urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son´, be thou like the dove;
In †friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

3 What is *that*`, mother´?
The eagle`, my boy,
Proudly careering in his course of joy;
Firm, in his own mountain †vigor †relying`,

Breasting the dark storm^; the red bolt^ †defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on^
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine;
Onward and upward, and true to the line"

4 What is *that*^, mother´?
The swan, my love.
He is †floating down from his native grove;
No loved one, now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself, to die.
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
†Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

QUESTIONS.—What lesson is drawn from the lark? What from the dove? The eagle? The swan? What beautiful figure in verse 2d?

Which are the verbs in the last paragraph? Give the present tense, first person plural, indicative mode, of each. Parse "swan" in the same paragraph.

LESSON XXXIV.

2. SUC´-COR; *v.* help, assist.
6. SHEK´-EL; *n.* a Jewish coin, worth fifty to sixty cents.
7. COM´-PASSED; *v.* surrounded.
8. DALE; *n.* a low place between hills.

DEATH OF ABSALOM.

REMARK.—The *last words* of every sentence should be read in such manner as the sense requires, especially avoiding a sudden fall of the voice.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *Ab-s'lom* for Ab-*sa*-lom; *cap'ns* for cap-*tains*; *hun-durds* for hun-*dreds*; *saw'ss* for saw-*est*; *thruss* for thrust.

1. DAVID numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part

under the hand of Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai, the Gittite.

2. And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, thou shalt not go forth; for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

3. And the king stood by the gate-side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge †concerning Absalom.

4. So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of †Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great †slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

5. And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

6. And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a †girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son: for, in our hearing, the king charged thee, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none

touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have †wrought falsehood against mine own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

7. Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

8. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, every one to his tent. Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and †reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in †remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

9. Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king †tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his †enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cushi, Go, tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

10. Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no †tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overrun Cushi.

11. And David sat between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the †watchman cried, and

told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

12. And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, †Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

13. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great †tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

14. And behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings my lord the king; for the Lord hath †avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

15. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, Oh my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, Oh Absalom, my son, my son!

Questions.—Why did not David himself go forth to the battle? What charge did David give to the three officers respecting Absalom? What was the result of the battle? What was the fate of Absalom? What was the effect of the news of Absalom's death upon king David?

Explain the inflections in the last two lines. (Persons addressed and emphatic repetition).

LESSON XXXV.

3. COURT'-E-SY; *n.* (pro. *kurt'-e-sy*) civility, politeness.
4. TREM'-U-LOUS; *adj.* trembling.
4 ES-TRANG'ED; *adj.* alienated in affection.
4 CON-TROLLED'; *v.* restrained.
5 SYM'-ME-TRY; *n.* a due proportion of the several parts of a body to each other.
5. SWAYED; *v.* leaned, moved back and forth.
6. TRAIL'-ING; *n.* dragging on the ground.
6. RE-VERS'ED; *v.* turned side for side, or end for end.
9. SACK'-CLOTH; *n.* a coarse cloth.
12. MANT'-LING; *adj.* covering with crimson.

ABSALOM.

REMARK.—In reading, be careful not to join the final consonant of one word to the vowel of the next word, in the following way, viz:

They gathered *roun dim* on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; *an das* the sun
Rose *upineaven*, &c.

Be careful to avoid this fault, by articulating distinctly such words in the above, as "*round him*," "*and as*," "*up in heaven*," and the following and similar words in the lesson, viz: Do not say *bare dis* for bared his; *bow dis* for bow'd his; *wor dsof* for words of; *an dis voi swen tup* for and his voice went up.

1. KING DAVID'S limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The †mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

2. They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.

3 Oh! when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for †utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy

Are such a very †mockery´, how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!

4. He prayed for Israel`; and his voice went up´
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield`; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous`. But, oh! for *Absalom*,
For his *estranged*, †*misguided Absalom*,
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him, for *him* he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

5 The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the †tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now,
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.

6. His helm was at his feet: his banner´, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem´, was laid,
Reversed´, beside him`, and the jeweled hilt´,
Whose †diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery´, on his covered brow.

7. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall †steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.

8. A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead.

9. The king stood still
Till the last †echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The †pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

10. "Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this †clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

11. "Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harpstring, †yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "*my father*" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

12. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in its mantling blush,
And the dark †tresses to the soft winds flung,
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

13. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
†Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

14. "And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle †slumber, on thee
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its †bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a †wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

15. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hand †convulsively, as if in prayer,
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up †calmly, and †composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

EXERCISE XVIII.

Thou *waft'st* the *ships*. Thou *acknowledgest* thy *crimes*. Thou *list'nest* to my tale. It *exists somewhere*. Thou *knewest* that I was a *hard* man. Thou *wrongest wrongfully*.

LESSON XXXVI.

1. CAN'-O-PY; *n.* a covering over the head.
2. DE'-VI-OUS; *adj.* out of the common way or track.
2. OB-LIV'-ION; *n.* forgetfulness.
2. RU'-MI-NATE; *v.* to meditate, to think.
2. PON'-DER; *v.* to consider, to reflect.
4. ME-AN'-DER-INGS; *n.* windings.
5. TUR-MOIL'; *n.* a great stir, trouble.
5. IN-SCRU'-TA-BLE; *adj.* that can not be discovered.
8. PEER'-ING; *v.* peeping, looking about narrowly.
17. IM-PALE'; *v.* to fix on a sharp instrument.
24. A'-E-RIE; *n.* (pro. *a'-ry*, or *e'-ry*) the nest of birds of prey.
24. COM-PLA'-CEN-CY; *n.* satisfaction.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

UTTER distinctly *all* the consonants in the following words found in this lesson: frequently, rambling, recline, listlessly, rippling, branches, abstracted, middle, inscrutable, croaking, cruel, relaps'd, traps, commingled, grudges, scratch, indispensable, privileges, giggle, crack, rattlesnake, inaccessible, composedly.

1. I FREQUENTLY spend a morning in the country, †rambling alone in the melancholy woods; sometimes resting myself against the bark of a time-worn tree; sometimes lingering on the woody hights looking far

over the surrounding world. At other times, I recline listlessly by the side of some clear brook, over whose rippling way the branches meet, and form nature's choicest canopy.

2. Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings. I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have, by degrees, faded almost into oblivion, and send my mind on errands to the future. At times, I become so completely abstracted from the scenes around, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being. I ruminate, I ponder, and I dream.

3. On one of these occasions, about the middle of the month of August, when the †dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little †twittering stream, that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, †diffusing coolness, and inviting to repose.

4. Through the arched canopy of †foliage that overhung the little stream, I could see it coursing its way on each hand among the rocks, glittering as if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thousand meanderings. It is impossible—at least with me it is impossible—to resist the influence of such a scene. Reflecting beings like ourselves, sink into a sort of melancholy †reverie, under the influence of the hallowed quiet that reigns all around.

5. As I thus lay, in †languid listlessness along the stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, I gradually sunk into almost †unconsciousness of all the world and all it holds. The little birds sported about, careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant turmoil, which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable hiding-places.

6. There is a †lapse in the recollection of the current

of my thoughts at that moment, a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse, croaking voice, exclaiming, "Cruel, savage monster, what does he here?" I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility.

7. In a few minutes, I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper, "I dare say the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us." I looked again, and at first sight, could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but, at the same time, imagined that I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seemed †commingled.

8. My curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and withal in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening †attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

9. "Let us †pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep," cried a bald eagle: "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I do not require one above once a week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living, by prey."

10. "Let me scratch his eyes out," screamed a hawk, "for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barnyard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural, indispensable right."

11. "Ay, ay," barked the fox, "he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his hen roost in the night, that I may not disturb him."

12. "Agreed," hissed a rattlesnake, "for he won't let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and kills me according to Scripture." And thereupon, he rattled his tail, curled himself in †spiral volumes, and

darted his tongue at me in the most fearful and threatening manner.

13. "Agreed," said a great fat spider, which sat in his net, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects, "agreed, for the bloody-minded †savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors, on all occasions."

14. "By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle fly, "for he will not let me tickle his nose, of a hot summer day, though he must see with half an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

15. "Kill him," cried a little ant, that ran foaming and fretting about at a furious rate, "kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than you do killing a fly," addressing the spider. "The less you say about that, the better," whispered the spider.

16. "Odds fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the brook, "Odds fish! kill the monster by all means; hook him, I say, for he †entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his †insatiable appetite."

17. "To be sure," said a worm, "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterward; for though I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he impales me alive on a hook, only for his †amusement."

18. "I consent," cooed the dove, "for he has deprived me of my mate, and made me a †disconsolate widow." Upon which, she began to mourn so piteously, that the whole assembly †sympathized in her forlorn condition.

19. "He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider. "He drowns all my kittens," mewed the cat. "He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty." "He is a treacherous, cunning villain," barked the fox. "He has no more mercy than a wolf," screamed the hawk. "He is a bloody tyrant," croaked the eagle. "He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all in one voice.

20. I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away from hearing these pleasant †reproaches; but curiosity and listlessness together kept me quiet, while they continued to †discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as is usual in such cases, great †diversity of opinion.

21. "I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the eagle. "I'll tear his eyes out," screamed the hawk. "I'll whip him to death with my tail," barked the fox. "I'll sting him home," hissed the rattlesnake. "I'll poison him," said the spider. "I'll fly-blow him," buzzed the fly. "I'll drown him, if he'll only come into my brook, so I will," quoth the trout.

22. "I will drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant," said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set. "And I'll—I'll"—said the worm. "What will *you* do, you poor Satan?" exclaimed the rest in a titter. "What will I do? Why I'll *eat* him after he's dead," replied sir worm; and then he strutted about, until he †unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout.

23. The example was †contagious. "Oh, ho! you are for *that* sport," mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water. "Tit for tat," barked Reynard, and snatching pussy in his teeth, was off like a shot. "Since 't is the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle," and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling. "By your leave," said the toad, and snapped up the spider in less than no time. "You ugly thief of the world," hissed the rattlesnake in great wrath, and †indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory.

24. "What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless ones," cooed the dove, and pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a †sentimental style, when the hawk, seeing this, screamed out, "what a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence has †ordained that I

should eat her." He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his aerie on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency, "What a glorious thing it is to be king of birds!"

25. "Humph," exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half sleep, "humph, a man is not so much worse than his neighbors, after all," and shaking off the spell that was over me, bent my steps homeward, †wondering why it was, that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of †preying on each other.

QUESTIONS.—By what authority does man hold dominion over animals? Does this include the right to torture them, or to kill them unnecessarily? Under what circumstances is it right to kill them? On what account are the animals, in this fable, supposed to be incensed at man?

LESSON XXXVII.

1. GAR'-NERED; *adj.* laid up, treasured.
3. STUDS; *n.* knobs, buds.
3. CLEAV'-ING; *adj.* dividing.
4. RIFE; *adj.* full, abounding.
4. DIM'PLES; *n.* small depressions.
4. AM'-BER; *adj.* yellow.

APRIL DAY.

REMARK.—When reading poetry that rhymes, there should be a very slight pause after the words that are similar in sound, though the *sense* may not require it, as in the following example, where a slight pause may be made after the word *rest*, which would not be made, if it were prose instead of poetry.

Sweet it is, at eve to rest
On the flowery meadow's breast.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *na-ter* for nā-ture; *crea-tshure* for creat-*ure*; *bo* for bough, (pro. bou); *con-tin-y-ous* for con-tin-*u*-ous; *frag-rance* for fra-grance.

1. ALL DAY, the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fullness down;

All day, that soft, gray mist hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day,
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life or living creature;
Of waving †bough, or †warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly †lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

2 I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's †continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to †screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

3. Sure, since I looked, at early morn,
Those †honey-suckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.
That lilac's cleaving †cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers †revealing;
Even now upon my senses first,
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

4. The very earth, the steamy air,
Are all with †fragrance rife!
And grace and beauty every where
Are bursting into life.
Down, down they come, those †fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A †momentary †deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.
And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,

Lo! from the west, a parting †gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.

QUESTIONS.—What season is described in this lesson? What is said concerning the rain? What, concerning the appearance of the earth's surface? What is said of the trees and shrubs? What, of the light?

At what pauses in this lesson is the rising inflection proper? Where, the falling inflection?

In the fourth stanza, which are the adjectives? What does "rife" qualify? Parse "stores" and "drops." Which are the adverbs in the same stanza? Which are the verbs? Which of them are in the indicative mood? Which are in the present tense? Which, in a past tense? What interjection is there in this stanza? Why is the interjection so called? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 20, Art. 55.

LESSON XXXVIII.

1. TEM'-PERED; *adj.* softened.
3. E-THE'-RE-AL; *adj.* heavenly, formed of ether.
3. SE-REN'-I-TY; *n.* calmness, quietness.
3. BUOY'-AN-CY; *n.* (pro. *bwoy-an-cy*) lightness.
3. EN-CHANT'-MENT *n.* the use of spells or charms.
3. COL-ON-NADES'; *n.* rows of columns.
3. RA'-DI-ANCE; *n.* brightness.
4. PA-VIL'-ION; *n.* a tent, *here* a kind of tower on the top of the castle.
4. PAR'-A-PET; *n.* a wall or elevation raised to keep off shot.
5. CAST'-A-NET; *n.* an instrument of music made of hollowed ivory shells.
5. CAV-A-LIER'; *n.* a gay military man, a knight.
6. REV'-ER-IE; *n.* a loose, irregular train of thought.

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

The palace or castle called the Alhambra, consists of the remains of a very extensive and ancient pile of buildings in Spain, erected by the Moors when they were rulers of the country.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *pro-duce* for pro-duced; *wich* for which; *wen* for when; *per-fec-ly* for per-fect-ly; *wite-ness* for white-ness; *soun's* for sounds; *pal'ces* for pal-*a*-ces.

1. I HAVE given a picture of my †apartment on my first taking possession of it: a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full

†splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window, is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams; and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

2. I have sat for hours at my window, †inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the †checkered features of those, whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant †memorials around. Sometimes, I have issued forth at midnight, when every thing was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place?

3. The †temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere *existence* enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every †moldering tint and weather stain, disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole †edifice reminds one of the †enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

4. At such a time, I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the queen's toilet, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam, like silver clouds, against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of Tecador, and gaze down upon Grenada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

5. Sometimes, I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Ala

meda; at other times, I have heard the †dubious notes of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some †solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier, †serenading his lady's window; a gallant †custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the †remote towns and villages of Spain.

6. Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and †sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate, and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been †lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

QUESTIONS.—What and where is the Alhambra? Describe the effect of moonlight upon its appearance. Where are the mountains which are called Sierra Nevada? Where is Andalusia? What is the national instrument of the Spaniards?

LESSON XXXIX.

1. WAIL'-ING; *adj.* lamenting, mourning.
1. SEAR; *adj.* dry, withered.
3. GLADE; *n.* an open place in the forest.
3. GLEN; *n.* a valley, a dale.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *mel-un-chul-y* for mel-*an*-choly; *mead-ers* for mead-*ows*; *hol-luz* for hol-*lows*; *beau-che-ous* for beau-*te*-ous; *up-lund* for up-*land*; *youth-f'l* for youth-*ful*; *cole* for col*d*; *mois* for mois*t*; *frien* for frien*d*; *flow-uz* for flow-*ers*.

1. THE †melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And †meadows, brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the †eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren have flown,

And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A †beauteous †sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers,
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

3. The wall-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the †orchis died
Amid the *summer's* glow;
But on the hill, the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From †upland, glade, and glen.

4. And *now*, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And †twinkle in the †smoky light
The waters of the †rill,
The south wind †searches for the flowers
Whose †fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

5. And then I think of one, who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek †blossom that grew up
And †faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so †brief:
Yet not †unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so †beautiful,
Should †perish with the flowers.

QUESTIONS.—What season of the year is described? What is said of the wind, and woods, and meadows? What animals are spoken of? What flowers? To what does the last stanza refer?

LESSON XL.

1. REQ'-UI-SITE; *n.* (pro. *rek'-we-zit*) that which is necessary.
3. *SU-PER-IN-DU'CED; *v.* brought in as an addition.
3. AC-QUI-SI'-TIONS; *n.* qualities obtained.
4. PER-VERT'-ED; *v.* turned from right to wrong.
4. IN-VIN'-CI-BLE; *adj.* not to be overcome.
8. CRIT'-I-CISM; *n.* the art of judging with propriety.

* It must be borne in mind by the pupil, that in a large class of words of this description, the last *two* syllables are pronounced as *one* syllable.

ON ELOCUTION AND READING.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *el-er-quunce* for el-*o*-quence; *in-val-ew-ble* for in-val-*u*-a-ble; *at-ti-toods* nor *at-ti-tshudes* for at-ti-*tudes*; *or-it-uz* for or-*a*-tors; *in-tel-lect-ew-al* for in-tel-lect-*u*-al: *con-tin-ew-al* for con-tin-*u*-al.

ARTICULATE each letter in the following words found in this lesson: Do not say *mus* for must; *leace* for least; *faulce* for faults; *sep'ra-ted* for sep-*a*-ra-ted; *chile* for child; *pre-sence* for pre-sents; *nex* for next; *fi-nes* for fi-nest; *per-fec* for per-fect.

1. THE business of training our youth in †eloeution, must be commenced in childhood. The first school is

the nursery. There, at least, may be formed a distinct †articulation, which is the first requisite for good speaking. How rarely is it found in perfection among our orators!

2. Words, says one, referring to articulation, should "be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint; deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished; neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due †succession, and of due weight." How rarely do we hear a speaker whose tongue˘, teeth˘, and lips´, do their office so perfectly as to answer to this beautiful description! And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise from the very nursery. But let us refer to other particulars.

3. Grace in †eloquence, in the pulpit, at the bar, can not be separated from grace in the ordinary manners, in private life, in the social circle, in the family. It can not well be superinduced upon all the other acquisitions of youth, any more than that nameless, but invaluable quality, called good breeding. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator with your child; not merely by teaching him to declaim, but what is of more †consequence, by observing and correcting his daily manners, motions, and attitudes.

4. You can say, when he comes into your †apartment, or presents you with something, a book or letter, in an awkward and blundering manner, "Return˘, and enter this room again˘," or, "Present me that book in a different manner˘" or, "Put yourself into a different attitude˘." You can explain to him the difference between thrusting or pushing out his hand and arm, in straight lines and at acute angles, and moving them in flowing, †circular lines, and easy, graceful action. He will readily understand you. Nothing is more true than that "the motions of children are †originally graceful;" and it is by suffering them to be perverted´, that we lay the foundation for invincible †awkwardness in later life.

5. We go, next, to the schools for children. It ought to be a leading object, in these schools, to teach the art

of reading. It ought to occupy *three fold more time* than it does. The teachers of these schools should labor to improve *themselves*. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future †orators of the land.

6. We would rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school a first-rate *reader*, than a first-rate performer on the pianoforte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the †intelligence and talent˃ of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence; and there may be eloquent *readers*˂, as well as eloquent *speakers*˃.

7. We speak of *perfection*˃ in this art: and it is some thing, we must say in defense of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have, as the ancients had, the formers of the voice, the music masters of the *reading* voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we should be prepared to stand the †comparison.

8. It is, indeed, a most †intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do by no means †undervalue this noble and most delightful art, to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one †recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It involves in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language. A man may possess a fine genius without being a perfect reader; but he can not be a perfect reader without genius.

Questions.—When must the business of training in elocution be commenced? What excellent comparison is employed to illustrate a good articulation? What is the relative *importance* of good reading? How does the power of reading with perfection compare with the power of excellent musical performance?

Explain the inflections marked in this lesson.

In the first sentence which word is the subject? Which words are in the objective case? Which are the prepositions? In the last sentence, which words are in the objective case? Which are the verbs, and in what mode are they? Which are the modes? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 64, Art. 154.

LESSON XLI. 41

1. ARCH'-I-TECTS; *n.* (pro. *ark'-e-tects*), builders, makers.
1. DES'-TI-NIES; *n.* ultimate fate, appointed condition.
2. ME-DI-OC'-RI-TY; *n.* a middle state, or degree of talents.
2. ME'-DI-O-CRE; *n.* (pro. *me'-di-o-ker*), a man of moderate talents.
4. FI'-AT; *n.* decree.
5. CON'-DOR; *n.* a large bird.
5. EM-PYR'-E-AL; *adj.* relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens.
6. CA-REER'-ING; *adj.* moving rapidly.
6. PROW'-ESS; *n.* bravery, boldness.
6. A-CHIEVE'-MENTS; *n.* something accomplished by exertion.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

UTTER each sound distinctly. Do not say *ch'rac-ter* for char-ac-ter; *dif'-rent* for dif-fer-ent; *op'-site* for op-po-site; *em'-nunce* for em-*i*-nence; *in-vig'-ra-ted* for in-vig-*o*-rated; *vig'-rous* for vig-*or*-ous.

1. THE †education, moral and †intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect, we give the final shape to our characters, and thus become, †emphatically, the architects of our own fortune. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had †precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, †obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step,

and mounting, at length, to †eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? †Manifestly their own They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the †opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your †instruction.

4. And of this be assured, I speak from †observation a certain truth: THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you.

5. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all^, it is only of that great and †magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of †Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather †invigorated than weakened by the effort^.

6. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion^, this †vigorous power of profound and searching †investigation^, this careering and wide-spreading †comprehension of mind^, and these long †reaches of thought, that

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> And drag up drowned honor by the locks^;"

this is the prowess^, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

QUESTIONS.—Whose work is the education of every man? What did the ancients say upon this point? By what reasoning does the writer prove this to be the case? What, then, is required to secure excellence?

Explain the inflections marked in this lesson.

LESSON XLII.

1. In-ex′-o-ra-ble; *adj.* that can not be made to bend.
1. Des′-pot-ism; *n.* absolute, uncontrolled power.
1. Per-pe-tu′-i-ty; *n.* continued, uninterrupted existence.
3. A-loof′; *adv.* at a distance.
3. Vor′-tex; *n.* a whirling motion of water, a whirlpool.
4. Suf′-frage; *n.* vote given in choosing men for office.
5. Fore-bo′-ding; *n.* a foretelling.
5. Found′-er-ing; *n.* being filled with water and sinking.
6. Har′-bin-ger; *n.* that which precedes and gives notice beforehand of any thing.
7. Re-verse′; *v.* to turn to the contrary.
7. A-nal′-o-gy; *n.* resemblance between things.
8. Im′-mi-nence; *n.* a hanging over.
10. Spasms; *n.* } violent
10. Con-vul′-sions; *n.* } and irregular contraction of the muscles of the body.
10. Ex-tort′; *v.* to wring or force out of.

NECESSITY OF EDUCATION.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *ed-dy-cate* nor *ej-ju-cate* for ed-*u*-cate; *spiles* for spoils; *vic-ter-y* for vic-to-ry; *pop-py-la-tion* for pop-*u*-la-tion; *man-y-fac-ters* for man-*u*-fact-*ures*; *ag-ri-cul-ter* nor *ag-ri-cul-tshure* for ag-ri-cult-*ure*; *prov-i-dunce* for prov-i-dence; *ub-an-don* for *a*-ban-don; *prov-er-ca-tion* for prov-o-cation; *spas-ums* for spas*ms*.

1. We must ⁺educate`! We must educate`! or we must perish by our own prosperity`. If we do not´, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty´, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us; or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to ⁺grace the victory, and as ⁺resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage.

2. But what will become of the West, if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great ⁺institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind, and the ⁺conscience, and the heart of the vast

world? It must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be done quickly, for population will not wait´, and †commerce will not cast anchor´, and manufactures will not shut off the steam´, nor shut down the gate, and agriculture, pushed by millions of freemen on their fertile soil, will not withhold her corrupting abundance`.

3. And let no man at the East quiet himself, and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our †alliance of blood, and "political institutions, and common interests, is such, that we can not stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. *Her´* destiny is *our`* destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

4. The great experiment is now making, and from its extent and rapid filling up, is making in the West, whether the perpetuity of our republican institutions can be †reconciled with universal suffrage. Without the education of the *head`* and *heart`* of the nation, they can not be; and the question to be decided is, can the nation, or the vast balance power of it, be so imbued with intelligence and virtue as to bring out, in laws and their administration, a perpetual self-preserving energy. We know that the work is a vast one, and of great difficulty; and yet we believe it can be done.

5. I am aware that our ablest patriots are looking out on the deep, vexed with storms, with great forebodings and failings of heart, for fear of the things that are coming upon us; and I perceive a spirit of †impatience rising, and distrust in respect to the perpetuity of our republic; and I am sure that these fears are well founded, and am glad that they exist. It is the star of hope in our dark †horizon. Fear is what we need, as the ship needs wind on a rocking sea, after a storm, to prevent foundering. But when our fear and our efforts shall †correspond with our danger, the danger is past.

6. For it is not the impossibility of self-preservation which threatens´ us; nor is it the unwillingness of the nation to pay the price of the *preservation´* as she has

paid the price of the *purchase*ˇ of our liberties. It is *inattention* and *inconsideration*, protracted till the crisis is past, and the things which belong to our peace are hid from our eyes. And blessed be God, that the tokens of a national waking up, the harbinger of God's mercy, are multiplying upon us!

7. We did not, in the darkest hour, believe that God had brought our fathers to this goodly land to lay the foundation of religious liberty, and wrought such wonders in their preservation, and raised their descendants to such hights of civil and religious liberty, only to reverse the analogy of his †providence, and abandon his work.

8. And though there now be clouds, and the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing, we believe there is light behind the cloud, and that the imminence of our danger is intended, under the guidance of Heaven, to call forth and apply a holy, †fraternal fellowship between the East and the West, which shall secure our preservation, and make the †prosperity of our nation durable as time, and as abundant as the waves of the sea.

9. I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that, if we do fail in our great †experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birthright abandoned, the mercies abused, and the †provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past elevation.

10. No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abusedˇ; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of manˇ. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no †wailing such as her convulsions extort.

11. It took Rome three hundred years to dieˇ; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific, as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide from me the day when the dying agonies of my country shall beginˇ! Oh, thou beloved landˊ, bound together by the ties of

brotherhood´, and common interest´, and perils´! live forever—one and undivided`!

QUESTIONS.—Why is education so necessary in this country? Can the nation continue free, without the influence of education and religion? Why should we regard the prospects of this nation with fear? What can be the advantage of a spirit of fear? Why may we trust that God will not abandon our nation to ruin? What will insure her destruction? What is said of the greatness of such a destruction? What are the most dreadful punishments that heaven can inflict upon a nation? How would our destruction compare with that of Rome?

Give the reasons for the inflections marked in the 2d paragraph. (The principle of negative sentences prevails in this sentence.)

In what mode, tense, number, and person, is "must educate," in the first sentence? In the 3d paragragh, for what noun does the pronoun "*her*" stand? Parse the last word in the lesson.

LESSON XLIII.

2. O´-NYX; *n.* a gem partly transparent.
2. SAP´-PHIRE; *n.* (pro. *saf´-fer*), a precious stone, blue, red, violet, &c.
2. CRYS´-TAL; *n.* a regular solid of any mineral.
2. COR´-AL; *n.* a kind of animal and its shell.
2. TO´-PAZ; *n.* a gem of a yellowish color.
5. AD-JUST´-ED; *v.* settled, reduced to a right standard.
5. PRE-SCRI´BED; *v.* laid down as rules.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *pur-chis'd* for pur-chas'd; *jules* for jew-els; *co-rul* for cor-al; *dis-truc-tion* for de-struc-tion.

1. WHERE shall +wisdom be found`?
And where is the place of +understanding`?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Nor can it be found in the land of the living.

2. The deep saith´, It is not with me`;
And the sea saith´, It is not with me`.
It can not be gotten for gold,
Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof.
It can not be +purchased with the gold of Ophir,

With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it;
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls,
For wisdom is more precious than rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia can not equal it;
Nor can it be purchased with the purest gold.

3. Whence, then, *cometh*ˋ wisdom?
And where *is*ˋ the place of †understanding?
Since it is hidden from the eyes of all the living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air?

4. †Destruction and Death say,
We have heard of its fame with our ears.
God only knoweth the way to it;
He only knoweth its dwelling-place.
For he seeth to the ends of the earth,
And †surveyeth all things under the whole heaven.

5. When he gave the winds their weightˋ,
And adjusted the waters by measureˋ;
When he prescribed laws to the rainˋ,
And a path to the †glittering †thunderbolt´;
Then did he see it, and make it knownˋ:
He †established it, and †searched it out:
But he said unto man,
Behold! the fear of the Lordˋ, that is thy wisdom,
And to †depart from †evil, thy understanding.

Questions.—Where is Ethiopia? What is true wisdom? Can it be purchased? Where can it be obtained?

EXERCISE XIX.

Their *shouts* now *trebly swell'd* the gale. The *trellis* was covered with *trailers*. The *trustle* was *trundl'd* in. The shout of *triumph* and the *trump* of fame.

LESSON XLIV.

1. Mod-i-fi-ca′-tion; *n.* a particular form or manner.
1. Av′-e-nue; *n.* an entrance.
2. In′-va-lid; *n.* a person who is sick.
4. Fran′-tic; *adj.* characterized by violence and fury.
5. E-merg′ed; *v.* reappeared, came out of.
5. Vi′-tals; *n.* parts of the body necessary to life.
8. Hec′-tic; *adj.* habitual, constitutional.
9. Par′-ox-ysms; *n.* severe turns or fits.
9. E-vinc′ed; *v.* made evident.
11. Ghast′-ly; *adj.* deathlike, pale.
14. Wail; *n.* loud weeping.

THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND.

Remark.—Take care not to let the voice grow weaker and weaker, as you approach the end of the sentence.

Articulate correctly. Do not say *full-es* for full-es*t*; *suf-rin* for suf-fer-in*g*; *sur-es* for sur-es*t*; *un-feel-in* for un-feel-in*g*; *fren's* for friend*s*; *beau-ti-fl'y* for beau-ti-*ful*-ly; *ga-zin* for ga-zin*g*; *vi-er-lits* for vi-*o*-lets; *ag-er-ni-zing* for ag-*o*-ni-zing; *fea-ters* nor *fea-tshures* for feat-*u*res.

1. There was one modification of her husband's †persecutions, which the fullest measure of Jane Harwood's piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of †distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart.

2. What began in †perverseness, seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create †perverted †principles. The wasted invalid shrunk from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

3. "I mean to harden him," said he. "All the †neighbors know that you make such a fool of him, that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a

useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be †coaxed by a silly mother."

4. On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She could neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural †protector, withered away like a †blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends †remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him †solemnly of his sins. *Intemperance* had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

5. Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. †Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were full of pain.

6. "Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our dear old home." "It is too early for violets, my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

7. "In my dreams last night, I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

8. The mother knew that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and saw there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his †intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

9. "Do you think my father will come?" Dreading the †agonizing †agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered, "I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

10. "Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-by to him before I go to my Savior."

11. Gazing †intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken. "My son, my dear son, say, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

12. He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly †refuge. "Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I can not hear you." A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his: one shudder, and all was over.

13. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and restore it to life with her breath. Then she stretched it upon his bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred †solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause.

14. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of †supplication for strength to endure, as of one "seeing Him who is invisible." Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of heaven.

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this piece? How did the man treat his child? What effect was, in this way, produced on the health of the child? Can you describe the scene of the deathbed? What did the child dream about? What did he wish to say to his father?

LESSON XLV.

2 E-MA′-CIA-TED; *adj.* thin, reduced in flesh.
2. SWAY; *n.* power, influence.
3. SE-CLU′-DED; *adj.* retired, lonely.
4. MOD′-U-LA-TED; *v.* adapted to the expression of feeling, varied.
10. IN-DI-CA′-TIONS; *n.* tokens, signs.
10. TRAN′-SIENT; *adj.* of short duration.
11. CHAST′-EN-ED; (PIO. *chais'nd*) *adj.* afflicted for correction.
11. DO-MIN′-ION; *n.* controlling influence.

THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND.—CONTINUED.

REMARK.—While each pupil reads, let the rest observe, and then mention which syllables are pronounced incorrectly, and which omitted or indirectly sounded.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *shi-nin* for shi-ning; *almoce* for al-most; *mem'ries* for mem-o-ries; *heal-in* for heal-ing; *ole-es* for old-est; *rev'rent-ly* for rev-er-ent-ly; *with'rin* for with-er-ing; *s'lect-ed* for se-lec-ted; *fune-ral* for fu-ner-al; *per-m'nent* for per-ma-nent; *in-t'rest-ed* for in-ter-est-ed.

1. SHE arose from her supplication, and bent calmly over her dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She †composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

2. The father entered †carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, †immovable brow, "See, he suffers no longer." He drew near, and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant, as those few †affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

3. Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had †consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and, seated on the fresh grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the †inspired volume.

4. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow, which seemed to say, "This has been my comfort in my affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the †frailty of man, withering like the flower of the grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty, in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

5. He selected from the words of that compassionate One, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom," who, pointing out as an example the humility of little children, said, "Except ye become as one of these, ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven," and who calleth all the weary and heavy laden to come unto Him that He may give them rest.

6. The scene called forth †sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay which concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

7. He returned from the funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. For many nights, sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt †constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will.

8. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance. The †venerable man who had read the Bible at the burial of his boy, counseled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice, and to "break off his sins by †righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord."

9. There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be †permanent. She, who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no †exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker.

10. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief, and of remorse for intemperance, only to see them utterly †overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had †solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew.

11. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. †Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his †salvation, †resumed its dominion.

12. The friends who had †alternately reproved and encouraged him, were soon convinced their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry to God, and †girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

QUESTIONS.—What effect was produced upon the father by the death of his child? What were his friends disposed to hope? How did intemperance take possession of him? Why was he unsuccessful, do you suppose, in his resistance to intemperate habits?

Explain the inflections proper in the first three paragraphs.

EXERCISE XX.

Truly he is *trusty* and *thrifty*. The *brute* was with *difficulty throttl'd*. *Through* the *storm* and *danger's thrall*. He has many *cents* and but little *sense*. The *prince* bought some *prints*

LESSON XLVI.

1. RA′-DI-ANT; *adj.* beaming with brightness.
2. DATE; *n.* the fruit of a tree which grows in warm countries.
2. FRA′-GRANT; *adj* sweet smelling.
2. PER-FUME′; *v.* to fill with pleasant smells.
2. HUES; *n.* colors.
3. RU′-BY; *n.* a precious stone of a red color.
3. DIA′-MOND; *n.* a precious stone of the most valuable kind.
3. COR′-AL; *n.* a kind of sea animal (here used as an adjective).
3. STRAND; *n.* a shore or beach of the sea.

THE BETTER LAND.

REMARK.—In reading, be careful not to join the final consonant of one word to the vowel of the next word, as in the following lines,

Lou das his thunder shou tis praise
And soun dit lofty as his throne.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *chil-ren* nor *chil-durn* for chil-dren; *feath-'ry* for feath-er-y; *glit'-rin* for glit-ter-ing; *per′-fume* (the *verb* is pronounced *per-fume′* and the *noun*, *per′-fume*), for per-fume′.

1. "I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother′! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more′?
Is it where the flower of the orange †blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

2. "Is it where the †feathery palm trees rise′,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies′?
Or 'mid the green islands of †glittering seas′,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze′,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all †glorious things′?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

3 "Is it far away in some †region old,
Where the rivers †wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the †secret mine,

And the pearl †gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

4. "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams can not †picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its †fadeless bloom,
Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb;
It is there, it is there, my child!"

QUESTIONS.—What climate produces the myrtle, palm, and date? Why is the palm tree called feathery? Where is that "better land," spoken of in the lesson?

What inflection should be used at the word "child," in the last line of the first stanza? What inflection at the same word when repeated in the other three stanzas? Give rules for the other inflections.

LESSON XLVII.

1. AIL'-MENT; *n.* disease.
2. TEN'-DERED; *v.* offered.
2. STREN'-U-OUS-LY; *adv.* strongly.
3. VE'-HE-MENCE; *n.* violence.
3. MEN'-ACE; *n.* threat.
4. MO-ROSE'-LY; *adv.* peevishly.
5. A-VID'-I-TY; *n.* eagerness.
6. AL-TER-CA'-TION; *n.* dispute.
8. OC'-U-LAR; *adj.* by the eye.
8. NUI'-SANCE; *n.* something offensive.
9. CHA-GRIN'; *n.* vexation.
9. PORT-MAN'-TEAU; *n.* a valise.
9. E-MA'-CIA-TED; *adj.* wasted.
10. SA-TIR'-I-CAL; *adj.* bitter in language.

ILL-NATURE REWARDED.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *bruthuz* for broth-*ers*; *fort-nitly* for fort-*u*-nate-ly; *uppearunce* for *a*p-pear-ance; *del'kit* for del-*i*-cate; *obvously* for ob-*vi*-ous-ly; *tremendu-ous* for tre-men-dous.

1. Two gentlemen, brothers, called at the office to take seats for the following morning, in the Kilkenny coach; there were fortunately two inside places †vacant. The elder brother was, from his appearance, †obviously suffering under some †oppressive ailment, and the other,

in rather a delicate state of health. Between the two there happened to be not more cash than was sufficient to pay for one passenger; the second brother said he would bring the fare with him in the morning and went away. In a short time after, another person came into the office, asked for a seat in the coach, tendered his money, †insisted on the strict rules being observed, and was booked accordingly.

2. The next morning, an hour before day, the brothers arrived. The †invalid got in, and the other, putting down his fare was told that the place was filled by one who had paid his money, and who threatened that, if refused his place, he would hire a chaise for the whole journey to Dublin, at the expense of the coach †proprietors. The young man looked into the coach, and finding all seats occupied, begged, and was strenuously supported by his brother, to be admitted, even for a stage or two, as he was not in good health, and the rain poured down in a tremendous †deluge.

3. The rest of the coach company seemed to yield, but the stiff gentleman was contrary, as will sometimes happen, and with his former menace silenced the agent, (who was leaning to the side of mercy), and insisted with increased vehemence, that the rules of the office should be observed.

4. The *strict* person was owner of a great flour-mill; he was anything but a †*jolly* miller, but adhered literally and morosely to the principle of "caring for nobody," not because "nobody cared for him," but because it was the habit of his life to make every liberal thought and kind intention, which accidentally arose in his mind, like worldly charity, to begin at home, and center in himself.

5. He was wrapped up in his milling †operations, and eyed his bags of flour with the same avidity as a miser would those of his gold. He was that sort of selfish and self-sufficient person, that would not take any moderate boot between the prime minister and himself, and thought the †machinery of the state of little impor-

tance, compared with that of his own mill. He ordered the coachman to get forward, with some further menace if he did not.

6. The young man, after a little altercation, took his seat beside the guard, and the coachman drove off. It was still dark; the rain was intense, the voices ceased, and the invalid, if a gentle snore was any †indication, had fallen asleep.

7. As the coach was passing through Fox and Geese Common, a barking cur assailed the horses, and was apparently †responded to by a low growl from the †interior of the †vehicle. "Is there a dog in the coach?" asked the miller, for it was yet pitch dark. Those who were awake said they could not tell: the invalid breathed hard and snored; in a few minutes the growl was heard again, advancing to a sharper snarl. "Have you got a dog in the coach?" asked the miller: "it is contrary to all rule; the agent is at fault, and shall be fined; it shall be looked to when the coach stops."

8. A renewed snarl and a few chopping barks from the opposite seat where the invalid was placed, made the miller certain that the dog belonged to him, and lay behind his legs. Not wishing, however, to put out his hand, or even his foot, to make the trial, he waited for daylight †impatiently, and one or two succeeding growls from the same quarter confirmed him in this †surmise. At length a tedious dawn gave way to the slowly increasing light of a gloomy morning. The miller had his eye fixed upon the spot, and as objects became less †enveloped in shade, he chuckled at having ocular proof of the nuisance which he determined to complain of and get rid of at the next stage.

9. There lay the dog, as he conceived, behind his master's legs. But what was his disappointment and chagrin, when through the breaking clouds, a strong gleam of light fell not upon—the dog of his †imagination —but on a small portmanteau belonging to the invalid, who at the sudden burst of light which had surprised and disappointed the miller, opened his eyes, keen,

sharp, and †penetrating, but sunk deep in a pale and emaciated countenance.

10. "You have been asleep," said the miller. "Have I?" was the reply. "Have you a dog in the coach?" "No." "Did you not hear any growling or snarling in the coach?" "I did at *setting off*." "From what quarter did you hear it?" "From yourself, growling about strict rules." "You are satirical, but we have heard a dog in the coach, and it shall not remain; you were asleep." "So you say." "You snored in your sleep." "May be so." "Do you ever growl, or snarl, or bark in your sleep?" "It is not improbable; I have not been very well; but Doctor Middleton tells me I am cured."

11. "Do you say Middleton? that's the mad doctor." "He's a very good doctor, and I'll thank him the longest day I live." The miller in some little alarm, asked in a milder tone, "Were you in the house?" "I was, for three months, and he †performed a great cure for me." "May I ask," said the now †subdued miller, "what was the nature of your †malady?" "Why, if you must know," replied the invalid, "it was neither more nor less than the bite of a mad dog."

12. "Save us," said the miller; "and did the doctor effect a perfect cure?" "He did, and sent me out yesterday, to return to my native air, saying that the trifling †symptom of snarling like a dog, which, perhaps may have †annoyed you in my sleep, will gradually wear away, and does not signify, as I have done no mischief for the last month, and he was sure that going back to my family would quiet my mind and set all right."

13. The miller's countenance now †exhibited a strong †expression of terror; he looked †wistfully out of the window, and lamented the teeming rain which prevented him from enjoying a seat outside. At this moment, the invalid was affected by a †tremendous fit of snarling and barking, resembling so perfectly the canine expression of the most furious †irritation, that the miller under the strongest expression of alarm, was about to

get out of the coach, when the invalid, seizing him by his coat, grinned at him, and exhibited a set of deformed teeth, barking †vehemently for some minutes, and then subsiding into a perfect calm, entreated the terrified miller not to be in the least alarmed, that it was all over, and that he might depend on there being no danger whatever.

14. By this time the coach had arrived at Black Church. The rain was rather heavier and more †perpendicular in its †descent. During the change of horses, the feverish miller called for a glass of spring water, which, when presented to him at the carriage window, was instantly dashed to pieces by the sufferer, who recommenced the most terrific barkings and snarlings, accompanied by grinnings and †gestures the most frightful, through all of which he roared to the miller to be under no alarm, that it would not signify, that Doctor Middleton had told him so, that he had bitten no one for six weeks, and that he would be quiet again in a few minutes.

15. But the trembling miller, determined not to trust him, Dr. Middleton, or the nature of his †disorder, jumped out of the coach, called for a chaise, and posted on alone. As he drove off, the invalid putting his head out of the window, invited his brother into the vacant seat, which he enjoyed for the remainder of a †drenching day, to the mirth of the passengers, (previously made acquainted with the trick), and to the still further †annoyance of the miller, whom they passed on the road, and who was saluted by both brothers with a familiar nod of †humorous sarcasm, and an exclamation from both: "You should observe strict rules."

QUESTIONS.—Relate the occurrence here described.

What is the *subject* of the last sentence, "You should observe strict rules?" What is the *attribute?*

EXERCISE XXI.

The leaves *swell* and *spread* in all *directions*. No *sprawling* nor *drawling*. *Scruples* of *delicacy* caused him to *shrink*. The death *shroud* fell upon the *shrine* of his *idolatry*.

LESSON XLVIII.

1. TROW; *v.* suppose, think.
1. TRAP'-PINGS; *n.* ornaments.
2. IM'-BE-CILE; *n.* (pro. *in'-be-cil*) a sick person.
3. IN-TER-VE'NED; *v.* situated between.
4. TINT'-INGS; *n.* colorings.
5. STI'-FLED; *v.* suppressed.

IT SNOWS.

REMARK.—Avoid reading in a faint and low tone. This is a very common fault and should be carefully guarded against.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *trou* for trow (pro. tro); *geth-uz* for gath-ers; *to-ward'* for to'-ward; *un-heerd* for unheard (pro. un-herd).

1. "IT snows!" cries the School-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the †rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his †treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

2. "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as †clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale †aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his †delicate frame;
Oh! small is the pleasure †existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

3. "It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's †lagging pace;

The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

4. "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turned
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall,
Like the first rose of summer, her †dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of †splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snowflakes away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure †fount ne'er opened in this.

5. "It snows!" cries the Widow, "Oh, God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds †horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor †sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

QUESTIONS.—Why does the school-boy rejoice when it snows? What feelings are excited in the sick man by the snow storm? What effect does it have upon the traveler, and what does he think about? Why does the belle congratulate herself, and of what are her dreams? What are the poor widow's troubles in a time like this?

LESSON XLIX.

1 Dis-as'-ters; *n.* unfortunate events.
1. In-tre-pid'-it-y; *n.* courage.
2 Triv'-i-al; *adj.* trifling, small.
3. Rift'-ed; *v.* split open.
3. Ten'-drils; *n.* the claspers of a vine.
3. Sol'-ace; *n.* comfort in grief.
3. Re-ces'-ses; *n.* retirement, secresy.
4. En-thu'-si-asm; *n.* warmth of feeling.
5. Re-trieve'; *v.* to repair, to restore to a good state.

THE WIFE.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *for-ti-tchude* for for-tit-ude; *for-ten* nor *for-tshune* for fort-une; *Prov-i-dunce* for Prov-i-dence; *con-grat-ty-la-ting* for con-grat-*u*-la-ting; *sit-oo-a-tion* nor *sit-shu-a-tion* for sit-*u*-a-tion; *stim-my-la-ted* nor *stim-er-la-ted* nor *stim-ew-la-ted* for stim-*u*-la-ted (pro. stim-yu-la-ted).

1. I have often had occasion to remark the †fortitude with which women sustain the most †overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity.

2. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and †dependence, and alive to every trivial †roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the most bitter blasts of †adversity.

3. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful †foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the †thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its †shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden

calamity`; winding herself into the †rugged recesses of his nature´, tenderly supporting the drooping head´, and binding up the broken heart`.

4. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest †affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm´, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to *share*` your prosperity; if otherwise`, there they are to *comfort*` you."

5. And, indeed, I have observed, that a *married*´ man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a *single*` one; partly, because he is more †stimulated to exertion by the †necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for †subsistence`; but chiefly, because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic †endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the †monarch`. Whereas, a *single* man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted †mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

QUESTIONS.—To what natural object is female fortitude beautifully compared? Why should a man have a family? What is apt to be the case with the single man, as to character and comfort? Give rules for the inflections.

TO TEACHERS.—The words marked thus † for spelling and definition, should by no means be passed over by the teacher. The pupil should be required to spell and define them, giving them that definition which is appropriate in the connection in which they are used.

EXERCISE XXII.

We *travel'd* through extensive *tracts* of *territory*. The *transition* was *extreme* and sudden. *Proofs* of the *crime* of an *irrefragable* nature can be *produced*. The *tragic* nature of the scene *seem'd* rather *attractive* than repulsive.

LESSON L.

1. TER'-RACE; *n.* a raised bank of earth.
3. BROID'-ERED; *v.* adorned with figures of needle work.
3. EM'-E-RALD; *n.* a gem of pure lively green color (used here as an adjective).
3. AL'-A-BAS-TER; *n.* a soft, white marble.
3. COR'-O-NET; *n.* a little crown.
5. DU'-CAL; *adj.* pertaining to a duke.
5. HEIR'-LOOM; *n.* any article which by law descends to the heir with the real estate.
7. DE-CO'-RUM; *n.* propriety of behavior.
7. LUS'-TER; *n.* brightness.
8. PAN'-IC; *n.* sudden alarm.
10. QUEST; *n.* search.
11. LEG'-A-CY; *n.* what is left by will.
12. AM'-BUSH; *n.* a concealed place.

GINEVRA.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Reg-gi-o, pro. *red-je-o;* fount-ains, pro. *fount-ins.* Do not say *sta-choos* for stat-ues; *sets* for sits; *for-ud* for for-*ward;* *in-ner-sunt* for in-no-cent; *haunt* for haunt, (pro. haunt); *mel-er-dy* for mel-o-dy; *an-cient* for an-cient; *i-ver-ry* for i-vo-ry; fast-en-ed, pro. *fas'n'd.*

1. If ever you should come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in †fountains, †statues, †cypresses,
Will long detain` you; but, before you go´,
Enter the house`—forget it not, I pray` you;
And look awhile upon a picture there.

2. 'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that †illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri; but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it, ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

3 She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,

As though she said´, "Beware`!" her vest of gold,
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot;
An emerald stone in every golden clasp`;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls`.

4. But then her face,
So lovely´, yet so arch`, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart;
It †haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild †melody!

5. Alone it hangs
Over a †moldering heirloom; its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
With scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old †ancestors—
That by the way, it may be true´ or false`—
But do n't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

6 She was an only child, her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

7. Just as she looks there, in her †bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco`.

8. Great was the joy`; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting;
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,

"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

9 'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth †imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
But that she was not!

10 Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and †embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived^; and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless; then went to strangers.

11. Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old †lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove^ it from its lurking place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst^, it fell^; and lo! a †*skeleton*^,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
†Engraven with a name, the name of both;
"Ginevra."

12 —There then had she found a grave:
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a †springlock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

QUESTIONS.—Where is Modena? Relate this story.

LESSON LI.

2. A-LAC′-RI-TY; *n.* cheerful readiness.
2. E-LAS′-TIC; *adj.* rebounding, springing back.
4. VI-CIS′-SI-TUDE; *n.* change, revolution.
5. SCRU′-PU-LOUS; *adj.* careful, nicely doubtful.
5. IN-TEG′-RI-TY; *n.* honesty of purpose.
7. MEA′-GER; *adj.* small, scanty.
7. STREAM′-LET; *n.* a little stream, a brook.
7. IM-PED′-I-MENT; *n.* hinderance.
7. HAV′-OC; *n.* wide destruction.
7. CA-REER′; *n.* course.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

GIVE the *r* its *rolling* sound in the following words in this lesson: strongest, approbation, secret, afraid, alacrity, brilliant, right, free, erect, heroic, phrase, pride, constrain, private, scrupulous, integrity, drives, morality, greatness, streamlets, presents, torrent, purity.

1. THE man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the †approbation and support of heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

2. Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring †confidence and exulting alacrity with him who feels, at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye, which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet †courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose

bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his purposes are pure and right.

3. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be †slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

4. Let your first step, then, in that †discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense merely of meeting your †pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

5. I use it in its larger sense of †discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, †heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing †considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act, on every occasion, sincerely, justly, generously, †magnanimously.

6. There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the hight of folly to neglect: a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to †aspire.

7. I would not have you resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their †direction at every petty impediment which presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little

†channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career.

8. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of †majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed, with an †imperial †consciousness of strength that laughs at †opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

QUESTIONS.—What is said of the man who is conscious of the rectitude of his intentions? What of the man of the opposite description? What is the first step in gaining decision of character? What would the author not have you resemble? What would he have you like?

LESSON LII.

1. PREC'-E-DENT; *n.* something that serves for an example.
2. PRO-CRAS-TI-NA'-TION; *n.* delay.
3. PALM; *n.* victory.
4. DRIV'-EL; *v.* to be foolish.
4. RE-VER'-SION; *n.* right to future possession.
4. VAILS; *n.* money given to servants. (*It here means* that which may be spent for pleasure. *This word is obsolete, that is, it is not now used.*)
5. DIL'-A-TORY; *adj.* slow, delaying.
6. CHIDES; *v.* reproves.

PROCRASTINATION.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *prec'dent* for prec-*e*-dent; *pro-crast'na-tion* for pro-cras-*ti*-na-tion; *e-ter-n'l* for e-ter-*nal*; *mi-rac'lous* for mi-rac-*u*-lous; *ex'lent* for ex-*cel*-lent; *s'pec's* for *sus*-pects; *in-f'mous* for in-*fa*-mous.

1. BE wise to day. 'Tis madness to †defer:
Next day the †fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.

2. Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
The vast †concerns of an †eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.

3. Of man's †miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, that all men are about to live,
Forever on the †brink of being born.

4. All pay themselves the †compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise,
At least their own: their future selves †applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they †consign:
The thing they can't but purpose, they †postpone.

5. 'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest
Unanxious for ourselves: and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.

6. At thirty, man †suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and †reforms his plan:
At fifty, chides his †infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the †magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and †re-resolves; then dies the same.

QUESTIONS—Name some of the evils of procrastination? What, of all things, are men most apt to defer?

EXERCISE XXIII.

Priceless was the offering. The wound was *thoroughly prob'd. Principle* may not be *profitable.* The books are *printed. Spring flings* her rosy *mantle* o'er the *plains.* The *rowers ply* their weary *oars.*

LESSON LIII.

2 Pro-pel′; *v.* to push forward.
3. En-gin-eer′; *n.* one who manages engines.
3. Steam′-gauge; *n.* something which measures the force of the steam.
3. Scru′-ti-ni-zes; *v.* examines closely.
4. Pon′-der-ous; *adj.* very heavy.
4. Pis′-ton; *n.* a short cylinder used in pumps and engines.
5. Com′-pli-ca-ted; *adj.* intricate.
5. Mi-nu′-tiæ; *n.* the smaller particulars.
6. Fric′-tion; *n.* rubbing.
10. Mo-ment′-um; *n.* the quantity of motion.
11. Sym′-bol; *n.* type or emblem.
11. Res-er-voir′; *n.* (pro. *rez-er-vwor′*) a place where any thing is kept in store.
13. Sus-cep-ti-bil′-i-ties; *n.* capacity for receiving impressions.

THE STEAMBOAT TRIAL.

Remark.—Do not let the voice grow weaker at the last words of a sentence.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *ac-tew-al* for act-*u*-al; *in-gi-neer* for *e*n-gin-eer; *boi-ler* for boi*l*-er; *fas'nings* for fas*t*-en-ings; *move-munce* for move-ments; *in-gine* for *e*n-gine (pro. en-gin); *jint* for j*oi*nt; *ile* for *oi*l; *fur-niss* for fur-nace; *guv-uns* for gov-*er*ns.

1. The Bible everywhere †conveys the idea that this life is not our home, but a state of †probation, that is, of *trial and* †*discipline*, which is intended to prepare us for another. In order that all, even the youngest of my readers, may understand what is meant by this, I shall †illustrate it by some familiar examples, drawn from the actual business of life.

2. When a large steamboat is built, with the intention of having her employed upon the waters of a great river, she must be *proved* before put to service. Before trial, it is somewhat doubtful whether she will succeed. In the first place, it is not absolutely certain whether her †machinery will work at all. There may be some flaw in the iron, or an imperfection in some part of the †workmanship, which will prevent the motion of her wheels. Or, if this is not the case, the power of the ma-

chinery may not be sufficient to propel her through the water with such force as to overcome the current; or she may, when brought to encounter the rapids at some narrow passage in the stream, not be able to force her way against their resistance.

3. The engineer, therefore, resolves to try her in all these respects, that her †security and her power may be properly *proved*, before she is †intrusted with her valuable cargo of human lives. He cautiously builds a fire under her boiler: he watches with eager interest the rising of the steam-gauge, and scrutinizes every part of the machinery, as it gradually comes under the control of the tremendous power, which he is †apprehensively applying.

4. With what interest does he observe the first stroke of the ponderous piston! and when, at length, the fastenings of the boat are let go, and the motion is †communicated to the wheels, and the mighty mass slowly moves away from the wharf, how deep and eager an interest does he feel in all her movements, and in every indication he can discover of her future success!

5. The engine, however, works imperfectly, as every one must on its first trial; and the object in this †experiment is not to gratify idle curiosity, by seeing that she will move, but to discover and remedy every little imperfection, and to remove every obstacle which prevents more entire success. For this purpose, you will see our engineer examining, most minutely and most attentively, every part of her complicated machinery. The crowd on the wharf may be simply gazing on her majestic progress as she moves off from the shore, but the engineer is within, looking with faithful †examination into all the minutiæ of the motion.

6. He scrutinizes the action of every lever and the friction of every joint; here, he oils a bearing, there, he tightens a nut: one part of the machinery has too much play, and he confines it; another, too much friction, and he loosens it; now, he stops the engine, now, reverses her motion, and again, sends the boat forward in her

course. He discovers, perhaps, some great improvement of which she is †susceptible, and when he returns to the wharf and has extinguished her fire, he orders from the machine-shop the necessary alteration.

7. The next day he puts his boat to the trial again, and she glides over the water more smoothly and swiftly than before. The jar which he had noticed is gone, and the friction reduced; the beams play more smoothly, and the †alteration which he has made produces a more equable motion in the †shaft, or gives greater effect to the stroke of the paddles upon the water.

8. When at length her motion is such as to satisfy him upon the smooth surface of the river, he turns her course, we will imagine, toward the rapids, to see how she will sustain a greater trial. As he increases her steam, to give her power to overcome the new force with which she has to contend, he watches, with eager interest, her boiler, †inspects the gauge and safety-valves, and, from her movements under the increased pressure of her steam, he receives suggestions for further improvements, or for †precautions which will insure greater safety.

9. These he executes, and thus he perhaps goes on for many days, or even weeks, trying and examining, for the purpose of improvement, every working of that mighty power, to which he knows hundreds of lives are soon to be intrusted. This now is probation; *trial for the sake of improvement.* And what are its †results? Why, after this course has been thoroughly and faithfully pursued, this floating palace receives upon her broad deck, and in her carpeted and curtained cabin, her four or five hundred passengers, who pour along in one long procession of happy groups, over the bridge of planks; father and son, mother and children, young husband and wife, all with †implicit confidence trusting themselves and their dearest interests to her power.

10. See her as she sails away! How beautiful and yet how powerful are all her motions! That beam glides up and down gently and smoothly in its †grooves, and

yet gentle as it seems, hundreds of horses could not hold it still; there is no apparent violence, but every movement is with irresistible power. How graceful is her form and yet how mighty is the momentum with which she presses on her way!

11. Loaded with life, and herself the very symbol of life and power, she seems something †ethereal, unreal, which, ere we look again, will have vanished away. And though she has within her bosom a furnace glowing with furious fires, and a reservoir of death, the elements of most dreadful ruin and conflagration, of destruction the most complete, and agony the most †unutterable; and though her strength is equal to the united energy of two thousand men, she restrains it all.

12. She was †constructed by genius, and has been *tried* and improved by fidelity and skill; and one man governs and controls her, stops her and sets her in motion, turns her this way and that, as easily and certainly as the child guides the gentle lamb. She walks over the one hundred and sixty miles of her route, without rest and without †fatigue; and the passengers, who have slept in safety in their berths, with destruction by water without, and by fire within, defended only by a plank from the one, and by a sheet of copper from the other, land, at the appointed time in safety.

13. My reader, you have within you susceptibilities and powers, of which you have little present conception; energies, which are hereafter to operate in producing fullness of enjoyment or horrors of suffering, of which you now can form scarcely a conjecture. You are now on *trial*. God wishes you to prepare yourself for safe and happy action. He wishes you to look within, to examine the complicated movements of your hearts, to detect what is wrong, to †modify what needs change, and to †rectify every irregular motion.

14. You go out to try your moral powers upon the stream of active life, and then return to retirement, to improve what is right, and †remedy what is wrong. Renewed opportunities of moral practice are given you,

that you may go on from strength to strength, until every part of that complicated moral machinery, of which the human heart consists, will work as it ought to work, and is prepared to †accomplish the mighty purposes for which your powers are designed. You are *on trial, on probation* now. You will enter upon *active service* in another world.

QUESTIONS.—How does the Bible consider this life? What is a state of probation? What is meant by proving a steamboat? What is the use of doing this? Is there any resemblance between man and a steamboat?

EXERCISE XXIV.

Thou *shed'st* a sunshine on his head. The brown *forests*. *Hop'st* thou for *gifts* like these? Or ever thou *had'st form'd* the earth. I have received *presents*.

LESSON LIV.

1. VAS'-SAL; *n.* a servant, a subject.
1. SCEP'-TER; *n.* a kind of staff borne by kings as a sign of royalty.
2. THRONG; *n.* a crowd, a great multitude.
3. HER'-ALD-ED; *v.* introduced as if by a herald.
3. RUE; *v.* to regret deeply.
4. RAN'-SOMED; *adj.* rescued from death or captivity by paying an equivalent.
5. GOR'-GEOUS; *adj.* showy, splendid.
5. MAR'-TYR; *n.* one who suffers death in defense of what he believes to be truth.

A DIRGE.

REMARK.—Observe the poetic pauses in the following lines, viz.: one at the end, and one near the middle of each line.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *duss* for dust; *juss* for just; *ole* for old; *bole* for bold; *russ* for rust; *truss* for trust.

1. "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,

Here the †matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side, lie withering:
Here the sword and scepter rust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

2 Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep:
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his †sullen trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

3. But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder:
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in †empires' groans,
Burning temples, †trampled thrones:
Then, †ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

4 Then shall come the †judgment sign;
In the east, the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble, then, thou solemn tomb;
Heaven shall open on our sight;
"Earth be turned to living light,"
†Kingdom of the ransomed just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

5. Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem:
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than †Paradise,
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a thousand †glorious years:
Now in hope of him we trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

LESSON LV.

1 †FAIR'-Y; *n.* an imaginary spirit.
1 BRAES; *n.* low woods.
4 DIN; *n.* noise.
4. RI'-OT-ING; *v.* romping.
5. TRAV'-ERS-ING; *v.* wandering.
6. SU-PER-NAT'-U-RAL; *adj.* more than human.
6. RE-VERB'-ER-A-TING; *v.* sounding.
9. E-JAC'-U-LA-TED; *v.* exclaimed.
15. BON'-NY; *adj.* beautiful.

LUCY FORRESTER.

1. LUCY was only six years old, but bold as a fairy, she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The foot-paths were all firm, and led to no places of danger, nor are infants themselves †incautious when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the low woods, and singing she re-appeared on the open hillside. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or, tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet.

2. The creature would be away for hours, and no fear be felt on her account by any one at home; whether she had gone, with her basket under her arm, to borrow some article of †household use from a neighbor, or merely for her own †solitary delight, had wandered off

to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with †wreaths and garlands.

3. The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farm-house about two miles off), with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise.

4. During her absence, the house was silent but happy; and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isabel, her father, mother, and aunt, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree †alarmed, till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the children within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door, but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

5. Within two hours, a hundred people were †traversing the hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all the night through, searched every †nook, every stony and rocky place, every piece of taller heather, every †crevice that could conceal any thing alive or dead, but no Lucy was there.

6. Her mother, who, for a while, seemed †inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and, with a quaking heart, looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating among the hills, intent to seize upon some tone of †recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then the stars, whose increased brightness had, for a short time, supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of the morning, and then the clear brightness of the day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless.

7. "She has sunk into some mossy or miry place," said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he could

not look, "a cruel, cruel death to one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!"

8. At last a man who had left the search, and gone in a direction toward the high-road, came running, with something in his arms toward the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay, †apparently exhausted almost to dying, on the sward. He approached †hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes and plaid.

9. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the †frill that the child had worn around her neck. "Murdered! murdered!" was the one word, whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not: for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

10. Isabel took the clothes, and narrowly †inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a †fervent voice, that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent, no murderer's hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Beside, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But, oh! foolish †despair! What speak I of? For wicked as the world is—ay! desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in the heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy beggar."

11. The crowd quietly †dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure †relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms.

12. Agnes had been able to walk home to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isabel sat by her bedside. All

her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window. Thus hour after hour passed, till it was again twilight. "I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments, the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer-door.

13. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance; and he seemed, from his looks, to bring no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Some thing there seemed to be in his face that was not †miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought Michael, "this man must care little for his own fireside." "Oh, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."

14. "Some thing like a †trace of her has been discovered; a woman, with a child, that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it at the dawning." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isabel; "she will have †tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet, but not solitary glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say you, Mr. Mayne? There is the light of hope in your face." "There is no reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Every body is sure of it. If it was my own Rachel, I should have no fear as to seeing her this blessed night."

15. Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you now, that Watty Oliver knows it was your child, for he saw her †limping along after the gipsy at Galla-Brigg; but having no †suspicion, he did not take a second look at her—but one look is †sufficient—and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forrester."

16. Aunt Isabel, by this time, had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine, on the table.

"You have been a long and hard journey, where ever you have been, Mr. Mayne; take some refreshment;" and Michael asked a blessing.

17. Jacob saw that he might now venture to †reveal the whole truth. "No, no, Mrs. Irving, I am over happy to eat or to drink. You are all prepared for the blessing that awaits you. Your child is not far off; and I myself, for it is I myself that found her, will bring her by the hand, and restore her to her parents."

18. Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sank gently back on her pillow; aunt Isabel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet. There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many voices, which again by degrees †subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look toward the door.

19. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to †restore her to her parents; but dressed again in her own bonnet and gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their own child by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

QUESTION.—Relate the story of little Lucy Forrester, and the manner in which she was found.

What are the nouns in the last paragraph? The adjectives? The verbs? The adverbs? Prepositions? Conjunctions?

EXERCISE XXV.

Canst thou fill his *skin* with barbed irons? Thou *slumber'd'st* not in vain. Thou *laidst* thy waves at *rest.* Around him fall dread powers, dominions, *hosts,* and kingly *thrones.* When *Ajax strives* some *rock's vast* weight to *throw.* He was *distinguished* for his *conscientiousness.* His *lips grow restless* and his *smile* is *curled* into *scorn.* His *limbs* were *strength'n'd* by *exercise.*

THE TEACHER is reminded that the words in *italics* in the Exercises in Articulation should be spelled by their *elements, two* or more consonants coming together being uttered as *one;* and that the word should then be distinctly and *forcibly* pronounced.

LESSON LVI.

1. TINGE; *n.* a slight degree of color.
1. RAB′-BI; *n.* a title given to learned men among the Jews.
4. RE-PAST′; *n.* a meal.
4. OR′-I-SONS; *n.* prayers.
4. PON-TIF′-I-CAL; *adj.* belonging to the high priest.
4. CYM′-BAL; *n.* an instrument of music.
4. PSAL′-TER-Y; *n.* an instrument of music.
4. HAL-LE-LU′-JAHS; *n.* (pro. *hal-le-lu-yahs*) praises to God.
5. IN′-CENSE; *n.* the odor of spices burnt in religious worship.
5. RE-LUCT′-ANT; *adj.* unwilling.
5. SAP′-PHIRE; *n.* a precious stone of a blue color; *here put for the color.*
6. LUS′-TER; *n.* splendor, brightness.
8. SPOUS′-AL; *adj.* relating to marriage.
10. CHAS′-TENED; *adj.* (pro. *chas-n'd*) afflicted for correction.
10. HOM′-AGE; *n.* reverential worship.

A HEBREW TALE.

REMARK.—Be careful not to allow the voice to grow weaker and weaker, as you approach the end of each sentence.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *scurce* for scarce; *frag-rant* for fra-grant; *o-ri′-sons* for or′-i-sons; hal-le-lu-jahs, pro. *hal-le-lu-yahs*; *beau-che-ous* for beau-*te*-ous; *hal-lerd* for hal-*low*-ed; *o-be-junce* for o-be-*di*-ence.

1. †TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge of eve,
As toward his home in Israel's †sheltered vales
A †stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar the palm trees' lofty heads, that †decked
The dear, † domestic †fountain, and in speed
Pressed with broad foot, the smooth and dewy glade.

2. The holy man his peaceful threshold passed
With hasting step. The evening meal was spread,
And she, who from life's morn his heart had shared,
Breathed her fond welcome. Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his father's God he sought;
Ruler of earth and sea. Then raising high
The †sparkling wine cup, "call my sons," he bade,
"And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."

3. The observant mother spake with gentle voice,
Somewhat of soft excuse, that they were wont
To linger long amid the Prophet's school,
Learning the holy law their father loved.

4 —His sweet repast with sweet †discourse was blent,
Of journeying and return. "Would thou hadst seen
With me, the golden morning bring to light
Yon mountain summits, whose blue waving line
Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds.
A breath of fragrant herbs and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul
Warm orisons. Yet most I wished thee near
Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,
Clad in his robe pontifical, †invoked
The God of Abraham, while on the lute and harp,
Cymbal, and trump, and psalt'ry, and glad breath
Of tuneful Levite, and the mighty shout
Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
Loud hallelujahs burst.

5 When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company. Their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
No longer must withhold them:—the new †toil
Will give them sweeter sleep, and touch their cheek
With brighter crimson. 'Mid their raven curls
My hand I 'll lay, and dedicate them there,
Even in those courts, to Israel's God;
Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.
But yet, methinks, thou 'rt paler grown, my love?
And the pure sapphire of thine eyes looks dim,
As though 't were washed with tears."
——Faintly she smiled,
"*One doubt*, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.
Gems of rich luster and of countless cost
Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
They are demanded. Must they be restored?
Or may I not a little longer gaze
Upon their dazzling †hues?"

7. His eyes grew stern,
And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
Of indignation.——"Doth *my wife* propose
Such doubt? as if a master might not claim
His own again?" "Nay, Rabbi, come, behold
These †priceless jewels ere I yield them back."

8. So to their spousal chamber, with soft hand
Her lord she led. There, on a snow white couch
Lay his two sons, *pale, pale, and motionless*,
Like fair twin lilies, which some †grazing kid
In †wantonness had cropped. "My sons! my sons!
Light of my eyes!" the astonished father cried;
"My teachers in the law! whose †guileless hearts
And prompt obedience warned *me* oft to be
More perfect with my God!"

9. To earth he fell,
Like Lebanon's rent cedar; while his breast
Heaved with such groans as when the laboring soul
Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.
The mourning mother turned away and wept,
Till the first storm of †passionate grief was still.
Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,
"*Thou* didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
The summoned jewels. See! the Lord doth give,
The Lord hath taken away."

10. "Yea!" said the sire,
"And *blessed be his name.* Even for *thy sake*,
Thrice blessed be Jehovah." Long he pressed
On those cold, beautiful brows his †quivering lip,
When from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
Then kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
Their mighty homage forth to God.

QUESTIONS.—What is a Rabbi? Relate this story. What is the best support in time of trouble and affliction?

LESSON LVII.

1. Rep′-tiles (pro. *rep′-tils*); *n.* animals that creep, as worms, snakes, &c.
1. Re-coil′; *v.* start back, shrink from.
2. Coiled; *v.* gathered into a circular form.
2. Coy′-a; *n.* a kind of serpent.
3. In-fest′-ed; *v.* troubled, annoyed.
4. Ob-structs′; *v.* hinders, stops.
5. Rank′-le; *v.* to rage, to become violent.
5. Spell; *n.* a charm.
7. Still; *n.* a vessel used in distilling or making liquors.

THE VENOMOUS WORM.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *rep-tiles* for rep-tiles (pro. rep′-tils); *pi-son* for poi-son; *un-for-ter-nit* for un-fort-*u*-nate; *an-i-muls* for an-i-mals; *dis-truc-tion* for de-struc-tion; *symp-tims* for symp-toms; *in-san-er-ty* for in-san-*i*-ty.

"Outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

1. Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or †copper head? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this State, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the †venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this lesson.

2. This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in †diameter, but, as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be †conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people, who are in the *habit of going there to drink.* The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct, that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.

3. Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the †misery and destruction of many of our fellow-citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects

produced by the subtile poison which this worm †infuses.

4. The †symptoms of its *bite* are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his †utterance; and †delirium of the most horrid character, quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

5. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he †exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the *spell* in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the †unhappy patient recovered from the †paroxysm of insanity, occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the *destroyer*, for the sole purpose of being *bitten again.*

6. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only *son* to quit the †lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the "staff of his †declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.

7. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the *Worm of the Still.*

QUESTIONS.—What is manufactured at the "still" here spoken of? Why is intemperance worse than the bite of the most venomous serpent? What is the coya? What part of a still is called the "worm?" Why is it so called?

In the last paragraph parse "youths." See Analytical Grammar, Rule V.

EXERCISE XXVI.

They *grappl'd* and fell. The *grizzly* bear is ferocious. They *grumbl'd* at their *crippled* condition. Each *crevice* and *cranny* was filled with *frost. Alt*ars and *shrines incredibly increase. Herds*men *protect herds* in the *forests. Scenes* of *pleasure* soon pall upon the *senses.* The *trees* fell *thundering,* and *crackling,* and *crashing* The *Franks fled fran*tically.

LESSON LVIII.

1. A-SLOPE′; *adv.* obliquely, in a slanting manner.
2. PAU′-PER; *n.* a poor person, one supported by the public. [ing.
2. PRO-MUL′-GA-TING; *v.* publish-
3. MU-NIC-I-PAL′-I-TY; *n.* a division of country or of a city.
4. GOB′-LET; *n.* a kind of drinking vessel.
4. COGN′-IAC; *n.* (pro. *kone′-yak*) the best kind of brandy.
4. HOL′-LANDS; *n.* a kind of gin
4. JA-MAI′-CA; *n.* a kind of rum.
6. PO-TA′-TIONS; *n.* draughts.
6. RU′-BI-CUND; *adj.* inclined to redness.
10. TIT-IL-LA′-TION; *n.* the state of being tickled.
14. MO-NOP′-O-LIZE; *v.* to obtain the whole.
14. CON-SUM-MA′-TION; *n.* completion, perfection of a work.

THE TOWN PUMP.

REMARK.—It will be a good exercise for the pupil to stand at a distance from the teacher, and then try to read so loud and distinctly that the teacher may hear with perfect ease each syllable that is pronounced.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *troth* for trough (pro. *trauf*); *per-pe-tew′-ity* for per-pe-*tu*-i-ty; *pat-tun* for pat-*tern*; *of-fi-suz* for of-fi-*cers*; *lan-tun* for lan-*tern*; *thus-ty* for thi*rs*-ty.

(*Scene.*—The corner of two principal streets.—The Town Pump talking through its nose.)

1. NOON, by the north clock`! Noon, by the east`! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall´, scarcely aslope´, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose`. Truly`, we public characters have a tough time` of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such †manifold duties as are imposed, in †perpetuity, upon the Town Pump.

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The †overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide †bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health

As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and †exhibit, moreover, an †admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and †impartial †discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the public square, on a †muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is`, gentlemen´! Here is the good liquor`! Walk up`, walk up`, gentlemen´, walk up`, walk up`! Here is the superior stuff`! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam`! better than Cogniac´, Hollands´, Jamaica´, strong beer´, or wine of any` price; here it is, by the hogshead, or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

5. It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. †Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and wellcurbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a †jellyfish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer †intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less †potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot †gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the †miniature †Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a †draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my †hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.

10. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the †decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue †lolling out, does not scorn my †hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See, how lightly he †capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon^, good people´! I must interrupt my stream of †eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to †replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all †the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look^! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their †capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand †reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty †enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work, this †speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

14. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership, that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squallid form may shelter itself. Then, Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then, Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

15. Then, there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their

dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

16. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. But, still is this †fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold with certainty and joy, the approach of the period, when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our father's days, will be fully †appreciated and †recognized by all.

QUESTIONS.—Describe the various characters who are supposed to approach the pump for a drink, and the pump's remarks to them.

LESSON LIX.

EX-ACT′; *v.* to compel to pay.
FOR′-FEIT; *n.* that to which the right is lost by breach of contract.
CAR′-RI-ON; *adj.* putrid.
DUC′-AT; *n.* a piece of money worth from one to two dollars.
HU′-MOR; *n.* disposition, fancy.
BANED; *v.* poisoned.
GAP′-ING; *adj.* open mouthed.
STRAIN′-ED; *v.* forced.
EX-PO-SI′-TION; *n.* explanation.
NOM′-I-NA-TED; *v.* named.
PEN′-AL-TY; *n.* the suffering or loss to which one is subjected by not fulfilling certain conditions.
CON′-FIS-CATE; *adj.* taken away and devoted to the public use.
AL′-IEN, (pro. *ale′-yen*); *n.* one who is not entitled to the privilege of a citizen.
COF′-FER; *n.* treasury.
TEN′-OR; *n.* meaning.

SHYLOCK, OR THE POUND OF FLESH.

REMARK.—Let the pupil stand at a distance from the teacher, and try to read so loud and distinctly, that the teacher may hear each syllable.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *pen'lt-y* for pen-*a*l-ty; *qual'ty* for qual-*i*-ty; *per-j'ry* for per-*ju*-ry; *law-f'ly* for law-*ful* ly; *ex-p'si-tion* for ex-po-si-tion; *prin-c'p'l* for prin-*ci*-pal; *in-d'rect* for in-*di*-rect.

Judge. WHAT! is Antonio here?
Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Ju. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony †adversary, an inhuman wretch,
†Incapable of pity.

Ant I am armed to suffer.

(*Enter Shylock.*)

Ju. Dost thou now exact the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh?

Shy By our holy Sabbath, I have sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Ju. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the †current of thy †cruelty.

Shy I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
As there is no firm reason to be †rendered,
Why one can not abide a gaping pig;
Another, a harmless, †necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, and I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

Ju. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Ant. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Shy If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Ju. How shalt thou hope for mercy, †rendering none?

Shy. The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; is mine; and I will have it:
If you deny me, fy upon your law!

I stand for †judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Ju. Antonio, do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Ju. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what †compulsion *must* I? tell me *that*.

Ju. The quality of mercy is not †strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I †crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Ju. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Ant. Yes, here I tender it to him in the court;
Yea, twice and thrice the sum.

Shy. I 'll have my bond, I will not take thy offer.

Ju. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a †decree †established.

Shy. Oh wise, wise Judge, how do I honor thee!

Ju. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

(*Gives it to the Judge.*)

Shy. Here 't is, most †reverend doctor,* here it is.

Ju. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have in Heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Ju. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart; be merciful;
Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
You know the law, your †exposition
Hath been most sound.
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stand here on my bond.

---

* This word here means a learned man.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Ju. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. Oh noble Judge!

Ju. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due unto the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true: Oh wise and upright Judge!

Ju. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. (*To Antonio.*)

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond; does it not, noble Judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Ju. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Ju. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge.
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so *nominated* in the bond?

Ju. It is not so *expressed;* but what of *that?*
'T were good you do so much in *charity.*

Shy. I can not find it; 't is not in the bond.

Ju. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armed and well prepared.

Ju. Shylock! A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine!
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful Judge!

Ju. And you must cut the flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned Judge! A sentence: come, prepare.

Ju. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the law of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Shy. Is that the law?

Ju. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be †assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Shy. I take his offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Ju. The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste!
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou not blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
Than just one pound; be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor †scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the †estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Why doth the Jew pause? take thy †forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my †principal, and let me go.

Ju. Thou hast refused it in the open court;
Thou shalt have merely justice, and the bond.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my †principal?

Ju. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Ju. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect †attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth †contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; and the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the court only.

Shy. Take my life, then, and all, and pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Ju. The court in mercy spares thy life,
But the forfeiture of thy estate,
Comes not within our power to †remedy;
The law is strict in its demands of justice.
Are you †contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; Oh give me leave to go
Where I may die in peace:
Since what I hold dearer than my life,
Is taken from me.

Ju. The court has mercy on your life;
Go, repent, and live,
And with a softer heart, remember mercy too.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Shylock choose the pound of flesh rather than the payment of his debt? What does he mean by saying "my deeds upon my head?" In whose favor does the judge decide? How does he eventually relieve Antonio from his danger? How is Shylock punished? Was his punishment just? Why?

In the last three lines, which are the verbs? Which of them is in the indicative mode? Which are in the imperative mode? What does the word *indicative* mean? Why is this mode so called? What does the word *imperative* mean? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 68, Art. 163.

EXERCISE XXVII.

When similar sounds come at the end of one word, and at the beginning of the next, they must not be blended.

He sinks *s*orrowing to the tomb. Man loves *s*ociety. Time flies *s*wiftly. The birds *s*ing. Man *n*ever dies. The heart *t*urns away. The lip *p*ants. The dim *m*ournful light *t*ries vainly to enter. The quick creak comes grating. Give vantage ground.

LESSON LX.

1. Im-per-cept′-i-ble; *adj.* not to be perceived.
1. In-cip′-i-ent; *adj.* commencing, beginning.
2. Dex-ter′-i-ty; *n.* expertness, skill.
3. Pro-pen′-si-ties; *n.* bent of mind, inclination.
4. Fas-cin-a′-tion; *n.* a powerful influence on the affections.
4. Stim′-u-lus; *n.* something which excites.
7. Can′-ons; *n.* rules.
8. Cal′-lous; *adj.* insensible, unfeeling.
9. Ban′-died; *v.* tossed about.
10. Bac-cha-na′-lian; *adj.* reveling in intemperance.
11. Phys′-ic-al; *adj.* material, external.
12. Di′-a-lect; *n.* a particular form of speech.
12. Re-cept′-a-cles; *n.* places where any thing is received.
13. Glad′-i-a-tor; *n.* a prize-fighter.
13. A-re′-na; *n.* an open space.
14. Ru′-mi-na-ting; *v.* meditating.
15. Ret-ri-bu′-tion; *n.* recompense.

EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

Remark.—Be careful to observe the commas and other points, making an appropriate pause at each one of them.

1. The love of gambling steals, perhaps, more often than any other sin, with an imperceptible influence on its victim. Its first †pretext is †inconsiderable, and falsely termed innocent play, with no more than the gentle †excitement necessary to amusement. This plea, once indulged, is but too often "as the letting out of water." The interest imperceptibly grows. Pride of superior skill, opportunity, avarice, and all the †overwhelming passions of depraved nature, ally themselves with the incipient and growing fondness. Dam and dike are swept away. The victim struggles in vain, and is borne down by the †uncontrolled current.

2. Thousands have given scope to the †latent guilty avarice, unconscious of the guest they harbored in their bosoms. Thousands have exulted over the avails of gambling, without comprehending the baseness of using the money of another, won without honest industry,

obtained without an †equivalent; and perhaps from the †simplicity, rashness, and †inexperience of youth. Multitudes have commenced gambling, thinking only to win a small sum, and prove their superior skill and dexterity, and there pause.

3. But it is the teaching of all time, it is the experience of human nature, that effectual †resistance to powerful propensities, if made at all, is usually made before the †commission of the first sin. My dear reader! let me implore you, by the mercies of God and the worth of your soul, to †contemplate this enormous evil only from a distance. Stand firmly against the first temptation, under whatsoever †specious forms it may assail you. "Touch not." "Handle not." "Enter not into temptation."

4. It is the †melancholy and well known character of this sin, that, where once an appetite for it has gained possession of the breast, the common motives, the gentle excitements, and the ordinary †inducements to business or amusement, are no longer felt. It incorporates itself with the whole body of thought, and fills with its fascination all the desires of the heart. Nothing can henceforward arouse the spell-bound victim to a †pleasurable †consciousness of existence, but the destructive stimulus of gambling.

5. Another †appalling view of gambling is, that it is *the prolific stem, the fruitful parent, of all other vices.* Blasphemy, falsehood, cheating, drunkenness, quarreling, and murder, are all naturally connected with gambling; and what has been said, with so much power and truth, of another sin, may, with equal emphasis and truth, be asserted of this: "Allow yourself to become a †confirmed gambler; and detestable as this practice is, it will soon be only one among many gross sins of which you will be guilty." Giving yourself up to the indulgence of another sinful course, might prove your ruin; but then you might perish only under the guilt of the †indulgence of a single gross sin.

6. But, should you become a gambler, you will, in all

probability, descend to destruction with the added infamy of having been the slave of all kinds of iniquity, and "led captive by Satan at his will." Gambling seizes hold of all the passions, allies itself with all the appetites, and compels every propensity to pay †tribute. The subject, however plausible in his external deportment, becomes †avaricious, greedy, †insatiable. Meditations upon the card table occupy all his day and night dreams. Had he the power, he would †annihilate all the hours of this our short life, that necessarily †intervene between the periods of his favorite pursuit.

7. *Cheating* is a sure and †inseparable attendant upon a continued course of gambling. We well know with what horror the canons of the card table repel this charge. It pains us to assert our deep and deliberate conviction of its truth. There must be prostration of moral principle, and silence of conscience, even to begin with it. Surely a man who regards the natural sense of right, laying the †obligations of Christianity out of the question, can not sit down with the purpose to win the money of another in this way.

8. He must be aware, in doing it, that avarice and dishonest thoughts, it may be almost †unconsciously to himself, mingle with his motives. Having once closed his eyes upon the unworthiness of his motives, and deceived himself, he begins to study how he may deceive others. Every moralist has remarked upon the delicacy of conscience; and that, from the first †violation, it becomes more and more callous, until finally it sleeps a sleep as of death, and ceases to †remonstrate.

9. The gambler is less and less scrupulous about the modes of winning, so that he can win. No person will be long near the gambling table of high stakes, be the standing of the players what it may, without hearing the charge of CHEATING bandied back and forward; or reading the †indignant expression of it in their countenances. One half of our fatal duels have their immediate or remote origin in insinuations of this sort.

10. The alternations of loss and gain; the †preterna-

tural excitement of the mind, and consèquent depression when that excitement has passed away; the bacchanalian merriment of guilty associates; the loss of natural rest; in short, the very †atmosphere of the gambling table, foster the temperament of *hard drinking.* A keen sense of interest may, indeed, and often does, restrain the gambler, while actually engaged in his employment, that he may possess the †requisite coolness to watch his †antagonist, and avail himself of every passing advantage.

11. But the moment the high excitement of play is intermitted, the moment the passions †vibrate back to the state of repose, what shall sustain the sinking spirits; what shall renerve the relaxed physical nature; what shall fortify the mind against the tortures of conscience, and the thoughts of "a judgment to come," but †intoxication? It is the experience of all time, that a person is seldom a gambler for any considerable period, without being also a drunkard.

12. *Blasphemy* follows, as a thing of course: and is, indeed, the well-known and universal dialect of the gambler. How often has my heart sank within me, as I have passed the dark and dire receptacles of the gambler, and seen the red and bloated faces, and †inhaled the mingled smells of tobacco and †potent drink; and heard the loud, strange, and horrid curses of the players; realizing the while, that these beings so occupied were †candidates for eternity, and now on the course which, if not speedily forsaken, would fix them forever in hell.

13. We have already said, that gambling naturally leads to *quarreling and murder.* How often have we retired to our berth in the steamboat, and heard charges of dishonesty, accents of †reviling and †recrimination, and hints that these charges must be met and settled at another time and place, ring in our ears, as we have been attempting to commune with God, and settle in a right frame to repose! Many †corses of young men, who met a violent death from this cause, have we seen carried to their long home! Every gambler, in the

region where we write, is always armed to the teeth, and goes to this horrid pursuit, as the gladiator formerly presented himself on the arena of combat.

14. The picture receives deeper shades, if we take into the grouping the *wife*, or the *daughter*, or the *mother*, who lies sleepless, and ruminating through the long night, trembling lest her midnight †retirement shall be invaded by those who bring back the husband and the father wounded or slain, in one of those sudden †frays which the card table, its accompaniments, and the passions it excites, so frequently generate. Suppose these †forebodings should not be realized, and that he should steal home alive in the morning, with beggary and drunkenness, guilt and despair, written on his †haggard countenance, and accents of sullenness and ill temper falling from his tongue, how †insupportably gloomy must be the prospects of the future to that family!

15. These are but feeble and general sketches of the misery and ruin to individuals and to society from the †indulgence of this vice, during the present life. If the wishes of unbelief were true, and there were no life after this, what perverse and miserable †calculations would be those of the gambler, taking into view only the present world! But, in any view of the character and consequences of gambling, who shall dare close his eyes upon its *future bearing* on the interest and the eternal welfare of his soul! Who shall dare lay out of the calculation the *retributions of †eternity?*

16. Each of the sins that enters into this deadly compound of them all, must incur the threatened displeasure and punishment of the Almighty. If there be degrees in the misery and despair of the †tenants of that region, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," how must the †persevering and †impenitent gambler sink, as if "a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the sea!" Say thou, my youthful reader, I implore thee, looking up to the Lord for a firm and unalterable purpose, "I will hold fast my integrity and not let it go."

LESSON LXI.

1. AL-LURE′-MENT *n.* something attractive.
1 PLIGHT; *n.* state, condition.
2 PHAN′-TOM; *n.* a fancied vision, a specter.
3. A-WRY′; *adj.* (pro. *a-ri′*) turned to one side, squinting.
3. IN-AN′-I-MATE; *adj.* without life.
4. VIG′-IL-ANCE; *n.* watchfulness.
4. DE-CREP′-IT; *a.* wasted with age.
5. PRONE; *adj.* bending down, not erect.
5. DE-BASED′; *adj.* degraded.
6. UN-ALMS′-ED; *adj.* (pro. *un-amzd′*) not having received alms, or charitable assistance

THE MISER.

REMARK.—Remember that the chief beauty and excellence of reading consists in a clear and smooth articulation of the words and letters.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *sa-cri-fisd* for sac-ri-fic'd (pro. *sac-ri-fiz'd*); *be-nev-er-lunce* for be-nev-o-lence; *of-fud* for of-*fer'd*; *bit-ter-niss* for bit-ter-ness; *yal-ler* for yel-*low*; *fol-lerd* for fol-*low'd*; *il-lus-trous* for il-lus-tri-ous; *ub-un-dunce* for *a*-bun-dance.

1. GOLD, many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and labored all the day;
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the †bowels of the earth,
Which being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less.

2 They, on its altar, †sacrificed ease and peace,
Truth, faith, †integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, †charity, †benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender †sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid, †murderous rite,
And †signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them, what? an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the †bitterness of woe.

3. Most, for the †luxuries it bought, the †pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly further gone,
With eye awry, †incurable, and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his †guardian angel quite given up;
The *miser*, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded †intercourse.

4. Ill-guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light-winged dreams
Ascended up to God—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting, worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most †debasing rags,
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And, as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure.

5. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most †debased.
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with Death.

6. †Illustrious fool! Nay, most †inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed, and mid †abundance died,
Sorest of evils!—died of *utter want.*

QUESTIONS.—Describe the miser as here painted. What becomes of him?

In the first sentence "gold many hunted," what is the *subject.* What the *attribute?* What *modifier* has the attribute? In what case How governed? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 140, Ex 100, and Rule III.

LESSON LXII.

1. Im-pe'-ri-ous; *adj.* urgent, not to be opposed.
1. An-tag'-o-nist; *n.* an opponent, one who contends with another in combat.
2. Poign'-ant; *adj.* (pro. *poin-ant*) sharp, severe.
2. Par'-a-lyzed; *v.* deprived of the power of action.
3. Sanct'-u-a-ry; *n.* a sacred place, a place of protection.
5. An-i-mad-vert'-ed; *v.* censured, reproved.
7. Com-punc'-tion; *n.* remorse, sorrow from a consciousness of guilt.
8. Plen'-i-tude; *n.* fullness, completeness.

CRIMINALITY OF DUELING.

In 1804, Alexander Hamilton was challenged by Aaron Burr. Both were distinguished American Statesmen, but Burr envied Hamilton's popularity. Hamilton felt compelled by the force of public opinion to accept the challenge, but fired his pistol in the air, and was himself killed by Burr. The following is from an address by Dr. Nott.

1. Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he †sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost, lost to his country, lost to his family, lost to us. For this rash act, because he †disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I can not forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps.

2. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers, already, all that humanity can suffer: suffers, and wherever he may fly, will suffer, with the poignant †recollection of having taken the life of one, who was too †magnanimous in return to attempt his own. If he had known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed, at so †incorruptible a bosom, the †instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not †adamant, must soften; if it be not ice, it must melt. * * * But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as †suppliants, I wish not to excite your †vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an

object rendered wretched and †pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

3. But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I can not forgive. I can not forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to †remonstrate on this subject. I can not forgive that public †prosecutor, who, intrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen these wrongs and taken no measures to †avenge them. I can not forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of State who has lightly passed over such offenses. I can not forgive the public, in whose opinion the †duelist finds a sanctuary. I can not forgive you, my brethren, who till this late hour have been silent, while †successive murders were committed.

4. No; I can not forgive you, that you have not in common with the freemen of this State, raised your voice to the powers that be, and loudly and †explicitly demanded an †execution of your laws; demanded this in a manner, which, if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and have pleaded your excuse before the God that filleth them; in whose presence as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood that crieth against us, had I been silent.

5. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses; the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have †violated the laws, and of those whose †indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

6. I enjoy another †opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble, on the one side, the †disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and, on the other, those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects.

7. I would entreat them, by the agonies of †bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heart-felt groans; to mark the orphan's sighs and tears; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton; I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle; I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity; ye who have experienced the †anguish of †dissolving friendship; who have wept, and still weep over the †moldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this †reflection.

8. Oh thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy suffering! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of †sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of †consolation! But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne let us lift up our voices and weep. Oh God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless; if in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercy in store for †miserable mortals, pity, oh pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless †orphans may find a friend, a †benefactor, a father in Thee!

QUESTIONS.—Who was Hamilton? Who was Burr? What were the circumstances of their duel? What is said of Hamilton? What is said of his antagonist Burr who killed him? What is said of the minister of the altar? Of the public prosecutor? Of the judge? Is there any excuse for the duelist?

Parse each of the first nine words. State which is the *subject*, and which the *attribute* of that sentence. What preposition connects the objective modifier "*force*" to the attribute "*yielded*."

EXERCISE XXVIII.

The tale *thrill'd* his heart. The *thrifty* man *prospers*. They *threaded* the narrow *streets* with *scarcely* a ray of light. *Youth's thoughtlessness heeds* not the *truths* which the *experience* of age *teaches*.

LESSON LXIII.

A-VER'-SION; *n.* dislike.
I'-RO-NY; *n.* language intended to convey a meaning contrary to its literal signification.
DE-RIS'-ION; *n.* the act of laughing at in contempt.
IN-COM-PAT'-I-BLE; *adj.* that can not exist together.

TIT FOR TAT.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *s'prise* for *sur*-prise, *d'rect-ly* for di-rect-ly; *ole maid* for old maid; *juss* for just; *un-der-stan* for un-der-stand; *slight-es* for slight-est; *ob-jec* for ob-ject.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the †newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear; I have †finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate †stale news. Is there any thing in the paper? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who? Who?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby? Dear! But why did you tell me?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the †paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the †surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

Mr. B. Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I can not find it. How †provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell me.

Mr. B. Our friend, Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby? Dear! Why did you not make me guess? I should have guessed him †directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion to him, as you †remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke? But there are so many Cookes. Can't you †distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

Mrs. B. Emma Cooke? No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so. I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, how could you †decide, that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just †observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that †compliment †perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.

Mr. B. Irony? my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes; in earnest; so I perceive; I may naturally be dull of †apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend too well. Yes, it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to

guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from †experience; you have been †disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. B. No, you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that, only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you should not think of me at all.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

Mrs. B. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision; †ridicule and love are incompatible, †absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

Mr. B. Happy, I hope †sincerely, that she will be with my friend; but my happiness must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not †torment yourself with such †fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure, or you either, but to †satisfy my own †*curiosity*.

QUESTIONS.—What inflections are proper at the pauses in the last two sentences?

LESSON LXIV.

1. Surg'-es; *n.* large waves.
1. Vol-ca'-noes; *n.* burning mountains.
1. Ex-plo'-ding; *v.* throwing out with force and a loud report.
2. Con-vul'-sion; *n.* commotion, tumult.
2. Myr'-i-ad; *n.* a very great number.
2. Con-fla-gra'-tion; *n.* a great fire.
3. La'-va; *n.* melted matter from a volcano.
4. Dex-ter'-i-ty; *n.* activity, skill.
6. Com-bust'-i-ble; *adj.* easily [burned.
7. Earth'-quake; *n.* a shaking of the earth.
8. Am-phi-the'-a-ter; *n.* a building of a round form for public amusements.
8. A-re'-na; *n.* an open space of ground.
11. Ca-tas'-tro-phe; *n.* an unfortunate end.
11. Ob'-vi-ous-ly; *adv.* evidently

CONFLAGRATION OF AN AMPHITHEATER.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *bil-lers* for bil-*lows*; *vol-lum* for vol-ume (pro. *vol-yum*); *nar-rer* for nar-*row*; *hij-jus* for hid-*e-ous*; *mix-ter* nor *mix-tshure* for mix*t-ure*; *for-tu-net-ly* for fort-u-nate-ly; *tre-men-jus* nor *tre-men-ju-ous* for tre-mend-ous.

1. Rome was an ocean of flame. Hight and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The †billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding †volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing †cataracts, then climbed and consumed again.

2. The distant sound of the city, in her convulsion, went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the †advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the †hideous outcry of the myriads, flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

3. All was clamor, violent †struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, †trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect for condition. One dense mass of miserable life, †irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow

streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

4. The fire had †originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke, that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on.

5. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand upon his heart in †re-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid †defiance to chance and time.

6. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit: burning †cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of †howls, shrieks, and groans.

7. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to †impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved as if in an earthquake, and, fortunately for us, fell inward. The whole scene of terror was then open.

8. The great amphitheater of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was †intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle after circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in †unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this †colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length, a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena.

9. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games, had broken from their dens. Maddened by fright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India

and Africa, were inclosed in an †impassable barrier of fire.

10. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made †desperate leaps upward through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, to die raging.

11. I looked †anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had †obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter.

12. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheater. There indeed sat an object of †melancholy interest; a man who had been either unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a †gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked.

13. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the †imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him, and under this tremendous †canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

QUESTIONS.—Where is Rome? What is a conflagration? What had happened to Rome? What is an amphitheater? To whom do we owe our preservation from fire, and from other calamities?

EXERCISE XXIX.

Thou *indulged'st* the appetite. Oh wind! that *waft'st* us o'er the main. Thou *tempted'st* him. Thou *loved'st* him fondly. Thou *credited'st* his story. The *lists* are open. The light *dazzl'd* his eyes. They were *puzzl'd* by the *intricacies* of the path. In vain thou *muzzl'd'st* the fierce beast.

LESSON LXV.

AR'-RAS; *n.* a kind of curtains hung around the walls of a room.

UN-CLEAN'-LY; *adj.* (pro. *un-klen'-ly*) indecent.

WAN'-TON-NESS; *n.* playfulness, sportiveness.

CHRIST'-EN-DOM; *n.* territory of Christians; *used for* christening or baptism, *as if he said,* By my baptism.

PRATE; *n.* familiar talk.

SOOTH; *n.* truth.

RHEUM; *n.* (pro. *rume*) *here used for* tears.

DIS-PIT'-E-OUS; *adj.* cruel, without pity.

FOUL; *adj.* wicked, abominable.

A-NON'; *adv.* soon; *still and anon means,* now and then, frequently.

WINCE; *v.* to shrink back as from pain.

CHID; *v.* blamed, reproached.

AN-NOY'-ANCE; *n.* any thing which injures or troubles.

TROTH; *n.* truth, veracity.

EX-TREMES'; *n.* the greatest degree of distress; *undeserved extremes means,* acts of cruelty which he had not deserved.

TARRE; *v.* (pro. *tar*) to tease, to set on.

DOG'-GED; *adj.* surly, stubborn.

CLOSE'-LY; *adv.* secretly, privately.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

PRONOUNCE correctly. I-rons, pro. *i-urns*; un-clean-ly, pro. *un-clen-ly;* Christ-en-dom, pro. *Kris'n-dum;* pris-on, pro. *priz'n;* min-utes, pro. *min-its;* pret-ty, pro. *prit-ty.*

Hubert. HEAT me these irons hot; and, look, thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair; be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attendant. I hope your †warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly †scruples! Fear not you: look to it.
(*Exeunt Attendants.*)
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.
(*Enter Arthur.*)

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth Mercy on me!
Methinks no person should be sad but I;
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so would I be here, but that I doubt
My uncle †practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his †innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you,
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*)
How now, foolish rheum? (*Aside.*)
Turning †dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest †resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand, at midnight, held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was †crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it:
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And †quench its †fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. (*Stamps.*) (*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*)
Do as I bid you.

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the †fierce looks of these bloody men

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert! let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons †angrily;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go stand within; let me alone with him.

1st At. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. (*Ex. At.*)

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his †compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. Oh, heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that †precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are †boisterous there,
Your vile †intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the †utterance of a †brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue! let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub I can heat it, boy.

Arth No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief—
Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself.
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And †strewed repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it †perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is †compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only *you* do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thy uncle owns;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were †disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more: Adieu!
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I 'll fill these dogged †spies with false †reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. Oh heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

QUESTIONS.—Why was Hubert about to kill Arthur? What did Arthur say? What was the result of his entreaties?

What is the *subject* of the last sentence? What is the *attribute?*

EXERCISE XXX.

The *throne* was *throng'd* with *suppliants.* The *thrush* and the *oriole seem'd* to vie in song. He is *thorough through* all. *Springing, swinging, clinging,* the ape *jumps* from *branch* to *branch.* The *subjects* were *appropriate* to the *circumstances. Reflection* is desirable under *difficult exigencies.* A *catapult* is an engine for *throwing stones.* A *cataplasm* is a *soft poultice. Drifting,* and almost *drown'd,* he *drank* the *briny* wave. From *star* to *star* the livid *lightnings flash.*

LESSON LXVI.

CAN'-NI-BALS; *n.* men who eat human flesh.
AG-GRES'-SORS; *n.* the first invaders.
VEN'-I-SON; *n.* (pro. *ven'-e-z'n* or *ven''-z'n*) the flesh of deer.
COL'-O-NY; *n.* a company of persons removing to a new country, but remaining subject to the parent country.
REG'-I-MENT; *n.* a body of troops

CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *sav-ij-is* for sav-*a*-ges; *kit-tle* for ket-tle; *idee* for i-de-*a*; *reg-i-munt* for reg-i-ment; *musk-its* for musk-ets; *con-tra'-ry* for con'-tra-ry; *sub-jics* for sub-*jects*; *weap'n* for weap-on.

1 *King Charles.* WELL, friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither *yourself.*

2 *Penn.* Yes, I have, I †assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

3 *K. C.* What! venture yourself among the †savages of North America! Why, man, what †security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

4 *P.* The best security in the world.

5 *K. C.* I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security, against those cannibals, but in a †regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and †bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under †obligations, I will not send a *single soldier* with you.

6 *P.* I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

7 *K. C.* Ah! what may *that* be?

8 *P.* Why, I depend upon *themselves*; on the working of their *own hearts*; on their notions of *justice*; on their *moral sense.*

K. C. A fine thing, this same *moral sense*, no doubt; but I fear you will not find *much* of it among the Indians of North America.

P. And why not among *them*, as well as *others?*

K. C. Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my †subjects so †barbarously as they have done.

P. That is no †proof of the †contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the *aggressors*. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the *fondest* and *kindest creatures* in the world. *Every day*, they would *watch* for them to come ashore, and hasten to *meet* them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to †desperation by such †injustice; and that, burning with †revenge, they should have committed some †excesses?

K. C. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

P. I am not afraid of it.

K. C. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?

P. Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

K. C. No, indeed? How then will you get their lands?

P. I mean to *buy* their lands of them.

K. C. Buy their lands of *them?* Why, man, you have already bought them of *me*.

P. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too: but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

K. C. How, man? *no right* to their lands?

22 *P.* No, friend Charles, *no right, no right* at all: *what* right hast thou to their lands?

23 *K. C.* Why^, the right of †*discovery*^, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

24 *P.* The right of *discovery?* A strange kind of right, indeed. Now, suppose, friend Charles, that some †canoe load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and †discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

25 *K. C.* Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great †*impudence*^ in them.

26 *P.* Well, then, how canst *thou*, a *Christian*, and a *Christian prince* too, do *that* which thou so utterly condemnest in *these people*, whom thou callest *savages?* Yes, friend Charles; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to *make war* on thee, and, having weapons more †destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away,—wouldst thou not think it †horribly cruel?

27 *K. C.* I must say, friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

28 *P.* Well, then, how can I, who call myself a *Christian*, do what I should †abhor even in the *heathen?* No. I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall †imitate God himself, in his †justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

QUESTIONS.—What part of the United States was purchased and settled by William Penn? Upon what was the king's right founded? In whom was the real right? Why? What did Penn say to convince the king that America did not belong to him? What plan did Penn propose to adopt, to secure the good will of the Indians? Explain the inflections marked.

In the last sentence, which are the personal pronouns of the first person? Which of the third person? Which are the verbs? Which of them is in the participal mode? Which are in the future tense, indicative mode?

LESSON LXVII.

1. Dis-so-lu'-tion; *n.* death, separation of the soul and body.
5. In-ad'-e-quate; *adj.* partial, not equal to the reality.
5. Rav'-a-ges; *n.* destruction, ruin.
7. Ex-trem'-i-ties; *n.* utmost distress: *last extremities* here means *death.*
8. Pro-lon-ga'-tion; *n.* the act of lengthening.
8. Ve'-hi-cles; *n.* carriages of any kind.
8. Re-cep'-ta-cles; *n.* places in which to receive any thing.
9. As-si-du'-i-ties; *n.* services rendered with zeal and kindness.
10. Con-ta'-gion; *n.* pestilence, sickness spreading from the touch.
12. De-ci'-pher'd; *v.* explained.

HORRORS OF WAR.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *hull* for whole; *dis-sy-u-tion* for dis-so-lu-tion; *at-tact* for at-tack; *mod-er-it* for mod-er-ate; *cli-mits* for cli-mates; *rav-ij-is* for rav-a-ges; hea-ven, pro. *heav'n.*

1. Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are hastening to our long home; yet, at each †successive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the †dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without †control.

2. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of death, who here glories not only in the extent of his conquests, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death †assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the †vigorous and the strong.

3. It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in *peace, children* bury their *parents;* in *war, parents* bury their *children*, nor is the difference small. *Children* lament their *parents*, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and †tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects.

4. *Parents* mourn for their *children* with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and †desolate, admits no other object, †cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

5. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish †instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as †comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are so liable.

6. We can not see an individual †expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved and prompted by compassion to lend him every †assistance in our power. Every trace of †resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

7. In the last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the †piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the †trampling of horses, and the insults of an †enraged foe!

8. If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of †torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and sick, where the †variety of distress baffles all the efforts of †humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands.

9. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, are near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their

thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave †unnoticed and †unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

10. We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of †military life is spent in actual †combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of †inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or †unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and †perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and danger. They grow †familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

11. We have hitherto only †adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword!

12. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the †issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no †conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the †dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

13. Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an †invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves in that situation, you will learn to †sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors!

14. Here, you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and

†pestilence follow the steps of †desolation. There, the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil!

15. In another place, you witness †opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in †promiscuous massacre and ruin!

LESSON LXVIII.

1. Rev'-el-ry; *n.* noisy feasting and gayety.
1. Chiv'-al-ry; *n.* knighthood, a body of knights or brave men.
1. Vo-lup'-tu-ous; *adj.* exciting animal pleasure.
4. Squad'-ron; *n.* a body of troops.
5. Ar'-dennes; *n.* (pro. *Ar'-dens*) a forest near Waterloo.
6. Mar'-shal-ing; *n.* arranging in order.
6. Blent; *v.* mixed, united.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.*

In reading the following extract, much variety of expression is required. The description of the ball should be read in a lively, animated manner; that of the distant alarm in low, hurried tones, as if intently listening and deeply anxious; the haste of preparation and departure requires life; and the third and last two stanzas should be read in a mournful and plaintive style.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's †capital had gathered then

* This battle was fought on June 18th, 1815, between the French army on one side, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, and the English army and allies on the other side, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. At the commencement of the battle, some of the officers were at a ball at Brussels, a short distance from Waterloo, and being notified of the approaching contest by the cannonade, left the ballroom for the field of battle. This was the last of Napoleon's battles. He was here completely overthrown.

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

2 Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the *dance*! let joy be †unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the †glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And *nearer*, *clearer*, *deadlier* than before!
Arm! *arm*! it is—it is the *cannon's* opening roar!

3 Ah! then and there was †hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and †tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own †loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those †mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

4 And there was †mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The †mustering squadron, and the †clattering car
Went pouring forward with †impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While †thronged the †citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The *foe*! They *come*! They *come*!"

5 And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's teardrops, as they pass,
†Grieving, if aught †inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the †unreturning brave!—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, *now*, *beneath* them, but *above*, *shall grow*,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall †molder, cold and low.

6 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of †strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and †pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe—in one red burial blent.

QUESTIONS.—When, where, and between what parties and commanders was the battle of Waterloo fought? What is described in the first few lines? What place is meant by the capital of Belgium? What were the officers doing when the sound of the distant battle was heard?

What instances of absolute emphasis in the second stanza? What, of relative emphasis in the fifth stanza? How should the last line of the fourth stanza be read?

EXERCISE XXXI.

Thwack went the *bludgeon athwart* the *brittle* beam. The *fall'n flag* was *draggl'd* in the *brine*. *Blotch'd* and *bloated*, the *blear*-eyed *swaggerer staggered* onward. The high *bred Briton braves* the *battle*-field. The chill *precincts* of the *dreaded* tomb. Shot madly from *its sphere*. *Life's fitful* fever over, he *rests* well.

LESSON LXIX.

1. De-void′; *adj.* destitute.
2. Rec′-ti-tude; *n.* correctness of principle.
4. Vis′-ion; *n.* faculty of sight.
5. Cas′-u-al; *adj.* accidental.
6. Com′-plai-sance; *n.* (pro. *com′-pla-zance*) obliging treatment.
8. Sec′-u-lar; *adj.* worldly.
9. Tam′-per; *v.* to meddle with improperly.
11. En-tail′; *v.* to fix unalienably upon a particular person.
13. Pelf; *n.* money, riches.
13. Com-pen-sa′-tion; *n.* amends.

LOVE OF APPLAUSE.

Sound the *r* clearly in the following words: are, mark, bard, hard, lard, barb, garb, hear, clear, dear, near, tear, arm, harm, charm, lord, cord, far, care, course, never, merely, conform.

Be careful also to pronounce correctly. Do not say *oth-uz* for oth-*ers*; *rool* for r*u*le; *vir-too* for virt-*ue*; *rec-ti-tshude* for rec-ti tude; *ud-opt* for *a*-dopt; *mus-sy* for m*er*-cy; *com-plai′-sance* for com′-plai-sance; *sa-cri-fis* for sac-ri-f*ice*; *sec-ky-lar* nor *sec-ew-lar* for sec-*u*-lar; *mor-uls* for mor-*a*ls; *scru-py-lous* for scru-p*u*-lous.

1. To *be* †insensible to public opinion, or to the estimation in which we are held by others, indicates any thing, rather than a good and generous spirit. It is, indeed, the mark of a low and worthless character; devoid of principle, and therefore devoid of shame. A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say without blushing, *I do n't care what others think of me.*

2. But to have a proper regard to public opinion, is one thing; to make that opinion our rule of action, is quite another. The one we may cherish †consistently with the purest virtue, and the most unbending rectitude; the other we can not adopt, without an utter †abandonment of principle and disregard of duty.

3. The young man whose great aim is to please, who makes the opinion and favor of others his rule and motive of action, stands ready to adopt any †sentiments, or pursue any course of conduct, however false and †criminal, provided only that it be popular.

4. In every †emergency, his first question is, what will my companions, what will the world think and say of me, if I adopt this or that course of conduct? Duty, the †eternal laws of rectitude, are not thought of. Custom, fashion, †popular favor: these are the things that fill his entire vision, and decide every question of opinion and duty.

5. Such a man can never be trusted; for he has no †integrity, and no independence of mind to obey the dictates of rectitude. He is at the mercy of every casual †impulse and change of †popular opinion; and you can no more tell whether he will be right or wrong to-morrow, than you can predict the course of the wind, or what shape the clouds will then assume.

6. And what is the usual consequence of this weak and foolish regard to the opinions of men? What the *end* of thus acting in †compliance with custom in opposition to one's own conviction of duty? It is to lose the esteem and respect of the very men whom you thus attempt to please. Your defect of principle and †hollow-heartedness are easily †perceived: and though the persons to whom you thus †sacrifice your conscience, may affect to commend your complaisance, you may be †assured, that, inwardly, they despise you for it.

7. Young men hardly commit a greater mistake, than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes contrary to their own sense of duty. Such conduct is always †morally wrong, and rarely fails to †deprive one, both of self-respect and the respect of others.

8. It is very common for young men, just commencing business, to imagine that, if they would advance their secular interests, they must not be very scrupulous in binding themselves down to the strict rules of rectitude. They must conform to custom; and if, in buying and selling, they sometimes say things that are not true, and do things that are not honest; why, their neighbors do the same; and, verily, there is no getting along without it. There is so much competition and †rivalry

that, to be †*strictly honest*, and yet succeed in business, is out of the question.

9. Now, if it were indeed so, I would say to a young man; then, quit your business. Better dig, and beg too, than to tamper with conscience, sin against God, and lose your soul.

10. But is it so? Is it necessary, in order to succeed in business, that you should adopt a †standard of morals, more lax and pliable, than the one placed before you in the Bible? Perhaps for a time, a rigid †adherence to rectitude might bear hard upon you; but how would it be in the end? Possibly, your neighbor, by being less †scrupulous than yourself, may invent a more †expeditious way of acquiring a fortune. If he is willing to violate the dictates of conscience, to lie and cheat, and trample on the rules of justice and honesty, he may, indeed, get the start of you, and rise suddenly to wealth and distinction.

11. But would you envy him his riches, or be willing to place yourself in his situation? Sudden wealth, †especially when obtained by dishonest means, rarely fails of bringing with it sudden ruin. Those who acquire it, are of course beggared in their morals, and are often, very soon, beggared in property. Their riches are †corrupted; and while they bring the curse of God on their †immediate †possessors, they usually entail misery and ruin upon their families.

12. If it be admitted, then, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success, is it not the surest, the happiest, and the best? A young man of thorough integrity may, it is true, find it difficult, in the midst of dishonest †competitors and rivals, to start in his business or †profession; but how long, ere he will surmount every difficulty, draw around him †patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know him.

13. What, if, in pursuing this course, you should not, at the close of life, have so much money, by a few hundred dollars? Will not a fair character, an approving

conscience, and an approving God, be an abundant compensation for this little †deficiency of self?

14. Oh, there is an hour coming, when one whisper of an approving mind, one smile of an approving God, will be accounted of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. In that hour, my young friends, nothing will sustain you but the †consciousness of having been governed in life by worthy and good principles.

QUESTIONS.—What erroneous opinion is common concerning the necessity of *strict honesty*? Why should a young man have a proper respect for public opinion? What will be the consequence of disregarding this?

In the fifth paragraph, in the following sentence, "Such a man can never be trusted," which word is the *subject*? What is the *attribute*?

LESSON LXX.

1. NOTE; *n.* notice.
1. KNELL; *n.* the sound of the funeral bell.
2. VERGE; *n.* the brink, the edge.
3. AB'-JECT; *adj.* worthless, mean.
3. AU-GUST'; *adj.* grand, majestic.
3. COM'-PLI-CATE; *adj.* complex. composed of many parts.
3. EX'-QUIS-ITE; *adj.* nice, complete.
3. E-THE'-RE-AL; *adj.* heavenly.
3. SUL'-LIED; *v.* stained, soiled.
3. AB-SORPT'; *v.* wasted, swallowed up.
5. FAN-TAS'-TIC; *adj.* fanciful, existing only in imagination.
5. AN'-TIC; *adj.* odd, fanciful.
5. SUB'-TLER; *adj.* (pro. *sut-tler*), more delicate.
5. ES'-SENCE; *n.* existence, substance.
6. WEAL; *n.* prosperity.
6. HUS'-BAND; *v.* to manage with economy.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

REMARK.—Let each pupil in the class observe and mention every syllable that is not sounded as each one reads.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *ann-gel* for an-gel (pro. a^{1}ne-gel); *heerd* for heard (pro. h^{1}erd); *dum-ands* for de-mands; *com-pli-kit* for com-pli-cate; *ex-quis'-ite* for ex'-quis-ite; *ab-ser-lute* for ab-so-lute; *hus-buns* for hus-bands.

1. THE bell strikes One. We take no note of time,
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue

Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands †dispatch.

2 How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless †abyss,
A dread eternity, how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor †pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

3. How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes
From different natures †marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim †miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless †immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost.

4. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, †aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
†Alternately transported and alarmed;
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
†Legions of angels can't confine me there.

5. 'T is past †conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,

What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the †craggy steep,
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, though †devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, †aerial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her †gross companion's fall.

6. Even silent night †proclaims my soul immortal;
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal Heaven husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

QUESTIONS.—What leads us to take "note of time?" Repeat some of the epithets applied to man. What does one class of these epithets represent man to be? In what light does the other class consider him? In what respect is he a "worm?" How can he be called a "god?" What is the state of the mind during sleep? What does this prove?

EXERCISE XXXII.

The *kraken* is *probably* a fabulous animal. The *kremlin* is the Russian *emperor's* palace. With his *crutch* he *crushed* the *flowers*. The *prank* was not *praiseworthy*. The *props* were *prop'd* by other *props*. The *crafty creatures crawl'd* in *crowds*. The *proud prig prates*.

LESSON LXXI.

1. Car-a-van′-sa-ry; *n.* a kind of inn where caravans or large companies of traders rest at night.
5. Me-an′-ders; *n.* windings or turnings.
6. Cir-cum-vo-lu′-tion; *n.* a winding or flowing around.
7. De-vi-a′-tion; *n.* a turning aside from the right way.
9. Sa′-ber; *n.* a kind of sword.
12. Mit-i-ga′-tion; *n.* lessening the pain.
14. Im-merge′; *v.* to plunge into.
14. Lab′-y-rinth; *n.* a place full of winding passages.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Articulate all the consonants in the following and similar words in this lesson: fresh, Hindoostan, swiftly, sprinkled, fragrance, primrose, tempted, thickets, greatest, prospect, overspread, remembrance, resolved, prostrated, torrents, gratitude, occurrences, escapes, entangle, labyrinth.

1. Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindoostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was †animated with hope; he was †incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward over the valleys and saw the hills †gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes †contemplated the †towering hight of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle †fragrance of the †primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on, till the sun approached his †meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more †commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of †invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure †irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he

was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy †experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of †diligence without †suffering its †fatigues.

4. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on each side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first †tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and †murmuring with †waterfalls.

5. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it was longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

6. Having thus calmed his †solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every †sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every †echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every †cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with †innumerable circumvolutions.

7. In these amusements, the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had †perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood †pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of †loitering

was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

8. He was now roused, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly †impatience that †prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

9. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some †issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He †prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with †confidence and †tranquillity, and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and †ravage, and expiration: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the †torrents tumbled from the hills.

10. Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to †destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in †resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the †cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with †eagerness and †gratitude.

11. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither;

I have been now twenty years an †inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the †occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

12. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into your heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of †expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with †gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety, toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

13. "We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and †vigilance †subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with †scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter †timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for awhile, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

14. "But temptation succeeds temptation, and one †compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the †remembrance of our †original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of †inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives

with horror, with sorrow, and with repentance: and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the paths of virtue.

15. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that †reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere †endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors. And that he, who †implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of †Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

LESSON LXXII.

1. Shaft; *n.* the body of a column.
1. Arch'-i-trave; *n.* (pro. *ark'-e-trave*) that part which rests immediately upon the column.
1. Vault; *n.* an arched roof.
2. Swayed; *v.* moved, waved back and forth.
3. Sanct'-u-a-ries; *n.* places set apart for the worship of God.
5. Shrine; *n.* a box for sacred relics, *here* a place for worshiping God.
6. Fan-tas'-tic; *adj.* whimsical.
8. Wells; *v.* issues forth as water from the earth.
9. An-ni'-hi-la-ted; *v.* reduced to nothing.
9. Cor'-o-nal; *n.* a crown, a wreath.
9. Glare; *n.* a dazzling light.
10. Em-a-na'-tion; *n;* that which proceeds from any source.
13. Arch; *adj.* chief, principal.
16. El'-e-ments; *n. in popular language* fire, air, earth, and water.

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

Pronounce correctly. Ere, pro. *a-er.* Do not say *ruff* for *roof*; *an-thums* for an-thems; *of-fud* for of-fer'd; *ann-cient* for ān-cient; *ud-ore* for *a*-dore; *un-ly* for ŏn-ly.

1. The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,

And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of †anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And †supplication.

2. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred †influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the †invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And †inaccessible Majesty.

3 Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That †our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
†Acceptance in His ear.

4 Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable †columns. Thou
Didst weave this †verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze
And shot toward heaven.

5 The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, †massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
†Communion with his Maker.

6. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp, or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
†Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works.

7. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the †summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the †tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence.

8 Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'mid its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

9 Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose †immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated, not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as †loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun.

10. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold
An emanation of the indwelling Life,

A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide †universe.

11 My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great †miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me; the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own †eternity.

12. Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses, ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly, that their †ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie.

13. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the †sepulcher, and blooms and smiles;
And of the triumphs of his †ghastly foe
Makes his own †nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

14 There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The †generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these †solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence, †reässure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

15. Oh God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling †thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the †firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the †continent, and †overwhelms
Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
Of these †tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

16. Oh, from these sterner †aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to †meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to †conform the order of our lives.

QUESTIONS.—What are the most ancient temples of worship? What meditations become the forest scenes? How are the forests a witness for God? What is the poetic measure of this piece?

Parse "stole," in the second paragraph. "Shrine," in the fifth paragraph. "Encounter," in the sixth paragraph. "Oak," in the ninth paragraph. Parse "be," the first word of the last sentence in this lesson. Parse "majesty," in the same sentence. Which are the adjectives in this sentence?

EXERCISE XXXIII.

Fragrance and *aromatic odors* every where. *Frolic* and *gleesomeness characterized* the scene. We *arranged* the *change*. *Chance* and *change* await all. Thou troubl'st thy *father's friends*. The *sculptor* has executed *three busts*. The *swift*, dark *whirlwind* that *uproots* the *woods*.

LESSON LXXIII.

2. PER-SON'-I-FIED; *v.* represented with attributes of a person.
2. AL'-LE-GORIZED; *v.* turned into an allegory, or a figurative description.
2. EN-SHRI'NED; *v.* preserved as sacred.
6. SPON-TA'-NE-OUS-LY; *adv.* of its own accord.
7. PRIM'-I-TIVE; *adj.* first, original.
9. THE-O-CRAT'-IC-AL; *adj.* conducted by the immediate agency of God.
9. PU'-RI-TAN; *n.* a name given to those who separated from the Church of England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth. They were so called because they professed to follow the *pure* word of God.
10. PEN'-TA-TEUCH; *n.* (pro. *Pen'-ta-tuke*) the first five books of the Old Testament.
10. IM-BU'ED; *v.* tinged, dyed, *used figuratively.*
13. AR'-RO-GA-TING; *v.* claiming more respect than is just.

CHARACTER OF THE PURITAN FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

ARTICULATE clearly the *h* and the *d*: high, heart, happiness, heaven, hard, had, hearken, here, have, happy, whit, howling, hearth, whenever, hypocrites, seem'd, talk'd, mind, call'd, prefer'd, England, land, launch'd, soil'd, round, intend.

1. ONE of the most †prominent features which distinguished our forefathers, was their determined †resistance to †oppression. They seemed born and brought up, for the high and special purpose of showing to the world that the civil and religious rights of man, the rights of †self-government, of conscience, and independent thought, are not merely things to be talked of, and woven into theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, and carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, and visible beauty, and true nobility.

2. Liberty with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve, to be personified, allegorized, and enshrined. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did; they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright

of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they †reverenced and held it fast as the †unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be †surrendered to power, nor sold for wages.

3. It was theirs, as men; without it, they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other †privilege or possession, it was †essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their †original nature; and therefore they preferred it above wealth, and ease, and country; and that they might enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses, and lands, and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their fathers' graves.

4. They left all these; they left England, which, whatever it might have been called, was not to them a land of freedom; they launched forth on the pathless ocean, the wide, †fathomless ocean, soiled not by the earth beneath, and bounded, all round and above, only by heaven; and it seemed to them like that better and †sublimer freedom, which their country knew not, but of which they had the conception and image in their hearts; and, after a †toilsome and painful voyage, they came to a hard and wintry coast, unfruitful and †desolate, but unguarded and boundless; its calm silence interrupted not the ascent of their prayers; it had no eyes to watch, no ears to hearken, no tongues to report of them; here, again, there was an answer to their soul's desire, and they were satisfied, and gave thanks; they saw that they were free, and the desert smiled.

5. I am telling an old tale; but it is one which must be told when we speak of those men. It is to be added, that they transmitted their principles to their children, and that peopled by such a race, our country was always free. So long as its †inhabitants were †unmolested by the mother country, in the exercise of their important rights, they submitted to the form of English government; but when those rights were †invaded, they spurned even the form away.

6. This act was the Revolution, which came of course, and spontaneously, and had nothing in it of the won-

derful or unforeseen. The wonder would have been, if it had not occurred. It was, indeed, a happy and glorious event, but by no means unnatural; and I intend no slight to the revered actors in the Revolution, when I assert that their fathers before them were as free as they—every whit as free.

7. The principles of the Revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms: they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days, when the †pilgrim established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's †oppression.

8. Here are the beginnings of the Revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of †independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

9. As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power, in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation. They were emphatically a people whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say, where there was any civil authority among them entirely distinct from †ecclesiastical †jurisdiction.

10. Whenever a few of them settled a town, they immediately gathered themselves into a church; and their elders were †magistrates, and their code of laws was the Pentateuch. These were forms, it is true, but forms which faithfully †indicated principles and feelings; for no people could have adopted such forms, who were

not thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and bent on the practice, of religion.

11. God was their King; and they regarded him as truly and literally so, as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, †resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they †accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying their sorrows to his throne; they ate nothing which they did not †implore him to bless.

12. Their piety was not merely external; it was sincere; it had the proof of a good tree in bearing good fruit; it produced and sustained a strict morality. Their †tenacious purity of manners and speech obtained for them, in the mother country, their name of Puritans, which, though given in derision, was as honorable an appellation as was ever bestowed by man on man.

13. That there were hypocrites among them, is not to be doubted; but they were rare; the men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at †defiance, and make the service of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were they, †hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say, that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them, in the respects of deep religious †impressions and an exact †performance of moral duty.

QUESTIONS.—How did Puritans regard liberty? What was their conduct in support of liberty? Why was the revolution a perfectly natural event, or just what might have been expected? From whence were derived the principles of the revolution? How were their systems of government formed? What was the character of their piety? As a community, how will they bear comparison, for moral worth, with all other communities past or present?

Which are the pronouns in the twelfth paragraph?

LESSON LXXIV.

1. THEME; *n.* a subject on which a person writes or speaks.
2. GIB'-BET-ED; *v.* hanged and exposed on a gibbet.
2. SEV'-ERED; *v.* disunited, separated.
3. AR-IS'-TO-CRAT; *n.* one who is in favor of a government placed in the hands of a few men.
3. CON-FED'-ER-A-CY; *n.* a union of states or persons.
3. MON'-ARCH-IST; *n.* one who is in favor of a kingly government.
4. PAR'-RI-CIDE; *n.* the destruction of one's parent or country.
5. IN-DIS'-SO-LU-BLE; *adj.* that can not be broken or separated.
5. DEM'-A-GOGUE; *n.* a leader of the lower class of people.
7. TAC'-TICS; *n.* the science of managing military forces.

DUTY OF AN AMERICAN ORATOR.

REMARK.—Avoid the habit of commencing a sentence in a high key and ending it in a feeble tone of voice.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *sac-rid-niss* for sa-crid-ness; *im-port-unce* for im-port-ance; *or-it-ur* for or-a-tor; *il-lus-tr'ous* for il-lus-tri-ous; *hos-tile* for hos-tile, (pro. *hos-til*); *Eu-ro'-pe-an* for Eu-ro-pe'-an.

1. ONE theme of duty still remains, and I have placed it alone, because of its peculiar dignity, sacredness, and importance. Need I tell you that I speak of the union of these States? Let the American orator discharge all other duties but this, if indeed it be not impossible, with the energy and eloquence of John Rutledge, and the disinterested †fidelity of Robert Morris, yet shall he be counted a traitor, if he attempt to dissolve the Union.

2. His name, †illustrious as it may have been, shall then be gibbeted on every hilltop throughout the land, a monument of his crime and punishment, and of the shame and grief of his country. If indeed he believe, (and doubtless there may be such) that wisdom demands the dissolution of the Union, that the South should be severed from the North, the West be independent of the East, let him cherish the sentiment, for his own sake, in

the solitude of his breast, or breathe it only in the confidence of friendship.

3. Let him rest assured, that as his country tolerates the monarchist and aristocrat of the old world, she tolerates him; but should he plot the dismemberment of the Union, the same trial, judgment, and execution await him as would await them, should they attempt to establish the aristocracy of Venice or the monarchy of Austria, on the ruins of our confederacy. To him as to them, she leaves freedom of speech, and the very †licentiousness of the press; and permits them to write, even in the spirit of scorn, and hatred, and unfairness.

4. She trembles not at such efforts, †reckless and hostile as they may be. She smiles at their impotence, while she mourns over their infatuation. But let them lift the hand of parricide, in the insolence of pride or the madness of power, to strike their country, and her countenance, in all the severity and terrors of a parent's wrath, shall smite them with †amazement and horror. Let them strike, and the voices of millions of freemen from the city and †hamlet, from the college and the farmhouse, from the cabins amid the western wilds, and on ships scattered around the world, shall utter the stern, irrevocable judgment, self-banishment for life, or ignominious death.

5. Be it then the noblest office of American eloquence, to cultivate, in the people of every State, a deep and fervent attachment to the Union. The Union is to us the marriage bond of States; indissoluble in life, to be dissolved, we trust, only on that day when nations shall die in a moment, never to rise again. Let the American orator discountenance, then, all the arts of intrigue and corruption, which not only pollute the people and dishonor republican institutions, but prepare the way for the ruin of both; how secretly, how surely, let history declare. Let him banish from his thoughts, and his lips, the †hypocrisy of the demagogue equally †deceitful and degraded,

"With smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace
A devil's purpose, with an angel's face."

6. Let that demagogue and those arts, his instruments of power, be regarded as pretended friends, but secret and dangerous enemies of the people. Let it never be forgotten that to him and them we owe all the licentiousness and violence, all the unprincipled and unfeeling persecution of party spirit. Let the American orator labor, then, with all the solemnity of a religious duty, with all the intensity of filial love, to convince his countrymen that the danger to liberty in this country is to be traced to those sources. Let the European tremble for his institutions, in the presence of military power and of the warrior's ambition.

7. Let the American dread, as the †arch-enemy of republican institutions, the shock of exasperated parties, and the implacable revenge of demagogues. The discipline of standing armies, is the terror of freedom in Europe; but the tactics of parties, the standing armies of America, are still more formidable to liberty with us.

8. Let the American orator frown, then, on that ambition, which, pursuing its own †aggrandizement and gratification, perils the harmony and integrity of the Union, and counts the grief, anxiety, and †expostulations of millions, as the small dust of the balance. Let him remember, that ambition, like the Amruta cup of Indian fable, gives to the virtuous an immortality of glory and happiness, but to the corrupt an immortality of ruin, shame, and misery.

9. Let not the American orator, in the great questions on which he is to speak or write, appeal to the mean and †groveling qualities of human nature. Let him love the people, and respect himself too much to dishonor them, and †degrade himself, by an appeal to selfishness and prejudice, to jealousy, fear, and contempt. The greater the interests, and the more sacred the rights which may be at stake, the more resolutely should he appeal to the generous feelings, the noble sentiments, the calm †considerate wisdom, which become a free.

educated, peaceful, Christian people. Even if he battle against criminal ambition and base intrigue, let his weapons be a logic, manly, †intrepid, honorable, and an eloquence †magnanimous, †disinterested, and spotless.

10. Nor is this all. Let the American orator †comprehend, and live up to the grand †conception, that the Union is the property of the world, no less than of ourselves; that it is a part of the divine scheme for the moral government of the earth, as the †solar system is a part of the †mechanism of the heavens; that it is destined, while traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, like the ascending sun, to shed its glorious influence backward on the states of Europe, and forward on the empires of Asia.

11. Let him comprehend its sublime relations to time and eternity; to God and man; to the most precious hopes, the most solemn obligations, and the highest happiness of human kind? And what an eloquence must that be whose source of power and wisdom are God himself, the objects of whose †influence are all the nations of the earth; whose sphere of duty is †co-extensive with all that is sublime in religion, beautiful in morals, commanding in intellect, and touching in †humanity. How †comprehensive, and therefore how wise and †benevolent, must then be the genius of American eloquence, compared to the narrow-minded, narrow-hearted, and therefore selfish, †eloquence of Greece and Rome.

12. How striking is the †contrast, between the universal, social spirit of the former, and the individual, exclusive character of the latter. The †boundary of this is the horizon of a plain; the circle of that, the †horizon of a mountain †summit. Be it then the duty of American eloquence to speak, to write, to act, in the cause of Christianity, †patriotism, and †literature; in the cause of justice, humanity, virtue, and truth; in the cause of the people, of the Union, of the whole human race, and of the unborn of every clime and age. Then

shall American eloquence, the personification of truth, beauty, and love,

"——walk the earth, that she may hear her name
Still hymned and honored by the grateful voice
Of human kind, and in her fame rejoice."

QUESTIONS.—What is the duty of the American orator, as discussed in this lesson? What is the noblest office of American eloquence?

LESSON LXXV.

COME'-LI-NESS; *n.* that which is becoming or graceful.
PORT; *n.* manner of movement or walk.
AT-TIRE'; *n.* dress, clothes.
RIFE; *adj.* prevalent.
TAR'-NISH; *v.* to soil, to sully.
AV-A-LANCHE'; *n.* a vast body of snow sliding down from a mountain.
VOUCH-SAFE'; *v.* to yield, to condescend, to give.
NET'-TED; *v.* caught in a net.
FLEDGE'-LING; *n.* a young bird.
REC-OG-NI'-TION; *n.* acknowledgment of acquaintance.
PRE-CON-CERT'-ED; *v.* planned beforehand.
CAI'-TIFF; *n.* a mean villain.
THRALL'-DOM; *n.* bondage, slavery.
SCAN; *v.* to examine closely.
NETH'-ER; *adj.* lower, lying beneath.
BLANCH; *v.* to turn white.
GUST; *n.* taste, relish.

WILLIAM TELL.

The events here referred to occurred in 1307. Switzerland had been conquered by Austria; and Gesler, one of the basest and most tyrannical of men, was her governor. As a refinement of tyranny, he had his cap elevated on a pole, and commanded that every one should bow before it. William Tell proudly refused to submit to this degrading mark of slavery. He was arrested and carried before the governor. The day before, his son Albert, without the knowledge of his father, had fallen into the hands of Gesler.

GIVE each letter its full and correct sound. Do not say *gov'nor* for gov-*ern*-or; *come-li-niss* for come-li-ness; *e-rec* for e-rec*t; hon-rer-ble* for hon-*or-a*-ble; *han's* for hand*s*; *venge-unce* for venge-*ance*.

SCENE 1.—*A Chamber in the Castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem, with Tell in chains and guarded.*

Sar. DOWN, slave! Behold the governor.
Down! down! and beg for mercy.

Ges. (*Seated.*) Does he hear?
Sar. He does, but braves thy power.
Officer. Why don't you smite him for that look?
Ges. Can I believe
My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. (*To Tell.*)
Why speakest thou not?
Tell. For wonder.
Ges. Wonder?
Tell. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.
Ges. What should I seem?
Tell. A monster.
Ges. Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.
Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
†Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, †usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?
How came they on me?
Ges. Darest thou question me?
Tell. Darest thou not answer?
Ges. Do I hear?
Tell. Thou dost.
Ges. Beware my †vengeance.
Tell. Can it more than kill?
Ges. Enough; it can do that.
Tell. No; not enough:
It can not take away the grace of life;
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives;
Its port †erect with †consciousness of truth;
Its rich attire of honorable deeds;
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues:
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,
Or with †polluted finger tarnish it.
Ges. But it can make thee †writhe.
Tell. It may.

Ges. And groan.

Tell. It may; and I may cry
Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from them?

Ges. Canst tell me any?

Tell. Ay: they watch no more the avalanche.

Ges. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee. The †hurricane
Comes †unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

Ges. What do they then?

Tell. Thank heaven, it is not thou!
Thou hast †perverted nature in them.
There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee—doth †wither to a curse.

Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
That never smile, though †wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay! when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From heaven!

Ges. From heaven?

Tell. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee on the mountains.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son? Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy—(*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

Tell. The boy? What boy?
Is 't mine? and have they netted my young fledgeling?
Now heaven support me, if they have! He 'll own me,
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard; yet how to give it!
Now, heart, thy nerve; forget thou art flesh, be rock.
They come, they come!
That step—that step—that little step, so light,
Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall
Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow which Sarnem carries*).
'T is he! We can but perish.

Sar. See!

Alb. What?

Sar. Look there!

Alb. I do, what would you have me see?

Sar. Thy father.

Alb. Who? That—that my father?

Tell. My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!
He 's safe! (*Aside*).

Sar. (*Aside to Gesler*). They 're like each other

Ges. Yet I see no sign
Or recognition to betray the link
Unites a father and his child.

Sar. My lord,
I am sure it is his father. Look at them.
It may be
A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance,
That they †survey each other coldly thus.

Ges. We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff.

Sar. To a dungeon?

Ges. No; into the court.

Sar. The court, my lord?

Ges. And send

To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!
The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

Sar. I did. He started; 't is his father.

Ges. We shall see. Away with him!

Tell. Stop! Stop!

Ges. What would you?

Tell. Time! A little time to call my thoughts together.

Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.

Tell. Some one, then, to speak with.

Ges. Hence with him!

Tell. A moment! Stop!
Let me speak to the boy.

Ges. Is he thy son?

Tell. And if
He were, art thou so lost to nature, as
To send me forth to die before his face?

Ges. Well! speak with him.
Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
Thou dost not. I 'm the father of a son
About thy age. Thou,
I see, wast born like him, upon the hills;
If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thralldom, he
May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee
Relate to him what has been passing here,
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayst thou live, my boy!
To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)

Sar. Mark! he weeps.

Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether air;
Where he was †trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning, eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death

†Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
†Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear?
Now were he by, I 'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye—
I 'd talk to him—

Sar. He falters!

Tell. 'T is too much!
And yet it must be done! I 'd talk to him

Ges. Of what?

Tell. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make
A widow of! I 'd talk to him of her.
I 'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and †cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!

Sar. You see, as he doth †prompt, the other acts.

Tell. So well he bears it, he doth †vanquish me.
My boy! my boy! Oh for the hills, the hills,
To see him bound along their tops again,
With liberty.

Sar. Was there not all the father in that look?

Ges. Yet 't is 'gainst nature.

Sar. Not if he believes
To own the son would be to make him share
The father's death.

Ges. I did not think of that! 'T is well
The boy is not thy son. I 've †destined him
To die along with thee.

Tell. To die? For what?

Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast. Lead them forth.

Tell. He's but a child.

Ges. Away with them!

Tell. Perhaps an only child.

Ges. No matter.

Tell. He may have a mother.

Ges. So the viper hath;
And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though
'T were flesh; and know 't is none. I 'll talk to it
No more. Come, my boy,
I taught thee how to live, I 'll show thee how to die.

Ges. He is thy child?

Tell. He is my child.

Ges. I 've wrung a tear from him! Thy name!

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now;
My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell? William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen,
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss! Indeed! I 'll take
†Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I 'll spare thy life;
Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.

Ges. You look upon your boy
As though †instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed the trial
You'd have me make? Guessed it
Instinctively? You do not mean—no—no,
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No? I'll send the arrow through the †core!

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great heaven, you hear him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give:
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. Oh, monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Alb. He will! he will!

Tell. †Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!

Ges. Take off his chains if he consent.

Tell. With his own hand?

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains; Tell unconscious what they do.*

Tell. With his own hand?
Murder his child with his own hand? This hand?
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?
'T is beyond horror! 'T is most horrible!
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that you've done to me?
Villians! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father! Father!
You will not hit me, father!

Tell. Hit thee? Send
The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,
†Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair
Of thee, and †cleave thy mother's heart?

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!
To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth;
I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me? Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial.
To take him to his mother in my arms!
And lay him down a †corse before her!

Ges. Then he dies this moment, and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.

Alb. Father!

Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice: thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb,
And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!

Ges. When all's ready.

Tell. Well, lead on!

QUESTIONS.—Why does Gesler express joy that his subjects are unhappy? Why does Albert appear not to recognize his father? Why does Tell at last acknowledge Albert?

Parse the first two words in this lesson. Parse "to shoot" on the last page. "To save" on the same. "To take" and "lay."

LESSON LXXVI.

Is'-sue; *n.* event, consequence.
Stanch; *adj.* sound, strong.
Jag'-ged; *v.* notched, uneven.
Shaft; *n.* the stem, the body.
Quiv'-er; *n.* a case for arrows.
Per'-il; *n.* danger.

WILLIAM TELL.—Continued.

Remark.—Do not slide over the little words, nor omit any syllable of a word.

Sound each letter distinctly and correctly. Do not say *look-uz* for look-*ers*; *smi-l'n-ly* for smi-*ling*-ly; *rev-runce* for rev-*er*-ence; *stid-y* for stead-y.

Scene 2.—*Enter slowly, people in evident distress—Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers—one bearing Tell's bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is the line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is 't to thee?

Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing; a yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace †accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler! †Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.

Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I can not see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I 'd like to see
The apple I 'm to shoot at.

Ges. Stay! show me the basket! there!

Tell. You 've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh, do you? But you see
The color of 't is dark: I 'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

Tell. True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple with all*
I will not murder him, [*his force.*)
If I can help it; for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well: choose thyself.

Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers on?

Verner. (*Rushing forward.*) Here, Tell.

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be †brief.
When once the bow is bent, we can not take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the †tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the
†courage
To stand it?

Ver. Yes.

Tell. Does he tremble?

Ver. No.

Tell. Art sure?

Ver. I am.

Tell. How looks he?

Ver. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it, look yourself.

Tell. No, no, my friend:
To hear it is enough.

Ver. He bears himself so much above his years—

Tell. I know! I know!

Ver. With †constancy so modest—

Tell. I was sure he would—

Ver. And looks with such relying love
And †reverence upon you—

Tell Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I 'm too much the father
To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him
I 'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More †briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?

Ver. No.

Alb. I would only kiss his hand.

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must; I can not go from him without.

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?
I am content, then; come.

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,
My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;
Go boy; be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!
(*The bow is handed to him.*)
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,

I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,
Thou art stanch, stanch. Let me see my quiver.

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Soldier. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather, jagged.
That's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell See if the boy is ready.
(*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

Ver. He is.

Tell I'm ready too! Keep silent, for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, your prayers, and be my †witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it.

Ges. Go on. (*To the people.*)

Tell I will.
Oh friends, for mercy's sake keep †motionless,
and silent. (*Tell shoots. A shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself on his bow.*)

Ver. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) The boy is safe, no hair of him is touched.

Alb. Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father;
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He can not, boy!

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

Alb. Open his vest,
And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert and clasps him to his breast.*)

Tell. My boy! My boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!*

QUESTIONS—Relate this whole story.

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*Notwithstanding Gesler's promise, Tell was again loaded with chains and confined in prison. Succeeding, however, in making his escape, he soon afterward shot Gesler through the heart, and thus freed his country from the most galling bondage. His memory is, to this day, cherished in Switzerland, as that of one of the most heroic defenders of liberty.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

They *slack'n'd* the *cable.* Thy pulse *throbbs wildly.* Thou *prob'st* the wound painfully. He *struggl'd* to *escape.* Thou *think'st* and *thwack'st,* and *thwack'st* and *think'st.*

The *shrill trump* of victory. We *scrambled* up the hill. *Scribblers scrawl strange stories. Diamonds scratch glass.* They *furl'd* the *sails.* His *chains clank'd.* He *handles* the *instruments skillfully.* The *blue waves curl'd.* We were un*harm'd* amid the *conflict* of *elements.*

LESSON LXXVII.

1. Top'-ics; *n* subjects of discourse.
2. Germ'-in-a-ted; *v.* sprouted, began to grow.
3. Trans-cend'-ent; *adj.* surpassing all, very excellent.
4. Dru-id'-ic-al; *adj.* belonging to the time of the Druids. These were the ancient priests of great Britain.
10. Co-los'-sal, *adj.* very large.
11. Em-bod'-i-ment; *n.* a union in one body.
12. Fer'-vid; *adj.* burning.

EUROPE AND AMERICA—WASHINGTON.

[Extract from an address delivered by Daniel Webster at the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, '43.]

Remark.—Let the pupil stand at a distance from the teacher, and then try to read so loud and distinctly that the teacher may hear each syllable.

Utter each sound correctly and distinctly. Do not say *in-vi-t'n* for in-vi-ting; *phil-soph'c'l* for phil-*o*-soph-*ic-al*; *in-flu-unce* for in-flu-ence; *re-spec* for re-spect; *de-scend-unce* for de-scend-*ants*; *cul-ter* nor *cul-tshure* for cult-*ure*, (pro. *cult-yur*); *mince* for min*ts*; *pop-py-lar* for pop-*u*-lar; *kine* for kin*d*; *his-t'ry* for his-*to*-ry.

1. Few topics are more inviting, or more fit for †philosophical discussion, than the action and influence of the New World upon the Old; or the contributions of America to Europe.

2. Her obligations to Europe for science and art, laws, literature, and manners, America acknowledges as she ought, with respect and gratitude. And the people of the United States, descendants of the English stock, grateful for the treasures of knowledge derived from their English ancestors, †acknowledge, also, with thanks and filial regard, that, among those ancestors, under the †culture of Hampden and Sidney, and other assiduous friends, that seed of popular liberty first germinated, which, on our soil, has shot up to its full hight, until its branches †overshadow all the land.

3. But America has not failed to make returns. If she has not †canceled the †obligation, or equaled it by others of like weight, she has, at least, made †respectable

advance, and some approaches toward equality. And she admits, that, standing in the midst of civilized nations, and in a civilized age, a nation among nations, there is a high part which she is expected to act, for the general advance of human interests and human welfare.

4. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with the precious metals. The productions of the American soil and climate, have poured out their abundance of †luxuries for the tables of the rich, and of necessaries for the sustenance of the poor. Birds and animals of beauty and value, have been added to the European stocks; and †transplantations from the transcendent and unequaled riches of our forests, have mingled themselves profusely with the elms, and ashes, and Druidical oaks of England.

5. America has made †contributions far more vast. Who can estimate the amount or the value of the †augmentation of the commerce of the world, that has resulted from America? Who can imagine to himself what would be the shock to the Eastern Continent, if the Atlantic were no longer †traversable, or there were no longer American †productions or American markets?

6. But America exercises influences, or holds out examples for the consideration of the Old World, of a much higher, because they are of a moral and political character. America has furnished to Europe, proof of the fact, that popular †institutions, founded on equality and the principle of representation, are capable of †maintaining governments; able to secure the rights of persons, property, and †reputation.

7. America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind; that portion which, in Europe, is called the laboring or lower class; to raise them to self-respect, to make them †competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government; and this, she has proved, may be done by the †diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more enchanting, than ever was presented before, to those

nine tenths of the human race, who are born without †hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

8. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own!

9. The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to any of the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the †century, upon the whole, stands out on the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not that, by a †suffrage approaching to †unanimity, the answer would be—Washington!

10. This structure* by its uprightness, its solidity, its †durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtue and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an † emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single State, ascends the colossal †grandeur of his character and his life. In all the †constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production.

11. It is the embodiment and vindication of our trans-Atlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never, for a moment, having had a sight of the old world; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our †institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath, and penetrated

* Bunker Hill Monument

by, the genuine influence of American society; growing up amid our expanding, but not †luxurious †[illegible], partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the War of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution; he is all, all our own! That crowded and glorious life,

> "Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
> Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
> Contending to be seen, then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come;—"

that life was the life of an American citizen.

12. I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed any to the stock of great lessons and great examples; to all these I reply, by pointing to Washington.

QUESTIONS.—Where is Bunker Hill? What important event occurred there? When? For what is America indebted to Europe? For what is Europe indebted to America? How does the Bunker Hill Monument represent Washington? What is said of Washington as an American character?

EXERCISE XXXV.

Sweet-scented *shrubs*. *Spruce* was *sprinkl'd sparsely*. The *roots* lie *shrunk* and *shrivl'd* till *spring*. Thou *sneer'st* and *scoff'st* inexcusably. He was formida*ble*, unbeara*ble*, intolera*ble*, unmanage*able*, and terri*ble*.

LESSON LXXVIII.

SER'-RIED; *adj.* crowded together.

PHAL'-ANX; *n.* a body of troops formed in close array.

2 EN-CHANT'-ED; *adj.* possessed by witches or imaginary spirits.

2. RAM'-PART; *n.* that which defends from assault.

3. IM-PREG'-NA-BLE; *adj.* that can not be moved or shaken.

3. HOR'-RENT; *adj.* standing out like bristles.

4. IN-SURG'-ENT; *adj.* rising in opposition to authority.

4. FRAY; *n.* quarrel, battle.

6. AN-NI'-HI-LATE; *v.* to reduce to nothing.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

ARTICULATE the *d* and *t* clearly. Do not say *thou-sans* for thousands; *duss* for dust; *frien's* for friends; *con-flic* for con-flict; *groun* for ground; *foun* for found; *muss* for must.

At the battle of Lempach, A. D. 1315, between the Swiss and Austrians, the latter having obtained possession of a narrow pass in the mountains, formed a serried phalanx with presented spears. Until this was broken, the Swiss could not hope to make a successful attack. At last, Arnold Winkelried, leaving the Swiss ranks, rushed upon the Austrian spears, and receiving in his body as many points as possible, made a breach in the line, which resulted in the complete rout of the Austrian army.

1. "MAKE way for †Liberty!" he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!

2. In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every †conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all †assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove,
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in his breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would †startle into †hideous life:

So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

3. Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with †projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows of the sun.

4. Opposed to these, a †hovering band,
Contending for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the †ignoble yoke,
And †forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!

5. And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was no where found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were †suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

6. It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield;

Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

7 It did depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In †rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 't was no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

8. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp,
Ten spears he swept within his grasp
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

9. Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears though Arnold's heart;
While †instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

10. Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

QUESTIONS.—When, and between whom did the battle of Lempach take place? How was the battle won?

LESSON LXXIX.

1. Beak; *n.* the bill of a bird.
1. Wri′-thing; *v.* twisting.
3. Wing′-lets; *n.* little wings.
3. Fledged; *v.* furnished with feathers.
5. Cleav′-ing; *adj.* splitting.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Remark.—Give the poetic pauses their appropriate prominence. In most of the following lines, the cesura is very decidedly marked.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *fêrce* for fi[1]erce; *bud* for b*ird*; *thun-d'ruz* for thun-*der-ers*; *wing-lits* for wing-lets.

1. There's a fierce gray bird, with a bending beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff flowers blow,
On the †[illegible] top, in †perpetual snow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Bald headed and stripped, like a †vulture, torn
In wind and strife; her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained, while loose and bright,
Round her serpent neck, that is writhing and bare,
Is a †crimson collar of gleaming hair,
Like the crest of a warrior, thinned in fight,
And shorn, and bristling.

2 See her! where
She sits, in the glow of the sun-bright air,
With wing half †poised and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her †prey
Had suddenly been snatched away,
While she was tearing it and feeding.

3 Above the dark †torrent, above the bright stream,
The voice may be heard
Of the thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;
While her young are laid out in his rich, red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

4. Proud bird of the cliff! where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind harp sings,
She sits, †unapproachable, pluming her wings;
She screams! She's away! over hilltop and flood,
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!

5 'T is the bird of our †banner, the free bird that braves,
When the battle is there, all the wrath of the waves:
That dips her †pinions in the sun's first gush;
Drinks his †meridian blaze, his farewell flush;
Sits amid stirring stars, and bends her beak,
Like the slipped †falcon, when her †piercing shriek
Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,
To drink at some new victim's clear, red spring.

6. That monarch bird! she slumbers in the night,
Upon the lofty air peak's utmost hight;
Or sleeps upon the wing, amid the ray
Of steady, cloudless, †everlasting day:
Rides with the thunderer in his †blazing march,
And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch;
Soars †wheeling through the storm, and screams away,
Where the young pinions of the morning play;
Broods with her arrows in the †hurricane;
Bears her green †laurel o'er the starry plain,
And sails around the skies, and o'er the rolling deeps,
With still †unwearied wing, and eye that never sleeps.

QUESTIONS.—What is the emblem of our country? Describe the habits of the eagle. What traits in the character of this bird are worthy of admiration?

EXERCISE XXXVI.

They *battl'd* manfully. The ship being *scuttl'd*, *settl'd* in deep water. A *drizzling* rain fell. The bear has *crispy*, *frizzl'd* hair. They were *puzzl'd* and *dazzl'd* by the glitter.

LESSON LXXX.

1 SANC′-TI-TY; *n.* holiness, purity.
2. EN-THU′-SI-AST; *n.* one whose imagination is heated.
2. SECT′-A-RY; *n.* one who separates from the established church.
2. MAX′-IMS; *n.* established principles.
3. PRE-POS-SES′-SION; *n.* an opinion formed before examining a subject.
3. IG′-NO-MIN-Y; *n.* public disgrace.
3. SOPH′-IST; *n.* a deceptive reasoner.
4. PRE′-CEPT; *n.* a rule of action.
4. EU′-LO-GIZED; *v.* praised, commended.
5. FA-NAT′-I-CISM; *n.* wild notions of religion.
6. EX′-E-CRA-TED; *v.* cursed, denounced.
6. EX-CRU′-CIA-TING; *adj.* extremely painful.
7. FAB′-RIC-ATE; *v.* to invent, to devise falsely.

THE SCRIPTURES AND THE SAVIOR.

The following is an extract from the writings of Rousseau, a French author of distinction, but a noted and avowed Infidel.

UTTER distinctly all the consonants in the following and similar words in this lesson: majesty, scriptures, sanctity, gospel, subject, philosopher, distance, enthusiast, instructions, described, disgrace, exactly, rewards, sobriety, midst, friends, fabricate.

1. THE majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment, and the sanctity of the gospel addresses itself to my heart. Look at the volumes of the †philosophers, with all their pomp: how †contemptible do they appear in †comparison with this! Is it possible, that a book at once so simple and sublime, can be the work of man?

2. Can he who is the subject of its history, be himself a mere man? Was his the tone of an enthusiast, or of an †ambitious sectary? What sweetness! What †purity in his manners! What an affecting †gracefulness in his instructions! What sublimity in his maxims! What †profound wisdom in his †discourses! What presence of mind, what †sagacity and †propriety in his answers! How great the command over his passions!

Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, suffer, and die, without weakness and without †ostentation?

— 3. When Plato described his †imaginary good man, covered with all the disgrace of crime, yet worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ. The resemblance was so striking, it could not be mistaken, and all the fathers of the church perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophronius to the son of Mary! What an †immeasurable distance between them! Socrates, dying without pain, and without ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a mere sophist.

4. He †invented, it is said, the theory of moral †science. Others, however, had before him put it in practice; and he had nothing to do but to tell what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. Aristides had been just, before Socrates defined what justice was. Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it a duty to love one's country. Sparta had been temperate, before Socrates eulogized †sobriety; and before he †celebrated the praises of virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men.

— 5. But from whom of all his countrymen, could Jesus have derived that sublime and pure morality, of which he only has given us both the precepts and example? In the midst of the most †licentious fanaticism, the voice of the sublimest wisdom was heard; and the simplicity of the most †heroic virtue crowned one of the humblest of all the †multitude.

6. The death of Socrates, peacefully philosophizing with his friends, is the most pleasant that could be desired! That of Jesus, expiring in torments, †outraged, †reviled, and execrated by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who pre-

sented it: but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating torture, prayed for his †merciless †tormentors.

7. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we say that the evangelical history is a mere †fiction? It does not bear the stamp of fiction, but the contrary. The history of Socrates, which nobody doubts, is not as well †attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such an assertion in fact only shifts the difficulty, without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should have agreed to fabricate this book, than that one only should have furnished the subject of it.

8. The Jewish authors were †incapable of the diction, and strangers to the †morality, contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking, so perfectly †inimitable, that the †inventor would be a more astonishing man than the hero.

QUESTIONS.—How does Plato's character of what a good man *ought* to be, correspond with what Christ *was?* What differences can you mention between the life and death of Christ, and those of Socrates? In what country did Aristides, Leonidas, Plato, and Socrates live? Is the history of Socrates any better attested than that of Christ? Why is it inconceivable that the book is a fiction? Suppose it an invention of man; which would be the most wonderful, the inventor or the hero? Who was the author of this extract? How could an infidel express such sentiments? Are not men often forced *unwillingly* to acknowledge the truth?

EXERCISE XXXVII.

They *struggl'd through* all *difficulties.* The *rules* are *unnecessarily strict.* He *strode proudly* on. They *stroll'd through thickets* and *briars,* and *brambles,* and *thorns,* till they *reached* the road. The *clock strikes twelve.*

LESSON LXXXI.

2 PRE-TER-NAT′-U-RAL; *adj.* beyond or different from what is natural.
2. SHRIV′-EL'D; *adj.* shrunk into wrinkles.
3. PROG-NOS′-TIC; *adj.* showing something to come.
3. PAS′-SION; *n.* suffering, the last suffering of our Savior.
3. PA′-THOS; *n.* that which excites feeling.
4. MYS′-TIC; *adj.* sacredly obscure, involving some secret meaning.
4. SYM′-BOL; *n.* a sign or representation of something.
4. E-NUN-CI-A′-TION; *n.* the act of uttering.
4. U′-NI-SON; *n.* agreement, harmony.
5. DIS-TOR′-TION; *n.* a twisting out of shape.
5. BUF′-FET; *n.* a blow with the fist.
7. FAL-LA′-CIOUS; *adj.* deceiving.
7. AB-RUPT′-NESS; *n.* suddenness.
9. POR-TENT′-OUS; *adj.* foretelling of evil.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

REMARK.—The pathos of the description in the following lesson is its great beauty, and requires an appropriate tone and manner.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *jine* for join; *cov-ud* for cover'd; *sa-cra-ment* for sac-ra-ment; *pic-tshure* nor *pic-ter* for pict*ure*, pro. pict-yur; fig-ure, pro. *fig-yur;* grand-eur, pro. *grand-yur;* *por-ten-shus* for por-ten*t-ous;* at-ti-tudes, pro. *at-tit-yudes.*

1. As I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a †ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no †difficulty in †understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the †congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a †palsy;

and a few moments †ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed? The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the †administration of the †sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

4. As he descended from the pulpit, to †distribute the mystic symbols, there was a †peculiar, a more than human †solemnity in his air and manners, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his †crucifixion. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so †selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so †deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

5. His peculiar phrases had that force of †description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortion of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of †indignation; and my hands were †involuntarily and †convulsively clinched.

6. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter,

until, his †utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and †irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was †inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

7. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the hight to which he had wound them, without †impairing the †solemnity and †dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But, no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and †enthusiastic.

8. The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could †perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on †delivery.

9. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy †grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm, to which the congregation were raised: and then, the few moments of portentous, death-like silence, which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth

the palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then, pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his †tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

10. This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his †quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded, that his peculiar manner and power arose from an †energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking †attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my †arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's †introductory picture of his Bard.

QUESTIONS.—Can you describe the personal appearance of the blind preacher? What effect was produced by his manner? When he described the character and conduct of Christ, what was the effect on the congregation? What effect was produced by the circumstance of his blindness? What was the secret of the preacher's great power?

LESSON LXXXII.

THE GODS OF THE HEATHEN.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *mus-sy* for mer-cy; *mine-ful* for mind-ful; *Is-r'el* for Is-*ra*-el; *si-lunce* for si-lence.

1. NOT unto us, Oh Lord! not unto us,
But unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
Wherefore should the †heathen say,
Where is now their God?
But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

2. Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
They have mouths, but they speak not:
Eyes have they, but they see not:
They have ears but they hear not:
Noses have they, but they smell not:
They have hands, but they handle not:
Feet have they, but they walk not:
Neither speak they through their throat.
They that make them are like unto them;
So is every one that †trusteth in them.

3. Oh Israel! trust thou in the Lord:
He is their help and their †shield,
Oh house of Aaron! trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.

4. The Lord hath been †mindful of us; he will bless us;
He will bless the house of Israel:
He will bless the house of Aaron:
He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and great.
The Lord shall †increase you more and more,
You and your children.
Ye are blessed of the Lord
Which made heaven and earth.

5. The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's:
But the earth hath he given to the children of men.
The dead praise not the Lord,
Neither any that go down into †silence.
But we will bless the Lord
From this time forth and for †evermore:
Praise the Lord!

QUESTIONS.—What is the sentiment expressed by this Psalm? What is the contrast made between the true God, and the idols of the heathen?

Point out the emphatic words in the 1st paragraph. Explain the inflections in the 2nd paragraph, and point out the emphatic words.

LESSON LXXXIII.

1 CLASS'-IC; *n.* a book written by an author of the first class.
1. AN-TIQ'-UI-TY; *n.* great age.
1. UN-RI'-VALED; *v.* having no equal.
2. AU-THEN-TIC'-I-TY; *n.* genuineness, the quality of being a real original.
2. SANC'-TION; *n.* authority.
3. VERS'-A-TILE; *adj.* (pro. *vers'-a til*) various in application.
4. VIN'-DI-CA-TED; *v.* defended justified.
6. SER'-APH; *n.* an angel of the highest order.
6. E-VAN'-GEL-IST; *n.* a preacher [of Christ.

THE BIBLE, THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

REMARK.—Speak every syllable distinctly, and do not slip over the little words, nor pronounce them wrong.

ARTICULATE distinctly the following and similar words in this lesson. Do not say *worl* for world; *no-bles* for no-blest; *gif* for gift; *re-flec* for reflect; *juss* for just; *e-van-gel-iss* for e-van-gel-ist.

1. THERE is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and †dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration, unrivaled in the history of †literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophesy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

2. If we †consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we examine its †authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover, that it came from heaven, in †vision and †prophesy, under the sanction of Him, who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, †unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous †dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard

the value of its treasures, we must †estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring †perfection and supreme †felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire, who are the men, that have †recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and †illustrated the †excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the †martyr.

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this †temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and †resignation, purity, order and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

6. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, †marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs, from the foot-stool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

7. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

QUESTIONS.—Why is the Bible called a classic? What is said of the antiquity of the Bible? What is said of its evidences? What, of its authenticity? What, of the nature of its truths? What, of the men who wrote it and have defended it? What is said of the change it produces in the character of men? What, of its bearing upon our future prospects?

Name the nouns in the last paragraph. The verbs. The adjectives. The adverbs.

LESSON LXXXIV.

1. PRE'-LUDE; *n.* something introductory.
2. CARP'-ING; *adj.* finding fault.
2. PROT-EST-A'-TIONS; *n.* solemn declarations.
2. GRA-DA'-TIONS; *n.* orders, degrees.
3. PRO'-SING; *adj.* tedious, like prose.
3. LET'-TER-MON-GER; *n.* a dealer in letters.
6. PIQUE; *v.* (pro. *peek*) to pride or value one's self.
6. SCRIB-BLER-I'-NA; *n.* an affected or romantic writer.
6. DRAG'-ON-ISM; *n.* tyranny, violence.
6. MAR'-GIN; *n.* the border or edge.
6. AT'-TAR; *n.* (the same as ot-ter) the oil or essence of roses.
6. CHA-RADE'; *n.* (pro. *sha-rade'*) a peculiar kind of enigma or riddle.
7. FE-LIC'-IT-OUS-LY; *adv.* happily
7. EX-OR'-DI-UM; *n.* the beginning.
9. IN-DITE'; *v.* to write, to compose.
10. PEN'-ANCE; *n.* suffering imposed as punishment.
11. E-LIC'-IT; *v.* to draw forth.
11. UN'-DU-LATE; *v.* to present a wavy appearance (used *figuratively.*)

ON LETTER WRITING.

REMARK.—Read the last part of each sentence with a full and distinct utterance, giving to each word its proper emphasis.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *e-pis-t'lary* for e-pis-to-la-ry, *per-s'nal* for per-son-al; *mis'ry* or mis-er-y; *drudg'ry* for drudg-er-y; *f'lic'tous-ly* for fe-lic-it-ously; *Her'cles* for Her-cu-les; *unfort'nates* for un-fort-u-nates; *dis-con-s'late* for dis-con-so-late; *sim'lar* for sim-i-lar; *dute-ful* for du-ti-ful; *cal-c'la-tion* for cal-cu-la-tion; *suf-f'rin's* for suf-fer-ings; *ex-pe-r'ence* for ex-pe-ri-ence; *par-tic'lar* for par-tic-u-lar; *un-d'late* for un-du-late.

1. †EPISTOLARY as well as personal †intercourse is, according to the mode in which it is carried on, one of the pleasantest or most irksome things in the world. It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude of invitation and †acceptance, to join a †social circle, where we may suffer our minds and hearts to relax and expand in the happy consciousness of perfect security from invidious remark and carping criticism; where we may give the reins to the †sportiveness of innocent fancy, or the enthusiasm of warm-hearted

feeling; where we may talk sense or nonsense (I pity people who *can not* talk nonsense), without fear of being looked into icicles by the coldness of †unimaginative people, living pieces of clock work, who dare not themselves utter a word, or lift up a little finger, without first weighing the important point in the hair balance of †propriety and good breeding.

2. It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely, and †unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure of being understood; but a formal letter, like a †ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver; for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, †trite observations, †complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive anybody. Oh, the misery of having to compose a set, proper, well-worded, correctly-pointed, polite, elegant epistle! one that must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, as methodically arranged and portioned out, as the several parts of a sermon under three heads, or the gradations of shade in a school-girl's first landscape!

3. For my part, I would rather be set to beat hemp, or weed in a turnip field, than to write such a letter exactly every month, or every fortnight, at the †precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours; as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the †well-head, at regular periods, a pint at a time, to be bottled off for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, wears out innocent goose quills. "I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew! than one of those same" prosing letter-mongers.

4. Surely, in this age of †invention something may be struck out to †obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking, degrading the human intellect. Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be †constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and contra dances, to indite a †catalogue of polite epistles,

calculated for all the †ceremonious †observances of good breeding? Oh the unspeakable relief (could such a machine be invented) of having only to *grind* an answer to one of one's "dear, five hundred friends!"

5. Or suppose there were to be an epistolary steam engine. Ay, that's the thing. Steam does every thing now-a-days. Dear Mr. Brunel, set about it, I beseech you, and achieve the most glorious of your undertakings. The block machine at Portsmouth would be nothing to it. *That* spares manual labor; *this* would relieve mental †drudgery, and thousands yet unborn - - - but hold! I am not so sure the female sex in general may quite enter into my views of the subject.

6. Those who pique themselves on the elegant style of their billets, or those fair scribblerinas just †emancipated from boarding-school restraints or the dragonism of their governess, just beginning to taste the refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul-breathing †correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long-tailed letters, upon vellum paper, with pink margins, sealed with sweet †mottoes, and dainty devices, the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses; young ladies who collect "copies of verses," and charades, keep †albums, copy patterns, make bread seals, work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow—Oh! no! the epistolary steam engine will never come into †vogue with those dear creatures. *They* must enjoy the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," and they must write—yes! and how they *do* write!

7. But for another genus of female scribes, unhappy innocents! who groan in spirit at the dire necessity of having to hammer out one of those aforesaid terrible epistles; who, having in due form dated the gilt-edged sheet that lies outspread before them in appalling whiteness, having also †felicitously †achieved the graceful exordium, "My dear Mrs. P," or "My dear Lady V," or "My dear——any thing else," feel that they are *in for it*, and must say something! Oh, that something that must

come of nothing! those bricks that must be made without straw! those pages that must be filled with words! yea, with words that must be sewed into sentences! yea, with sentences that must *seem* to mean something: the whole to be tacked together, all neatly fitted and †dovetailed so as to form one smooth polished surface!

8. What were the labors of Hercules to such a task? The very thought of it puts me into a mental perspiration; and, from my inmost soul, I compassionate the unfortunates now (at this very moment, perhaps), screwed up †perpendicularly in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh-nibbed patent pen, dipped ever and anon into the ink bottle, as if to hook up ideas, and under the outspread palm of the left hand a fair sheet of best Bath post (ready to receive thoughts yet unhatched), on which their eyes are riveted with a stare of †disconsolate †perplexity infinitely touching to a feeling mind.

9. To such unhappy persons, in whose miseries I deeply sympathize——Have I not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when I was first shut up (under lock and key, I believe), to indite a dutiful epistle to an honored aunt? I remember, as if it were yesterday, the moment when she, who had enjoined the task, entered to inspect the †performance, which, by her †calculation, should have been fully completed. I remember how sheepishly I hung down my head, when she snatched from before me the paper (on which I had made no farther progress than "My dear ant"), angrily exclaiming, "What, child! have you been shut up here three hours, to call your aunt a pismire?"

10. From that hour of humiliation I have too often groaned under the †endurance of similar penance, and I have learned from my own sufferings to †compassionate those of my dear sisters in affliction. To such unhappy persons, then, I would fain offer a few hints (the fruit of long experience), which, if they have not already been suggested by their own observation, may prove serviceable in the hour of †emergency.

11. Let them——or suppose I address myself to *one* particular sufferer—there is something more confidential in that manner of communicating one's ideas. As Moore says, "Heart speaks to heart." I say, then, take always special care to write by candlelight, for not only is the apparently unimportant operation of snuffing the candle in itself a momentary relief to the depressing consciousness of mental †vacuum, but not unfrequently that trifling act, or the brightening flame of the taper, elicits, as it were, from the dull embers of fancy, a sympathetic spark of fortunate conception. When such a one occurs, seize it quickly and †dextrously, but, at the same time, with such cautious prudence, as not to huddle up and contract in one short, paltry sentence, that which, if ingeniously handled, may be wiredrawn, so as to undulate gracefully and smoothly over a whole page.

12. For the more ready practice of this invaluable art of †dilating, it will be expedient to stock your memory with a large assortment of those precious words of many syllables, that fill whole lines at once: "incomprehensibly, amazingly, decidedly, solicitously, inconceivably, incontrovertibly." An opportunity of using these, is, to a distressed spinster, as delightful as a copy all m's and n's to a child. "Command you may, your mind from play." They run on with such delicious smoothness!

QUESTIONS.—How must epistolary intercourse, or letter writing be conducted, in order to be agreeable and useful? What manner of conducting it is ridiculed in this lesson? What is meant by talking *nonsense?*

Parse "them," in the 11th paragraph. What word may be understood after it? Parse "dilating" in the 12th paragraph. Parse "incomprehensibly," "amazingly," &c., in the same paragraph. Parse "m's" and "n's." Parse "all." Parse "run on" in the last sentence. What is the subject and what the attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 140, Ex. 100.

LESSON LXXXV.

Es-pous'ed; *v.* embraced.
Dis-as'-trous; *adj.* unfortunate.

1 Low'-lands *n.* the south of Scotland, called thus because the land lies comparatively low. The northern part is called the Highlands, because it is hilly.

1. Pran'-ces; *v.* bounds as a high spirited horse does.

3. Reek; *v.* to give out steam or vapor.

4. Go'-ry; *adj.* bloody.

4. Do'-tard; *n.* a foolish old man.

4. Phan'-tom; *n.* a specter, an apparition.

6. A'e-rie; *n.* (pro. *a'-ry*, or *e'-ry*) an eagle's nest.

6. Crest'-ed; *adj.* wearing a plume; *here used figuratively* for proud, lofty.

6. Peer'-less; *adj.* having no [equal.

7. Clay'-more; *n.* a two-handled sword used by the Scotch.

8. Mys'-tic-al; *adj.* secret, obscure.

8. Lore; *n.* knowledge, instruction.

11. Sooth'-less; *adj.* truthless, [false.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Remark.—Be careful not to slip over or mispronounce the small words.

Lochiel was a brave and influential Highland chieftain. He espoused the cause of Charles Stuart, called the Pretender, who claimed the British throne. In the following piece, he is supposed to be marching with the warriors of his clan, to join Charles' army. On his way he is met by a Seer, who, having, according to the popular superstition, the gift of second sight, or prophesy, forewarns him of the disastrous event of the †enterprise, and exhorts him to return home, and avoid the destruction which certainly awaited him, and which afterward fell upon him at the battle of Culloden, in 1745.

1. *Seer.* Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that †trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

2. But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies †frantic and far?

'T is thine, oh, Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate
A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

3 Weep, Albin!* to death and †captivity led!
Oh weep, but thy tears can not number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

4. *Lochiel.* Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old †wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantom of fright.

5. *Seer.* Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle †exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode,
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his †havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.

6. Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his aerie that †beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the †battlements' hight;
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

7. *Loch.* False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,

* The poetic name for Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore †indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clan Ranald the †dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

8 *Seer.* ——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man can not cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

9. I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his †desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:*
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

10. 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country †deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner?† Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair;
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, †forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is †muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy! dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters †convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in †agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

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* Alluding to the narrow escape of Charles by water from the west of Scotland.

† He refers here to Lochiel.

11. *Loch* Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale,
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the †surf-beaten shore.
Lochiel, †untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor †exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Lochiel? For whom did he fight? What is meant by a Seer? What do you understand by their bosoms being "hoof-beaten?" How did Lochiel reply to the warning of the Seer? What became of the King, or Pretender, as he was called?

LESSON LXXXVI. 86

1. IN'-TER-VIEWS; *n.* meetings, mutual sight or view.
2. RAV'-AGE; *n.* waste, ruin.
2. UN-KNELLED'; *v.* without the tolling of a bell at one's funeral.
3. ARM'-A-MENT; *n.* a body of naval forces equipped for war; ships of war.
3. LE-VI'-A-THAN, *n.* a huge sea animal; *here used figuratively for* ships.
3. AR'-BI-TER; *n.* one who controls or decides between others.
3. YEST*; *n.* (the same as *yeast*), the foam of the sea.
4. REALMS; *n.* kingdoms.
4. AZ'-URE; *adj.* blue, like the sky.
5. GLASS'-ES*; *v.* mirrors as in a glass.
5. SLIME; *n.* sticky mud.
5. ZONE; *n.* a division of the earth.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

REMARK.—Be careful to speak such little words as *by, in, on, a, and, at, of, with, for, to, from, through, the,* &c., very distinctly, and yet not to dwell on them so long as on other more important words.

1. THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a †rapture on the lonely shore,

* Throughout this work, that definition is given which belongs to the word as it is used in the lesson. This meaning is frequently figurative.

There is society where none †intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all †conceal.

2 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his †control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The †wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, †uncoffined, and unknown.

* * * * * * *

3. The armaments which †thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations †quake,
And monarchs tremble in their †capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy †flake,
They melt into the yest of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are †empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a †tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up †realms to deserts: not so thou,
†Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5. Thou glorious †mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

Calm or †convulsed; in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and †sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The †monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, †fathomless, alone.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by "oak leviathans?" How is the ocean the image of eternity? Where is Trafalgar, and for what is it celebrated? Where was Assyria? Rome? Greece? Carthage?

LESSON LXXXVII.

2. CON'-VICTS; *n.* persons found guilty of crime.
2. WAR'-DEN; *n.* a keeper, one who guards.
4. BRIG'-ANDS; *n.* robbers, those who live by plunder.
5. MOT'-LEY; *adj.* composed of various colors.
5. DE-MO'-NI-AC; *adj.* devil-like.
6. SUB-OR'-DI-NATE; *adj.* inferior.
6. PER'-IL; *n.* danger.
7. MA-RINES'; *n.* (pro. *ma-reens'*) soldiers that serve on board of ships.
7. DE-MEAN'-OR; *n.* behavior, deportment.
8. RAT-AN'; *n.* a small cane which grows in India.
8. PAR'-LEY; *n.* conversation or conference with an enemy.
11. IM-PRE-CA'-TIONS; *n.* curses, prayers for evil.
12. IN-DOM'-I-TA-BLE; *adj.* that can not be subdued or tamed.
16. QUELL; *v.* to subdue, to crush.
17. BLENCHED; *v.* gave way, shrunk.
19. CAR'-NAGE; *n.* slaughter.
19. RE-PRIEVE'; *n.* a delay of punishment.
20. EX'-IT; *n.* passage out of a [place.

REBELLION IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

1. A MORE †impressive †exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest †ferocity, under the most †appalling circumstances, was never seen, than that which was witnessed, by the officers of our State Prison, in the rebellion which occurred about five years since.

2. Three convicts had been sentenced under the rules of the prison to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been

opened at midday †communicating with the great dining hall, and through the warden's lodge with the street.

3. The dining hall is long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground; and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs, and such tools as they could seize in passing through the work shops.

4. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their †encroachments on society, forming a †congregation of strength, vileness, and talent, that can hardly be equaled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy.

5. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of †infamous crime, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow, upon their †comrades.

6. The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison, were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the †conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together, and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer, of most mild and kind †disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most †equable-tempered and the mildest man in the government, was in this hour of peril the firmest.

7. He instantly dispatched a request to Major Wainright, commander of the marines †stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor and †persuasion upon the enraged multitude.

8. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard; but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said, that he

had no fear, and in case of danger, arms would do him no service: and alone, with only a little ratan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall, to hold parley with the selected, †congregated, and enraged villains of the whole †commonwealth.

9. He demanded their purpose, in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied, that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said, it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit.

10. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and as they were dimly seen in the further end of the hall, by those who observed, from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight can not be conceived, nor one of more moral †grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already †intense excitement.

11. That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer †expostulated. He reminded them of the †hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said, that all those who would go quietly away, should be forgiven for this offense; but, that if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison.

12. They replied, that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone, which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they declared, that not a man should leave the hall alive, till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the †discussion, their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to

destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not †avert the danger that threatened him.

13. Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the †commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for †succor, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety, he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before a †conflict for life became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world.

14. He stepped slowly backward, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through, and was thus unexpectedly restored to his friends.

15. Major Wainright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so †critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage, and formed at the end of the hall, opposite to the crowd of criminals †huddled together at the other.

16. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive, till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed †balancing the strength of the two parties; and replied, that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see which was the most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the punishment was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected

of trifling each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterward put in his gun.

17. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched, or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost †exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines, after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again, they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible. Their guns were presented, but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

18. Still desirous to avoid such a †tremendous slaughter, as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This †intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then, turning to the prisoners, he said, "You must leave this hall; I give you three minutes to decide; if at the end of that time, a man remains, he shall be shot dead."

19. No situation of greater interest than this, can be conceived. At one end of the hall, a fearful multitude of the most †desperate and powerful men in existence, waiting for the †assault; at the other, a little band of †disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage; and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve to the lives of hundreds. No poet or painter can conceive of a spectacle of more dark and terrible †sublimity; no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

20. For two minutes, not a person nor a muscle was

moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the †infuriated wretches, as they began to pant, between fear and revenge: at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death with †unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear, and nearest the further entrance, went slowly out: a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and †deliberately; and before half of the last minute was gone, every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit, and the hall was cleared as if by magic.

21. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of †determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and †suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least †precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

QUESTIONS.—Give an account of the scene described in this lesson. What accounts for the conduct of the subordinate officer, who, though ordinarily the mildest, was on this occasion the firmest? Suppose Major W. had fired through the windows, as he was advised, what would have been, in all probability, the result? What gained this bloodless victory?

Explain the inflections, and point out the emphatic words in the last two paragraphs.

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

Or*b'd*, pro*b'st*, trou*blst*, trou*bles*, trou*bl'st*, ri*bs*, ro*bb'st*, hand*l'd*, fon*dl'st*, bread*ths*, lau*gh'st*, dar*k'ns*, dar*k'n'd*, dar*k'n'st*, dar*k'n'dst*, stren*gth'n*, stren*gth'ns*, stren*gth'n'd*, stren*gth'n'st*, stren*gth'n'dst*.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

1. Rec-og-ni′-tion; *n* acknowledgment.
2. Fab′-ric, *n.* any system composed of connected parts.
2. E-ra′sed; *v.* blotted out.
3. Per′-pe-tra-tor, *n.* one that commits a crime.
3. Ex-tinc′-tion; *n.* a putting an end to
4. Fer′-til-ize; *v.* to make fruitful.
4. A′-the-ism; *n.* disbelief in God.
4. Sens-u-al′-i-ty; *n.* indulgence in animal pleasure.

RELIGION, THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

Articulate clearly *all* the consonants in the following and similar words in this lesson: stability, prosperity, interested, principles, friend, suspect, comprehends, fabric, concerns, itself, improvements, perpetrator, extinction, describe, unprotected, trample, restraints.

1. Religion is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, †contributing, in various ways to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the †community is deeply interested in its †diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

2. Few men suspect, perhaps no man †comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and †social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how †powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a supreme Being, of †accountableness and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

3. And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior †intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no †guardian, and the injured no †avenger; that there is no †recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, †everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* †abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow?

4. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would †illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the †unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

5. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A †sordid self-interest would †supplant every feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory in atheism declares him to be,—*a companion for brutes.*

QUESTIONS.—What is the operation of religion upon society? What would be the effect of the removal of religion, upon the whole fabric of virtue? Why would not human laws and sympathies hold society together?

LESSON LXXXIX.

2. FER'-VEN-CY; *n.* warmth.
3. MIM'-ICS; *v.* imitates.
5. RE-VEAL'-ING; *v.* making known
7. SER'-APH; *n.* an angel.

THE THREE SONS.

1. I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful †earnestness, and mind of gentle mold.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears;
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.

2. I can not say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his sweetest †comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind;
The food for grave, inquiring speech he every where doth find.

3. Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.

4. He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he will say.
O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and press his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

5. I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he †prattles on my knee:
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his has ever been;
But his little heart's a †fountain, pure, of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folks, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.

6. A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent, to †gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet at home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him.

7. I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I can not tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen †anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bid farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I can not tell what form his is, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow;
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the †bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not †reveal

8 But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Savior's loving breast:
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's †divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.

9 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
O, we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

QUESTIONS.—How many sons are spoken of? What is said of the first? Of the second? Of the third?

LESSON XC.

1. GEN'-IAL; *adj.* cheerful.
2. EN-AM'-ELED; *v.* made hard and smooth.
3. REV'-EL-RY; *n.* merriment.
4. EC'-STA-SY; *n.* rapture.
4. UR'-CHIN; *n.* a child.
5. VAR'-LET; *n.* scoundrel.
6. VO-LUPT'-U-A-RY; *n.* pleasure seeker.
7. GAS-TRO-NOM'-IC; *adj.* relating to the stomach.

THE BOBLINK.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *happies* for hap-pi-est; *potse* for poets; *fulles* for full-est; *tinklin* for tink-ling; *feel'n* for feeling; *buds* for birds.

1. THE happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincon, or boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of

June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and †dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and †fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

2. The trees are now in their fullest †foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweet-brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

3. This is the chosen season of revelry of the boblink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all †sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He †perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, †flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a †succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same †rapturous character.

4. Sometimes, he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters †tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his †melody; and always with the same appearance of †intoxication and delight. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school room.

5. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to †taunt me with his happier lot. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:—

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

"O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring."

6. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to †impart, for the benefit of my young readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he, in a manner, devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and †refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest †rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

7. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a †russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common, vulgar birds. His notes no longer †vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand:" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while, he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

8. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, †banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown †corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincon no more, he is the reed-bird now, the much-sought-for †titbit of Pennsylvania †epicures, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for †corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous rice-bird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on some southern table.

9. Such is the story of the boblink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little †sensualist, who †expiates his sensuality in the †larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to †eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

QUESTIONS.—When does the boblink come? How does he appear? What does he do? As the year advances what change occurs in him? What does he become at last?

EXERCISE XXXIX.

M*ind*, m*inds*, m*indst;* f*ind*, f*inds*, f*indst;* y*ield*, y*ields*, y*ieldst;* len*gth'n*, len*gth'ns*, len*gth'nst*, len*gth'nd*, len*gth'ndst;* ***bright'n*** ***brighnt'ns***, ***bright'nst***, ***bright'nd***, ***bright'nd'st***.

LESSON XCI.

2. PERCH; *v.* to light or settle on any thing.
3. PEN'-ANCE; *n.* suffering for sin.
4. LAYS; *n.* songs.
5. CHOIR (pro. *kwire*); *n.* a collection of singers.
5. DOME; *n.* a building. *Here it means* the heavens.
6. CON'-SE-CRA-TED; *adj.* set apart for the service of God.
8. TRACK'-LESS; having no path.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

[To two swallows, that flew into Church during Service.]

PRONOUNCE correctly. Do not say *guilt-liss* for guilt-*less*; *mortuls* for mor-*tals*; *pen-unce* for pen-*ance*; *up-wud* for up-*ward*.

1. GAY, †guiltless pair',
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of †prayer',
Ye have no *sins'* to be forgiven.

2. Why perch ye *here*',
Where *mortals'* to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

3. *Ye* never knew
The crimes for which *we* come to weep:
Penance is not for *you'*,
Blessed †wand'rers of the upper deep.

4. To you 't is given
To wake sweet nature's †untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To †chirp away a life of praise.

5. Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not †reared with hands.

6. Or if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the †airy way,
And let *me* try your †envied power.

7. Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I 'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

8. 'T were heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God †adore.

QUESTIONS.—On what occasion was this poem written? We address letters to our friends; was this addressed to the birds in the same sense? Do you discover any beautiful expressions in this lesson? Point them out.

Give the rule for the rising inflection at "pair." For the falling inflection at "heaven." For the rising inflection at "prayer" and "sins."

LESSON XCII.

1. GUL'-LIES; *n.* hollows in the earth worn by water.
2. EN-AM'-ELED; *v.* (*used figuratively*) covered with a glossy surface like enamel.
3. RU'-MI-NA-TING; *v.* chewing over what has been slightly chewed before.
3. HERB'-AGE; *n.* pasture, grass.
3. LAWNS; *n.* open spaces between woods.
4. MA-NEU'-VER; *n.* a dexterous [movement.
4. PRAIR'-IE; *n.* an extensive, level tract without trees, but covered with tall grass.
4. WIND'-WARD; *n.* the point *from* which the wind blows.
5. LAR'-I-AT; *n.* a long cord or thong of leather, with a noose, for catching wild horses.
8. FLANK'-ING; *adj.* overlooking on the side.
9. JACK-O'LAN'-TERN; *adj.* a light, seen in low, moist grounds, which disappears when approached.
9. COV'-ERT; *n.* a covering place, [a shelter.
10. PAN'-IC; *n.* sudden fright.
11. SCOUR'-ING; *v.* passing swiftly.
12. BRAKE; *n.* a thicket of shrubs or canes.
15. MAR'RED; *v.* interrupted, spoiled.
15. MER-CU'-RI-AL; *adj.* sprightly [full of fire.

CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE.

1. WE left the †buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome and †harassing march of two hours, over ridges of hills, covered with a ragged forest of scrub oaks, and broken by deep gullies.

2. About ten o'clock in the morning, we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of Red river. A beautiful meadow, about half a mile wide, enameled with yellow †autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cotton-wood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of †monotonous wastes of brown forest.

3. The meadow was finely †diversified by groves and clumps of trees, so happily disposed, that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses, quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant, to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes; some feeding, others reposing, and ruminating among the high, rich herbage, under the shade of a clump of cotton-wood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad, beautiful tract of pasture land, on the highly-ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

4. A †council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting maneuver, which is called "ringing the wild horse." This requires a large party of horsemen, well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, at a certain distance apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in †circumference, so as to surround the game. This must be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie, and can scent a hunter a great distance, if to windward.

5. The ring being formed, two or three ride toward the horses, which start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself, and turns them from their course. In this way, they are checked, and driven

back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this †magic circle, until, being †completely tired down, it is easy for hunters to ride up beside them, and throw the *lariat* over their heads. The prime horses of the most speed, courage, and bottom however, are apt to break through and escape, so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

6. †Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The pack horses were now taken into the woods, and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of wild horses, they should break away. Twenty-five men were then sent under the command of a lieutenant, to steal along the edge of the valley, within the strip of wood that †skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction. Twenty-five men were sent across the valley, to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees.

7. A third party of about the same number was to form a line, stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beatte and our other half breed, Antoine, together with the ever officious Tonish, were to make a †circuit through the woods, so as to get to the upper part of the valley, in the rear of the horses, and drive them forward, into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them, and make a complete circle.

8. The flanking parties were quietly extending themselves out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the residue were stretching themselves like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy; snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about. At length, they †pranced off slowly toward the river, and disappeared behind a green bank.

9. Here, had the regulations of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from the trees

†Unluckily, however, we had our †wild-fire, Jack-o'lantern, little Frenchman to deal with. Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move toward the river, he broke out of the covert of woods, and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them. This put an end to all system. The half breeds, and half a score of †rangers, joined in the chase.

10. Away they all went over the green bank. In a moment or two, the wild horses re-appeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half breeds, and rangers, galloping and bellowing behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley, attempted to check, and turn back the fugitives; they were too hotly pressed by their pursuers: in their panic they dashed through the line, and †clattered down the plain.

11. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase, some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears, and others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, which had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy rolling flight. They were soon overtaken; the †promiscuous throng were pressed together, by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went', pell mell', †hurry skurry', wild buffalo, wild horse', wild huntsman', with clang and clatter', and whoop and hallo', that made the forests ring'.

12. At length, the buffaloes turned into a green brake, on the river bank, while the horses dashed up a narrow †defile of the hills, with their pursuers close to their heels. Beatte passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit, and saddle marks upon his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

13. Among the wild horses, was a fine black mare, which in †scrambling up the defile, tripped and fell. A

young ranger sprang from his horse, and seized her by the mane and †muzzle. Another ranger dismounted, and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting, and striking with her fore feet, but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain.

14. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley, by two strong lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side, to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction, she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually †subdued.

15. As to Tonish, who had marred the whole scheme by his †precipitancy, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream colored colt about seven months old, that had not strength to keep up with its companions. The mercurial little Frenchman was beside himself with †exultation. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick, and struggle to get free, when Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten.

16. Nothing surprised me more, however, than to witness how soon these poor animals, thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the dominion of man. In the course of two or three days, the mare and colt went with the lead horses, and became quite †docile.

QUESTIONS.—Near what river did this expedition commence? Where is that river? Describe the country, scenery, etc. What animated objects presented themselves to view upon the right and the left? To what is the whole scene compared? What hunting maneuver was commenced? Describe it. What is the lariat? Describe the proceedings of the party in this maneuver. What interrupted its successful completion? Give the striking contrast between the flight of the wild horses and that of the buffaloes. Describe the capture of the black mare. What was the conduct of the captured animals in respect to being tamed?

LESSON XCIII.

1. Le'-gion; *n.* division of an army.
2. Corse; *n.* a dead body.
3. Hoard *n.* what is laid up.
5. Co'-quet-ry; *n.* trifling in love.
6. Cho'rus; *n.* music in which all join.
6. Yore; *adv.* old times.

THE SOLDIER ON THE RHINE.

1. A Soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was †dearth of woman's tears,
But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glance to hear each word he had to say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land!
Take a message and a token to the distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!

2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant †vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars!
But some were young, and suddenly beheld Life's morn decline,
And *one* had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

3 "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his †scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword!
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine!

4 "Tell my sister not to weep for me and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and †gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without †regret and shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

5. "There's another, not a sister, in happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the †merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle †scorning,
O! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vineclad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

6 "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along. I heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The †echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, †confidingly, in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

7 His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his gasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn!
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

LESSON XCIV. 94

1. Ro-manc'-ing; *adj.* telling fables.
2. Fe-lic'-i-ty; *n.* happiness.
5. Sus-pend'-ed; *v.* put off.
5. Pre'-ma-ture; *adj.* too soon, too early.

MATILDA.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *thousun* for thou-*sand*; *romancing* for ro-manc-*ing*; *moment* for mo-ment; *utmost* for ut-mos*t*; *felic'ty* for fe-lic-*i*-ty; *various* for va-ri-ous; *partic'larly* for par-tic-*u*-larly; *unfortun'te* for un-fort-*u*-nate; *spectatur* for spec-ta-*tor*.

1. Our happiness is in the power of One, who can bring it about in a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I will give you a story, told us by a grave, though sometimes romancing, †historian.

2. "Matilda was married, very young, to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first †quality, and found herself a widow and a mother, at the age of fifteen. As she stood, one day, †caressing her infant son, in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturnus, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself, with great difficulty, escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

3. "As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians, with the utmost inhumanity, they were going, at once, to take her life. This base †resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and carried her in safety to her native city. Her beauty, at first, caught his eye, her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married: he

rose to the highest posts: they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent. After an †interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a seige, and the city, at length, was taken.

4. "Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians, at that time, exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally †instrumental in †protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon.

5. "The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the †cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing, by a premature death, in the river Volturnus to be the spectator of still greater †calamities.

6. "The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions, when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son; the infant, for whom she had †encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her, at once, as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed. The captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, was enjoyed."

LESSON XCV.

2. Ad-vent′-ur-ers; *p.* those who attempt difficult enterprises.
2. Sum′-ma-ry; *adj.* short, brief.
2. Out′-rage; *n.* violence.
3. Sig′-nal-ized; *v.* made remarkable.
3. De-tach′-ment; *n.* a party sent off from the main body.

SPEECH OF LOGAN, CHIEF OF THE MINGOES.

Remark.—Let every pupil notice, as each one reads, when the final consonant of any word is joined to the vowel of the next word.

Articulate distinctly. Do not say *who lof*, for whole of; *an dindeed*, for and indeed; *eminen torators*, for eminent orators; *talen tsin*, for talents in; *cclebraty din pea san dwar*, for celebrated in peace and war.

1. I may †challenge the whole of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and indeed, of any more eminent orators, if Europe or the world, has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, delivered to Lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia. As a †testimony of Indian talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, by first stating the †incidents necessary for understanding it.

2. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians, upon certain land adventurers on the Ohio river. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap and one Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, traveling and hunting parties of the Indians, who had their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these, were †unfortunately the family of Logan, a chief celebrated in peace and war, and long †distinguished as the friend of the whites.

3. This unworthy return provoked his †vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a †decisive

battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, between the collected forces of the Shawnees, the Mingoes, and the Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, †disdained to be seen among the †suppliants: but, lest the †sincerity of a treaty, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, should be distrusted, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

4. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an †advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood, and †unprovoked, murdered all the †relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully †glutted my †vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace: but do not †harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

QUESTIONS. — Who was Demosthenes? Cicero? Who undertook to punish the Indians? Whose family were killed? Where was a decisive battle fought? Where does the Kanawha rise? Why did not Logan appear among the suppliants?

In the sentence, 'Logan never felt fear,' which is the subject? Which the attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

LESSON XCVI.

1 Fes′-ter-ing; *v.* causing corruption, rankling.
1 Rapt; *adj.* transported in ecstasy.
2. Air′-i-ly; *adv.* gayly, merrily.
3 A-gape′; *adv.* (pro. *a-gal*) gaping.
4. Sti′-fles; *v.* suppresses, stops.
6. Smoth′-er-ing; *adj.* suffocating by covering up closely.
7. In-sa′-ti-ate; *adj.* not to be satisfied.
7. Yearn′-ing; *n.* strong emotion of tenderness or pity.
7. Taunt; *v.* to upbraid, to revile.
9. E-clipse′; *v.* to obscure, to darken. *Here it means* to surpass, to go beyond. [thinking.
9. Con-cep′-tion; *n.* the power of
11. Pomp; *n.* splendor, parade.

PARRHASIUS.

Remark.—The tones of the voice and the manner of reading should correspond with the nature of the subject.

[The following is a very difficult sketch to read expressively. The old man dying under torture, and the painter striving to catch the expression of his countenance, and to transfer it to the canvas, are the two objects before the mind. The painter is sometimes talking to himself, sometimes directing his servant, and sometimes replying to the groans and entreaties of the dying man, and, in each of these characters, his supposed manner of expression is to be imitated.]

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, bought one of those Olynthian captives which Philip of Macedon brought home to sell; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, which he was then about to paint."

In the fables of the ancients, Prometheus is represented as being, by the command of the gods, chained to the rocks of Mount Caucasus, and surrounded by vultures, which are constantly devouring his liver. This, however, grows again as fast as it is eaten, so that he is thus continually enduring the agonies of death, but never dies. It was this Prometheus, thus chained and tortured, that Parrhasius was attempting to paint, and the old man, his captive, was tortured to death, that the painter might copy the expression given by extreme pain to the countenance.

1. Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his †canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vultures at his vitals, and the links

Of the lame Lemnian* festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt †mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's† breathing from his flight

2 "Bring me the captive now:
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens; around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

3. "Ha! bind him on his back`!
Look`! as Prometheus in my picture here`!
Quick`! or he faints`! stand with the cordial near`!
Now`! bend him to the rack`!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh`!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh`!

4. "So`! let him writhe`! How long
Will he live thus`? Quick`, my good pencil´, now!
What a fine †agony works upon his brow`!
Ha! gray-haired and so strong´!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan`!
Gods`! if I could paint a dying groan`!

5. "Pity thee´? So I do`;
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity †falter´?
I'd rack thee´, though I knew´
A *thousand* lives were perishing in thine`;
What were *ten thousand* to a *fame* like *mine?*

6. "Ah! there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,

* Vulcan, the fabled blacksmith of the gods, and lame.
† Mercury.

And, like a †steadfast planet, mount and burn:
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me;
By all the fiery stars`! I'd pluck it on me!

7. "Ay`, though it bid me †rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst`;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my *sweet child*,
And *taunt* its *mother* till my brain went wild;

8. "*All`!* I would do it *all`*,
Sooner than die, like a *dull worm*, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
Oh heavens`! but I appall
Your heart`, old man´! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! *rack`* him till he †revives!

9. "Vain`—vain`—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—*one*—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

10. "Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now; that was a difficult breath;
Another`? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death´!
Look`! how his temple †flutters`!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head`!
He shudders`—gasps`—Jove help` him—so`, he's dead!"

11 How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules this unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the †monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that †bewilders thought
And †unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,

We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

QUESTIONS.—Who was Parrhasius? Where is Athens? What was Parrhasius painting? Relate the fable of Prometheus. Why did the painter torture the old man?

Explain the inflections.

Parse the first "*all*" in the 8th paragraph. Parse "vain" in the 9th. The second "one" in the same.

EXERCISE XL.

It *exists* everywhere. Thou *smooth'st* his rugged *path*. Thou *sat'st* upon thy *throne*. Do you see the *birds' nests?* Thou *call'st* in vain. Alkaline earths.

LESSON XCVII.

3. PRANK'-ISH; *adj.* frolicsome.
4. PRE-DOM'-IN-ATE; *v.* to have the most influence, to prevail.
4. BAF'-FLED; *v.* defeated.
6. AN-NI-VERS'-A-RY; *n.* stated day, returning with the revolution of the year.
7. COM-PLA'-CEN-CY; *n.* pleasure, satisfaction.
8. MEN'-ACE; *n.* the threatening of evil to come.

MARTYN AND BYRON.

1. BOTH Henry Martyn and Lord Byron shared the sorrows of life, and their records teach the different workings of the Christian and the worldly mind. Byron lost his mother, and when urged not to give way to sorrow, he burst into an agony of grief, saying, "I had but *one* friend in the world, and now she is gone!" On the death of some of his early friends, he thus writes: "My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. *I have no* †*resource but my own reflections*, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed most wretched."

2. And thus Henry Martyn mourns the loss of one most dear: "Can it be that she has been lying so many

months in the cold grave? Would that I could always remember it, or always forget it; but to think a moment on other things, and then feel the remembrance of it come, as if for the first time, rends my heart †asunder. Oh my gracious God, what should I do without Thee! But now thou art manifesting thyself as 'the God of all consolation.' Never was I so near thee. There is nothing in the world for which I could wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work to do. Oh thou incomprehensibly glorious Savior, what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life!"

3. It is recorded of Byron, that, in society, he generally appeared humorous and prankish; yet, when †rallied on his melancholy turn of writing, his constant answer was, that though thus merry and full of laughter, he was, at heart, one of the most miserable wretches in existence.

4. And thus he writes: "Why, at the very hight of desire, and human pleasure, worldly, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow, a fear of what is to come, a doubt of what is? If it were not for hope, what would the future be? A hell! As for the past, what predominates in memory? Hopes baffled! From whatever place we commence, we know *where it must all end.* And yet what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men wiser or better. If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were for *not to have lived at all.* All history and †experience teach us, that good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is *most* to be desired, is an *easy passage out of it.* What can it give us but years, and these have *little of good but their ending.*"

5. And thus Martyn writes: "I am happier here in this remote land, where I seldom hear what happens in the world, than I was in England, where there are so many calls to look at things that are seen. The precious *Word* is now my only study, by means of †translations. Time flows on with great rapidity. It seems as if life

would all be gone before any thing is done. I sometimes rejoice that I am but twenty-seven, and that, unless God should ordain it otherwise, I may double this number in constant and †successful labor. But I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my labor, by passing into the other world."

6. And thus they make their records at anniversaries, when the mind is called to review life and its labors. Thus Byron writes, "At twelve o'clock I shall have completed thirty-three years! I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long and to so little purpose. * * It is now three minutes past twelve, and I am thirty-three!

'Alas, my friend, the years pass swiftly by.'

But I do not regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done."

7. And thus Martyn: "I like to find myself employed usefully, in a way I did not expect or foresee. The coming year is to be a †perilous one, but my life is of little consequence, whether I finish the Persian New Testament or not. I look back with pity on myself, when I attached so much importance to my life and labors. The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them, for coarseness and †clumsiness mar all the works of man. I am sick when I look at the wisdom of man, but am relieved by reflecting, that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of *his* works is refreshing. A dried leaf, or a straw, makes me feel *in good company*, and complacency and admiration take the place of disgust. What a momentary †duration is the life of man! 'It glides along, rolling onward forever,' may be affirmed of the river; but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. Well, let the moments pass!

'They waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea,
Soon we shall reach the blissful shore
Of blest eternity!'"

8. Such was the experience of those who in youth completed their course. The poet has well described his own †career:

"A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet and a curse,
The menace of the †universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a †sphere, without a course,
A bright †deformity on high,
The †monster of the upper sky!"

9. In holy writ we read of those who are "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; *wandering stars*, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." The lips of man may not apply these †terrific words to any whose doom is yet to be disclosed; but there is a passage which none can fear to apply. "Those that are wise, shall shine as the brightness of the †firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as stars forever and ever!"

QUESTIONS.—How did Byron feel when he was enjoying himself most? How did Martyn feel when he was cut off from most of the pleasures that Byron was seeking? What is described as the difference of their feelings at their birth days? What poetic description may be applied to Byron?

LESSON XCVIII.

1. ENTRANCED′; *v.* (pro. *en-transt′*) charmed, filled with rapture.
2. WHILES; *adv.* (put for whilst or while.)
3. ME′-TE-OR; *n.* a luminous body passing through the air.
3. GAR′-LAND; *n.* a wreath of flowers.
6. MOLD′-ER; *v.* to decay.
6. SURGE; *n.* a great rolling swell of water. (Here used figuratively.)

BYRON.

1. HE touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, †exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new †fountains in the human heart.

Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden hights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked.

2 Others, though great,
Beneath their †argument seemed †struggling while
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped as though
It scarce deserved his verse.

3. With nature's self
He seemed an old †acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious †majesty.
He laid his hand upon the "ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines:
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In †sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in †vengeance seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, which sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Sun, moon, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed.

4 As some fierce comet of †tremendous size,
To which the stars did †reverence as it passed:
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flight †sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn
As if he from the earth had labored up:
But as some bird of †heavenly †plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

5 Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much
And praised: and many called his evil good;

Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness,
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, †flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died; he died of what? Of †wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame: drank early, deeply drank; drank †draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms †abhorred; his passion died;
Died, all but dreary, solitary pride:
And all his †sympathies in being died.

6. As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast on our desert shore,
And then retiring, leave it there to rot
And molder in the winds and rains of heaven,
So he, cut from the †sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and †desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy †wilderness of dying thought,
Repined, and groaned and withered from the earth.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Byron? Why is he compared to a comet? What was his character? Where are the Alps? Where are the Apennines? What is meant by laying his hand upon the "ocean's mane?"

LESSON XCIX.

1. DI-VIN'-I-TY; *n.* divine nature.
3. AN'-TI-DOTE; *n.* that which counteracts poison.
3 BANE; *n.* poison, mischief.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

SCENE.—*Cato, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture;—in his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul; a drawn sword on the table by him.*

1. *Cato.* It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after †immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at †destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us!
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates †eternity to man.

2. Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what †variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.

3. I'm weary of †conjectures—this must end them.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death* and life,†
My bane* and antidote† are both before me.
This* in a moment brings me to an end;
But this† informs me I shall never die.

4. The soul secured in her †existence smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sunk in years;
But thou shalt flourish in †immortal youth;
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

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* The sword. † The book.

LESSON C.

DEATH.

1. Welcome Death! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
†Thronging †shadows crowd the light.
Like the †advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward starts a †vapor chill;
Strong the earthly †odor grows;
I smell the †mold above the rose.

LIFE.

2. Welcome Life: The spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope †revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes †forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm †perfume for vapor cold;
I smell the rose above the mold.

HEAVEN.

3. Oh spirit freed from †bondage
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!

4. Awake and breathe the living air
Of our †celestial †clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!

5. Awake! ascend! Thou art not now
With those of mortal birth:
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

THE END.

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